

SIR WILLIAM JONES KN.T

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MEMOIRS

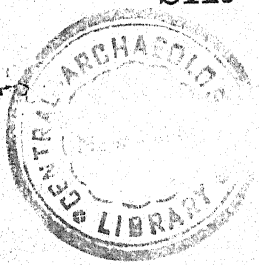
OF

THE LIFE,

WRITINGS, AND CORRESPONDENCE,

OF

SIR WILLIAM JONES.



A NEW EDITION.

BY

LORD TEIGNMOUTH.

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TO LADY JONES.

MADAM,

I HAVE the honour to present to your Ladyship, the MEMOIRS of the LIFE of SIR WILLIAM JONES; and it will afford me the sincerest pleasure to know, that the expectations which induced you to request me to undertake this work, have not been disappointed by the perusal of it.

I have the honour to be,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's most obedient

humble Servant,

TEIGNMOUTH.

CLAPHAM,
June 20, 1804.

PREFACE.

IN presenting the public with an account of the Life of SIR WILLIAM JONES, I feel a particular anxiety, to guard against the charge of presumption for an undertaking, which may be thought to require a more than ordinary share of learning and abilities. I hope therefore, to have credit for a declaration, that nothing but the earnest solicitation of Lady Jones, who knew my affection for her Husband when living, and my unabated regard for his memory, and who conceived that these qualifications might supply the deficiency of more essential talents, could have prevailed upon me, to enter upon a literary career, so foreign to the habits of a life, of which more than fifty years are now elapsed.

It

It may be proper to notice the materials, which I have used in this compilation, and to explain the plan which I have adopted in the arrangement of them. The first, is a single sheet written by Sir William Jones, containing short notices of his situation and occupations during every year of his life; it is indeed extended beyond the date of his existence, to the 50th year, opposite to which the words σὺν Θεῷ, *if God pleases*, are inserted. It appears to have been hastily written, a few months only before his death; and although the dates are sometimes inaccurate, and the notices too brief to supply more than a reference, it suggested enquiries which have sometimes terminated satisfactorily, though more frequently in disappointment. This paper however dictated the plan of the work, and I have endeavoured, as far as my materials permitted, to trace the life of Sir William Jones, year by year.

For the first twenty-two years of it, my authorities are ample and satisfactory; they consist principally of memoranda written by Sir William himself; and, in describing the occurrences of this period, I have frequently availed myself of his own words. I wish indeed

deed that I could have used them exclusively, but the paper is not altogether in a form to admit of publication.

The account of the last twelve years of his life in India, is chiefly supplied by my own recollection, assisted by information collected from his writings and correspondence.

Of the events of his life between 1768, his twenty-second year, and the date of his embarkation for India in 1783, my information is less complete, although I have spared no diligence in endeavouring to collect all that could be obtained. I was in hopes that the recollection of his contemporaries at Oxford, where he occasionally resided until he left England, might have supplied some material anecdotes, and that farther information might have been procured from his companions in Westminster Hall, or on the Circuit, but my researches have had little success, and I am chiefly indebted to his correspondence for the information which I have been able to communicate.

In the arrangement of these materials, it was my wish, as far as possible, to make Sir William Jones describe himself; and with this view, I have introduced his letters into the body of the Memoirs. They develop his

occu-

occupations, hopes, pursuits, and feelings; and although the narrative, from the introduction of them, may lose something in point of connection, this inconvenience, I flatter myself, will be more than compensated by the letters themselves. By this mode they will excite an interest, which they might have failed to produce, if the substance or subjects of them only had been interwoven into the narrative, with a reference to the letters themselves in the Appendix.

This arrangement has however imposed upon me the necessity of translating many of the letters of Sir William Jones and his learned correspondents, from the Latin or French, and I have endeavoured to give the sense of them in a plain familiar style. But I must warn the reader, that he is to expect nothing more in these translations; and that those who are qualified to peruse the original letters of Sir William Jones, will find in them an elegance which I do not pretend to transfuse into my version of them. Some few sentences of the original letters have been purposely omitted in the translation, and many passages of the originals themselves have been suppressed.

The

The Latin letters of Sir William Jones are printed in the Appendix; and, with respect to them, it is further proper to observe, that in consequence of interlineations, corrections, erasures, and mutilation from time, I could not always ascertain the exact words which he ultimately adopted. In such cases I have been compelled to exercise my own judgment, and I desire the reader to notice this remark, lest any inaccuracy of mine should be imputed to a man, who was equally qualified to guide the taste of the elegant, and correct the errors of the learned.

To elucidate the life, occupations, and opinions of Sir William Jones, was the principal object which I had in view, in the selection of the letters now presented to the public; some have been inserted, as calculated in my opinion to afford entertainment to the reader. I am very sensible that many of these letters relate to topics not generally interesting: engaged in literary pursuits from his earliest youth, extending and cultivating them with ardour during his life, and never losing sight of them under any accumulation of business, the letters of Sir William Jones necessarily refer to habits so dear to him, and so long established; and I must request the reader

reader to carry this remark with him to the perusal of his correspondence throughout, and particularly of the letters written by him in Bengal, which frequently relate to Indian literature, as well as to subjects and occupations peculiar to that country.

The Memoirs and Appendix contain some original compositions of Sir William Jones, which have not hitherto been published; they are not of equal importance with those, of which the public are in possession; there are still more, which I have not ventured to print.

It would have been easy to have enlarged the size of this volume, but having no ambition to extend it beyond its proper limits, I have confined myself as closely as I could to the object of it, that of elucidating the life and opinions of Sir William Jones. With this rule constantly in my recollection, I have avoided dissertations on the events of the times; the notice which I have taken of characters incidentally mentioned, is brief and explanatory only; and I have suppressed many observations, which would have added more to the bulk of the Memoirs, than to the information or entertainment of the reader.

In

In the Postscript to the Memoirs, I have omitted to mention in its proper place, that a monument was erected at Oxford to the memory of Sir William Jones, by a subscription of the gentlemen residing in Bengal, who had received their education at the university there and at Cambridge. The inscription on the elegant monument executed by Flaxman, at the expense of Lady Jones, and placed in the anti-chamber to the Chapel of University College, Oxford, is annexed to the Preface.

It has frequently been remarked, that the characters of very eminent men cannot be closely examined without a considerable diminution of the respect, which their general fame has excited.

From whatever source this remark may have proceeded, or to whatever degree of truth it may be entitled, I cannot but express a solicitude, that it may derive no confirmation from the work now presented to the public. Impressed with admiration, respect, and esteem for the memory of Sir William Jones, whether I contemplate his genius, his learning, or his virtues, I wish to transfer my own feelings to the minds of my readers; but

but whilst I distrust my own efforts, I am equally anxious to guard against extravagant expectations in them, and any want of discernment in myself.

TEIGNMOUTH.

M. S.

GVLIELMI . JONES . EQVITIS . AVRATI,
QVI . CLARVM . IN . LITERIS . NOMEN . À . PATRE . ACCEPTVM,
MAGNA . CVMVLAVIT . GLORIA.

INGENIVM . IN . ILLO . ERAT . SCIENTIARVM . OMNIVM . CAPAX,
DISCIPLINISQVE . OPTIMIS . DILIGENTISSIMÈ . EXCVLTVM.
ERAT . INDOLES . AD . VIRTVTEM . EXIMIA,
ET . IN . IVSTITIA . LIBERTATE . RELIGIONE . VINDICANDA,
MAXIMÈ . PROBATA.

QVICQVID . AVTEM . VTILE . VEL . HONESTVM
CONSILIIS . EXEMPLO . AVCTORITATE . VIVVS . PROMOVERAT,
ID . OMNE . SCRIPTIS . SVIS . IMMORTALIBVS,
ETIAM . NVNC . TVETVR . ATQVE . ORNAT.

PRÆSTANTISSIMVM . HVNC . VIRVM,
CÙM . À . PROVINCIA . BENGALA,
UBI . IVDICIS . INTEGERRIMI . MVNVS
PER . DECENNIVM . OBIERAT,
REDITVM . IN . PATRIAM . MEDITARETVR,
INGRVENTIS . MORBI . VIS . OPPRESSIT,
IX . KAL. . IVN. . A. C. . MDCCLXXXXIII. . ÆT. . XLVIII.

VT . QVIBVS . IN . ÆDIBVS,
IPSE . OLIM . SOCIVS . INCLARVISSET,
IN . IISDEM . MEMORIA . EIVS . POTISSIMVM . CONSERVARETVR,
HONORARIVM . HOC . MONVMENTVM,
ANNA . MARIA . FILIA . JONATHAN . SHIPLEY . EPISC. . ASAPH.
CONIVGI . SVO . B. . M.
PONI . CURAVIT.

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Father and God of Mercy, give me Wisdom, the
assistant of thy Seats: send her from thy
holy heavens, from the seat of thy greatness;
that she may be present with me, and
labour with me, and teach me what
is acceptable to Thee!

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE, WRITINGS, AND CORRESPONDENCE,

OF

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

THE origin of the Family of Sir WILLIAM JONES on the maternal side, has been traced, by the industry of Lewis Morris, a learned British antiquary, to the ancient Princes and Chieftains of North Wales. With whatever delight, however, the Cambrian genealogist might pursue the line of his ancestry, a barren catalogue of uncouth names would furnish no entertainment to the reader. I shall only transcribe from the list a single and remarkable name in one of the collateral branches, that of William o Dregaian, who died in one thousand five hundred and eighty-one, at the advanced age of one hundred and five years; with the note annexed to it, that by three wives he had thirty-six children, seven more by two concubines, and that eighty of his issue, during his life, were living in the parish of Tregaian, in Anglesey.

But I insert, without apology for the anticipation, a letter addressed by Mr. Morris to the father of Sir William Jones, as an interesting memorial of an ancient custom which is daily falling into disuse, and a pleasing specimen of the mind and talents of the writer.

To WILLIAM JONES, Esquire.

SIR; *January* 1, 1748.

It was a custom among the Ancient Britons (and still retained in Anglesey) for the most knowing among them in the descent of families, to send their friends of the same stock or family, *a dydd calan Ionawr a calennig*, a present of their pedigree; which was in order, I presume, to keep up a friendship among relations, which these people preserved surprisingly, and do to this day among the meanest of them, to the sixth and seventh degree.

Some writers take notice that the Gauls also were noted for this affection and regard for their own people, though ever so distantly related. These things, to be sure, are trifles: but all other things in the world are trifles too.

I take men's bodies in the same sense as I take vegetables. Young trees propagated by seed or grafts, from a good old tree, certainly owe some regard to their primitive stock, provided trees could act and think; and as for my part, the very thought of those brave people, who struggled

so

so long with a superior power for their liberty, inspires me with such an idea of them, that I almost adore their memories. Therefore, to keep up that old laudable custom, I herewith send you a *calennig* of the same kind as that above-mentioned; which I desire you will accept of.

I have reason to know, it is founded on good authority; for both my father and mother were related to your mother, and came from the same stock mentioned in the inclosed; which is the reason I am so well acquainted with your mother's descent; and on the same account, till further enquiry, an utter stranger to your father's family.

As you were young when you left the country, it cannot be supposed that you could know much of these things. I have had too much time there; I wish I had not; for I might have applied it to better use than I have. If this gives you any pleasure, I shall be glad of it; if not, commit it to the flames: and believe me to be, with truth and sincerity, &c.

LEWIS MORRIS.

Leaving the genealogical splendour of the family of Sir William Jones to the contemplation of the antiquary, it may be remarked with pleasure, that its latest descendants have a claim to reputation, founded upon the honourable and unambiguous testimony of personal merit. His father was the celebrated philosopher and mathematician who so eminently distinguished himself

in the commencement of the last century: and a short, but more accurate sketch of his life than has hitherto appeared, which I am enabled to give from the authority of his son, may be acceptable to the lovers of science.

Mr. William Jones was born in the year 1680, in Anglesey; his parents were yeomen, or little farmers, on that island; and he there received the best education which they were able to afford: but the industrious exertion of vigorous intellectual powers, supplied the defects of inadequate instruction, and laid the foundation of his future fame and fortune. From his earliest years, Mr. Jones discovered a propensity to mathematical studies, and, having cultivated them with assiduity, he began his career in life, by teaching mathematics on-board a man of war; and in this situation he attracted the notice, and obtained the friendship, of Lord Anson. In his twenty-second year, Mr. Jones published a Treatise on the Art of Navigation; which was received with great approbation. He was present at the capture of Vigo, in 1702; and, having joined his comrades in quest of pillage, he eagerly fixed upon a bookseller's shop as the object of his depredation; but finding in it no literary treasures, which were the sole plunder that he coveted, he contented himself with a pair of scissars, which he frequently exhibited to his friends as a trophy of his military success, relating the anecdote by which he gained it. He returned with the fleet to England, and immediately afterwards

wards established himself as a teacher of mathematics, in London; where, at the age of twenty-six, he published his *Synopsis Palmariorum Matheseōs;* a decisive proof of his early and consummate proficiency in his favourite science.

The private character of Mr. Jones was respectable, his manners were agreeable and inviting; and these qualities not only contributed to enlarge the circle of his friends, whom his established reputation for science had attracted, but also to secure their attachment to him.

Amongst others who honoured him with their esteem, I am authorized to mention the great and virtuous Lord Hardwicke. Mr. Jones attended him as a companion on the circuit when he was chief justice; and this nobleman, when he afterwards held the great seal, availed himself of the opportunity to testify his regard for the merit and character of his friend, by conferring upon him the office of secretary for the peace. He was also introduced to the friendship of Lord Parker (afterwards president of the Royal Society), which terminated only with his death; and, amongst other distinguished characters in the annals of science and literature, the names of Sir Isaac Newton, Halley, Mead, and Samuel Johnson, may be enumerated as the intimate friends of Mr. Jones. By Sir Isaac Newton, he was treated with particular regard and confidence, and prepared, with his assent, the very elegant edition of small tracts on the higher mathematics, in a mode which obtained

the

the approbation, and increased the esteem, of the author for him.

After the retirement of Lord Macclesfield to Sherborne Castle, Mr. Jones resided with his lordship as a member of his family, and instructed him in the sciences. In this situation, he had the misfortune to lose the greatest part of his property, the accumulation of industry and economy, by the failure of a banker: but the friendship of Lord Macclesfield diminished the weight of the loss, by procuring for him a sinecure place of considerable emolument. The same Nobleman, who was then Teller of the Exchequer, made him an offer of a more lucrative situation; but he declined the acceptance of it, as it would have imposed on him the obligation of more official attendance, than was agreeable to his temper, or compatible with his attachment to scientific pursuits.

In this retreat, he became acquainted with Miss Mary Nix, the youngest daughter of George Nix, a cabinet-maker in London, who, although of low extraction, had raised himself to eminence in his profession, and, from the honest and pleasant frankness of his conversation, was admitted to the tables of the great, and to the intimacy of Lord Macclesfield. The acquaintance of Mr. Jones with Miss Nix, terminated in marriage; and, from this union, sprang three children, the last of whom, the late Sir William Jones, was born in London, on the eve of the festival of Saint Michael, in the year 1746; and a few days after his birth was baptized

baptized by the christian name of his father. The first son, George, died in his infancy; and the second child, a daughter, Mary, who was born in 1736, married Mr. Rainsford, a merchant retired from business in opulent circumstances. This lady perished miserably, during the year 1802, in consequence of an accident from her clothes catching fire.

Mr. Jones survived the birth of his son William but three years; he was attacked with a disorder, which the sagacity of Dr. Mead, who attended him with the anxiety of an affectionate friend, immediately discovered to be a polypus in the heart, and wholly incurable. This alarming secret was communicated to Mrs. Jones, who, from an affectionate but mistaken motive, could never be induced to discover it to her husband; and, on one occasion, displayed a remarkable instance of self-command and address in the concealment of it.

A well-meaning friend, who knew his dangerous situation, had written to him a long letter of condolence, replete with philosophic axioms on the brevity of life; Mrs. Jones, who opened the letter, discovered the purport of it at a glance, and, being desired by her husband to read it, composed in the moment another lecture so clearly and rapidly, that he had no suspicion of the deception; and this she did in a style so cheerful and entertaining, that it greatly exhilarated him.

He

He died soon after, in July 1749, leaving behind him a great reputation and moderate property.

The history of men of letters is too often a melancholy detail of human misery, exhibiting the unavailing struggles of genius and learning against penury, and life consumed in fruitless expectation of patronage and reward. We contemplate with satisfaction the reverse of this picture in the history of Mr. Jones, as we trace him in his progress from obscurity to distinction, and in his participation of the friendship and beneficence of the first characters of the times. Nor is it less grateful to remark that the attachment of his professed friends did not expire with his life; after a proper interval, they visited his widow, and vied in their offers of service to her; amongst others to whom she was particularly obliged, I mention with respect, Mr. Baker, author of a Treatise on the Improved Microscope, who afforded her important assistance, in arranging the collection of shells, fossils, and other curiosities, left by her deceased husband, and in disposing of them to the best advantage. The library of Mr. Jones, by a bequest in his will, became the property of Lord Macclesfield.

The compilers of the Biographical Dictionary, in their account of Mr. Jones, have asserted, that he had completed a mathematical work of the first importance, and had sent the first sheet of it to the press, when the indisposition, which terminated

minated in his death, obliged him to discontinue the impression; that, a few days before his demise, he entrusted the manuscript, fairly transcribed by an amanuensis, to the care of Lord Macclesfield, who promised to publish it, as well for the honour of the author, as for the benefit of the family, to whom the property of the work belonged. The Earl survived his friend many years; but *The Introduction to the Mathematics* (the alleged title of the work) was forgotten, and, after his death, the manuscript was not to be found. There is no evidence in the memoranda left by Sir William Jones, to confirm or disprove these assertions. Such of the mathematical works of Mr. Jones as have been published, are much admired for neatness, brevity, and accuracy*.

The

* In Hutton's Philosophical Dictionary, we have the following enumeration of the works of Mr. Jones:—

A New Compendium of the whole Art of Navigation, small 8vo. 1702.

Synopsis Palmariorum Matheseôs; or a new Introduction to the Mathematics, containing the principles of arithmetic and geometry, demonstrated in a short and easy method; 8vo. 1706.

In the Philosophical Transactions:—

A Compendious Disposition of Equations for exhibiting the Relations of Geometrical Lines.

A Tract of Logarithms.

Account of a Person killed by Lightning in Tottenham-court Chapel, and its Effects on the Building.

Properties of Conic Sections, deduced by a compendious method.

He was also the editor of some mathematical works of Sir Isaac Newton, under the title of "Analysis, per quantitatum series, fluxiones, ac differentias: cum enumeratione linearum tertii ordinis."

In

The care of the education of William now devolved upon his mother, who, in many respects, was eminently qualified for the task. Her character,

In the library of Trinity-College, Cambridge, some letters from Mr. Jones to Mr. Cotes, who was at that time engaged in giving lectures at the College, are preserved. They do not contain any material information: but having, with the permission of the College, obtained copies of them, by the polite assistance of Mr. Brown, I annex them to this note, together with one from Mr. Cotes to Mr. Jones.

Letter from Mr. JONES to Mr. COTES.

SIR; *London, September* 17, 1711.

The paper concerning Sir Isaac Newton's method of interpolation, which you have been pleased to send me, being done so very neat, that it will be an injury to the curious in these things to be kept any longer without it; therefore must desire that you would grant me leave to publish it in the Philosophical Transactions. You may be assured that I do not move this to you without Sir Isaac's approbation, who I find is no less willing to have it done. The new edition of the *Principia* is what we wait for with great impatience, though at the same time I believe the book will be far more valuable than if it had been done in a hurry, since I find the interruptions are necessary, and such as will render it complete. We have nothing considerable in hand here at present, only Mr. Demoire's Treatise on Chances, which makes a whole transaction. He is very fond of it, and we may expect it well done. Mr. Raphson has printed off four or five sheets of his history of Fluxions, but being shewed Sir Isaac Newton's (who it seems would rather have them write against him, than have a piece done in that manner, in his favour) he got a stop put to it, for some time at least. Dr. Halley has almost finished the printing of the Greenwich Observations, which will be a work of good use, especially as it is now freed from the trifles it was loaded with. Sir, I have one thing which I would trouble you with further, and that is, to let me know what lectures, or other papers of Sir Isaac Newton's, remain in your University unpublished. This may be done at your leisure. It would be a great satisfaction to me, if I could be any way serviceable

to

racter, as delineated by her husband with somewhat of mathematical precision, is this: "that "she was virtuous without blemish, generous "without

to you here at London; and should readily embrace any opportunity to approve and express myself, what I am exceedingly obliged to be,

Your most affectionate friend,
And faithful servant,
WILLIAM JONES.

From the SAME to the SAME.

SIR; *London, Oct. 25,* 1711.

The favour of your account of Sir Isaac's papers left at Cambridge, I return you my hearty thanks for; and, as you have some further considerations about the Doctrine of Differences, I am assured that they cannot but be valuable; and if a few instances of the application were given, perhaps it would not be amiss. Having tarried some time for a convenient opportunity, I was obliged to send you at last Moreton's book by the carrier, though it will only satisfy you that Dr. Gregory had but a very slender notion of the design, extent, and use of lib. 3d of the *Principia*. I hope it will not be long before you find leisure to send me what you have further done on this curious subject. No excuse must be made against the publishing of them, since, with respect to reputation, I dare say it will be no way to your disadvantage. I have nothing of news to send you, only the Germans and French have in a violent manner attacked the philosophy of Sir Isaac Newton, and seem resolved to stand by Des Cartes. Mr. Keil, as a person concerned, has undertaken to defend and answer some things, as Dr. Friend and Dr. Mead do in their way, the rest. I would have sent you the whole controversy, was I not sure that you know those only are most capable of objecting against his writings, that least understand them. However, in a little time, you will see some of them in the Philosophical Transactions.

I am, Sir,
Very much your friend and servant,
WILLIAM JONES.

ANSWER

" without extravagance, frugal but not niggard,
" cheerful but not giddy, close but not sullen,
" ingenious but not conceited, of spirit but not
" passionate.

Answer to the foregoing, by Mr. Cotes.

Dear Sir;

I have received Moreton's book. I thank you for the favour you did me in sending it. I have looked over what relates to his way of interpolation; but I find no cause from thence to make any alteration. The controversy concerning Sir Isaac's philosophy is a piece of news that I had not heard of. I think that philosophy needs no defence, especially when attacked by Cartesians. One Mr. Green, a fellow of Clare-Hall, seems to have nearly the same design with those German and French objectants, whom you mention. His book is now in our press, and almost finished I am told; he will add an Appendix, in which he undertakes also to square the circle. I need not recommend his performance any further to you.

I am, Sir, your obliged friend,
and humble servant,
R. C.

From Mr. Jones to Mr. Cotes.

Dear Sir; *London, Jan.* 11, 1711-12.

I have sent you here inclosed the copy of a letter, that I found among Mr. Collins's papers, from Sir Isaac Newton to one Mr. Smith. The contents thereof seem in a great measure to have relation to what you are about, as being the application of the Doctrine of Differences to the making of tables; and for that reason I thought it might be of use to you, so far as to see what has been done already. I shewed this to Sir Isaac: he remembers that he applied it to all sorts of tables. I have more papers of Mr. Mercator's, and others, upon this subject; though I think none so material to your purpose as this. I should be very glad to see what you have done upon this subject all published; and I must confess, that unless you design a large volume, it were much better to put them into the Philosophical Transactions, for that would sufficiently preserve them from being lost, which is the common fate of small single tracts, and at the same time, to save the trouble and expense of printing them, since the subject is too curious to

expect

" passionate, of her company cautious, in her " friendship trusty, to her parents dutiful, and " to her husband ever faithful, loving, and obe- " dient."

expect any profit from it; and besides now, as the Royal Society having done themselves the honour of choosing you a member, something from you cannot but be acceptable to them. Sir Isaac himself expects these things of you, that I formerly mentioned to him as your promise.

I am, Sir, your much obliged friend,
and humble servant,
WILLIAM JONES.

From Mr. JONES to Mr. COTES.

SIR; *London, Feb.* 6, 1712-13.

The Royal Society having ordered one of their books for you, and another for Mr. Saunderson, also one for Trinity-College library, and one for the University library; I would not lose the opportunity of paying you my respects, by sending them. I need not tell you the occasion and design of that collection. You will see readily, that it affords such light concerning what it relates to, as could not easily have been discovered any other way; it also shews, that your great predecessor, whose illustrious example I don't doubt but you follow, never employed his time about things ordinary. I have no mathematical intelligence to send you. Mr. Keil thinks he has discovered a very easy and practical solution of the Keplerean problem. If Moreton's book is of no use to you, please to send it to me, though I fear it will yield me but small assistance, having occasion for variety of modern solstitial meridian altitudes of the Sun, such as may be depended upon. Helvetius, Flamstead, and the French observations, seem defective. I should be glad to be informed where I can be supplied best. I am extremely pleased to find that Sir Isaac's book is so near being finished; and it is not less agreeable to me to hear, that your own book is in such forwardness. You are much in the right of it to print your lectures and other papers, in a book by itself: it is better than to have them lie up and down among other things. What I formerly proposed as to the putting of things in the Philosophical Transactions, is only fit for a sheet or two, but not exceeding that.

I very

"dient." She had by nature a strong understanding, which was improved by his conversation and instruction. Under his tuition, she became a considerable

I very much long to see those valuable pieces, and hope you will let me know in what time I may expect them.—Do me the justice to believe, that I am, with all sincerity,

Your most humble servant,
WILLIAM JONES.

From the SAME to the SAME.

SIR; *London, April* 29, 1713.

Ever since I received your very kind letter, and Moreton's book, I waited for an opportunity of sending you some old manuscripts I had by me, and at last am obliged to venture them by the carrier. They relate, in some measure, to the method of Differences: the folio one, I find, was written by one Nath. Torperly, a Shropshireman, who, when young, was amanuensis to Vieta, but afterwards writ against him. He was cotemporary with Briggs. The book, I think, can be of no other use to you than in what relates to the history of that method, and in having the satisfaction of seeing what has been formerly done on that subject. I am mightily pleased to see the end of the *Principia*, and return you many thanks for the instructive index that you have taken the pains to add, and hope it will not be long before we shall see the beginning of that noble book. I shall be in some pain till I hear that you have received my old manuscript, it being a favourite purely on account of some extravagancies in it; but I shall think it safe in your hands.

I am, Sir,
Your affectionate friend, and humble servant,
WILLIAM JONES.

From the SAME to the SAME.

DEAR SIR; *London, July* 11, 1713.

It is impossible to represent to you, with what pleasure I received your inestimable present of the *Principia*, and am much concerned to find myself so deeply charged with obligations to you, and such I fear as all my future endeavours will never be able to requite.

considerable proficient in Algebra, and with a view to qualify herself for the office of preceptor to her sister's son, who was destined to a maritime profession, made herself perfect in Trigonometry, and the Theory of Navigation. Mrs. Jones, after the death of her husband, was urgently and repeatedly solicited, by the Countess of Macclesfield, to remain at Sherborne Castle; but having formed a plan for the education of her son, with an unalterable determination to pursue it, and being apprehensive that her residence at Sherborne might interfere with the execution of it, she declined accepting the friendly invitation of the Countess, who never ceased to retain the most affectionate regard for her.

In the plan adopted by Mrs. Jones for the instruction of her son, she proposed to reject the severity of discipline, and to lead his mind insen-

requite. This edition is indeed exceedingly beautiful, and interspersed with great variety of admirable discoveries so very natural to its great author; but it is more so from the additional advantage of your excellent preface, which I wish much to get published in some of the foreign journals; and since a better account of this book cannot be given, I suppose it will not be difficult to get it done. Now, this great task being done, I hope you will think of publishing your papers, and not let such valuable pieces lie by. As to what you mentioned in your last, concerning my old manuscripts, though for my part I know of nothing worth your notice publicly in them, but, if you do find any, the end of my sending them is the better answered; and you know that you may do as you please.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
WILLIAM JONES.

sibly

sibly to knowledge and exertion, by exciting his curiosity, and directing it to useful objects. To his incessant importunities for information on casual topics of conversation, which she watchfully stimulated, she constantly replied, *read, and you will know;* a maxim, to the observance of which he always acknowledged himself indebted for his future attainments. By this method, his desire to learn became as eager as her wish to teach; and such was her talent of instruction, and his facility of retaining it, that in his fourth year he was able to read, distinctly and rapidly, any English book. She particularly attended at the same time to the cultivation of his memory, by making him learn and repeat some of the popular speeches in Shakespeare, and the best of Gay's Fables.

If, from the subsequent eminence of Sir William Jones, any general conclusion should be eagerly drawn in favour of early tuition, we must not forget to advert to the uncommon talents both of the pupil and the teacher.

In common cases, premature instruction has often been found to retard, rather than accelerate, the progress of the intellectual faculties; and the success of it so much depends upon the judgment of the tutor, and the capacity of the scholar, upon the skill of the one, as well as upon the disposition and powers of the other, that it is impossible to prescribe a general rule, when instruction ought to begin, or a general mode, by which it should be conveyed; the determination in both cases must

must be left to the discretion of parents, who ought to be the most competent to decide.

In this year of his life, Jones providentially escaped from two accidents, one of which had nearly proved fatal to his sight, the other to his life. Being left alone in a room, in attempting to scrape some soot from the chimney, he fell into the fire, and his clothes were instantly in flames: his cries brought the servants to his assistance, and he was preserved with some difficulty; but his face, neck, and arms, were much burnt. A short time afterwards, when his attendants were putting on his clothes, which were imprudently fastened with hooks, he struggled, either in play, or in some childish pet, and a hook was fixed in his right eye. By due care, under the directions of Dr. Mead, whose friendship with his family continued unabated after his father's death, the wound was healed; but the eye was so much weakened, that the sight of it ever remained imperfect.

His propensity to reading, which had begun to display itself, was for a time checked by these accidents; but the habit was acquired, and after his recovery he indulged it without restraint, by perusing eagerly any books that came in his way, and with an attention proportioned to his ability to comprehend them. In his fifth year, as he was one morning turning over the leaves of a Bible in his mother's closet, his attention was forcibly arrested by the sublime description of the Angel in the tenth chapter of the Apocalypse, and the im-

pression which his imagination received from it was never effaced. At a period of mature judgment, he considered the passage as equal in sublimity to any in the inspired writers, and far superior to any that could be produced from mere human compositions; and he was fond of retracing and mentioning the rapture which he felt, when he first read it. In his sixth year, by the assistance of a friend, he was initiated in the rudiments of the Latin grammar, and he committed some passages of it to memory; but the dull elements of a new language having nothing to captivate his childish attention, he made little progress in it; nor was he encouraged to perseverance by his mother, who, intending him for a public education, was unwilling to perplex his mind with the study of a dead language, before he had acquired a competent knowledge of his native tongue.

At Michaelmas 1753, in the close of his seventh year, he was placed at Harrow School, of which the worthy and amiable Dr. Thackeray was then head master. The amusements and occupations of a school-boy are of little importance to the public; yet it cannot be uninteresting, or uninstructive, to trace the progress of a youth of genius and abilities, from his earliest efforts to that proficiency in universal literature which he afterwards attained. During the two first years of his residence at Harrow, he was rather remarked for diligence and application, than for the superiority of his talents, or the extent of his acquisitions; and his

attention

attention was almost equally divided between his books and a little garden, the cultivation and embellishment of which occupied all his leisure hours. His faculties however necessarily gained strength by exercise, and during his school vacations, the sedulity of a fond parent was without intermission exerted to improve his knowledge of his own language. She also taught him the rudiments of drawing, in which she excelled.

In his ninth year, he had the misfortune to break his thigh-bone in a scramble with his schoolfellows, and this accident detained him from school twelve months. After his relief from pain, however, the period of his confinement was not suffered to pass in indolence; his mother was his constant companion, and amused him daily with the perusal of such English books, as she deemed adapted to his taste and capacity. The juvenile poems of Pope, and Dryden's Translation of the Æneid, afforded him incessant delight, and excited his poetical talents, which displayed themselves in the composition of verses in imitation of his favourite authors. But his progress in classical learning, during this interval, was altogether suspended; for although he might have availed himself of the proffered instruction of a friend, in whose house he resided, to acquire the rudiments of Latin, he was then so unable to comprehend its utility, and had so little relish for it, that he was left unrestrained to pursue his juvenile occupations and amuse-

ments, and the little which he had gained in his two first years, was nearly lost in the third.

On his return to school, he was however placed in the same class which he would have attained, if the progress of his studies had not been interrupted. He was of course far behind his fellow-labourers of the same standing, who erroneously ascribed his insufficiency to laziness or dulness, while the master who had raised him to a situation above his powers, required exertions of which he was incapable, and corporal punishment and degradation were applied, for the non-performance of tasks, which he had never been instructed to furnish. But in truth he far excelled his school-fellows in general, both in diligence and quickness of apprehension; nor was he of a temper to submit to imputations, which he knew to be unmerited. Punishment failed to produce the intended effect; but his emulation was roused. He devoted himself incessantly to the perusal of various elementary treatises, which had never been explained nor even recommended to him; and having thus acquired principles, he applied them with such skill and success, that in a few months he not only recovered the station from which he had been degraded, but was at the head of his class: his compositions were correct, his analysis accurate, and he uniformly gained every prize offered for the best exercise. He voluntarily extended his studies beyond the prescribed limits, and, by solitary labour, having acquired

acquired a competent knowledge of the rules of prosody, he composed verses in imitation of Ovid; a task, which had never been required from any of the students in the lower school at Harrow.

The behaviour of the master to Jones, made an impression on his mind, which he ever remembered with abhorrence. Little doubt can be entertained, that he might have been stimulated to equal exertions, if encouragement had been substituted for severity, and instruction for disgrace. The accumulation of punishment for his inability to soar before he had been taught to fly, (I use his own expression) might have rendered the feelings callous; and a sense of the injustice attending the infliction of it, was calculated to destroy the respect due to magisterial authority, and its influence over the scholar. It is a material and perhaps unavoidable defect in the system of education at public schools, that the necessity of regulating instruction by general rules, must often preclude that attention to the tempers and capacities of individuals, by which their attainments might be essentially promoted.

In his twelfth year, Jones was moved into the upper school. Of the retentive powers of his memory at this period, the following anecdote is a remarkable instance. His school-fellows proposed to amuse themselves with the representation of a play; and at his recommendation they fixed upon the Tempest: as it was not readily to be procured, he wrote it for them so correctly from memory, that they

they acted it with great satisfaction to themselves, and with considerable entertainment to the spectators. He performed the character of Prospero.

His diligence increased with his advancement in the school: he now entered upon the study of the Greek tongue, the characters of which he had already learned for his amusement. His genius and assiduity were also displayed in various compositions, not required by the discipline of the school. He translated into English verse several of the epistles of Ovid, all the pastorals of Virgil, and composed a dramatic piece on the story of Meleager, which he denominated a tragedy; and it was acted during the vacation, by some of his school-fellows with whom he was most intimate. In his own play, he performed the part of the hero.

A copy of this little composition, inaccurately transcribed by a relation, has been preserved; and to gratify that curiosity which the mention of it may have excited, I select from it the following lines:

ATALANTA (speaks).

Still Discord raves, Bellona fiercely storms,
Mars calls, and Caledonians exclaim.
Althæa, fraught with ire, forgets her son,
And meditates fierce vengeance in her heart.
At Dian's sacred shrine a billet lies,
On which depends the life of Meleager.
This stern Althæa spied,—then fury fir'd
Her furious mind,—she knew the fates' decree:
Thrice did she rave, and thrice repress'd her hand;
At length she threw the billet on the fire,

Which

Which gently gather'd round its impious prey;
And now in absent flames the hero burns.
Wildly he stares; his glaring eye-balls sink
Beneath their sockets, and omit their light.
His shiver'd hair hangs dangling o'er his face;
He rends his silken vest, and wrings his hands,
And groans, possess'd with agonizing pain.

These juvenile efforts contributed to establish the influence and reputation of Jones in the school; and the success with which his studies had latterly been pursued, left him no reason to regret the disadvantages under which he had at first laboured. His improvement in the knowledge of prosody was truly extraordinary; he soon acquired a proficiency in all the varieties of Roman metre, so that he was able to scan the trochaïc and iambic verses of Terence, before his companions even suspected that they were any thing but mere prose. He also learned to taste the elegance of that writer, and was frequently heard to repeat with particular satisfaction the rule in the Andria:

Facile omnes perferre et pati,
Nunquam præponens se aliis.

Such was the extent of his attainments, and such his facility of composition, that for two years he wrote the exercises of many boys in the two superior classes, who often obtained credit for performances to which they had no title, whilst the students in the same class with himself were happy to become his pupils. During the holidays, his studies were varied, but not relaxed; in these intervals, he learned the rudiments of French and arithmetic,

arithmetic, and was particularly gratified with an invitation to attend the meetings of learned and ingenious men, at the house of that amiable philosopher, Mr. Baker, and his friend Mr. Pond. As an introduction to the knowledge of the subjects discussed in this literary society, by the particular recommendation of his mother, he read the *Spectacle de la Nature:* he acknowledged, however, that he was more entertained with the Arabian Tales, and Shakespeare, whose poems and plays he repeatedly perused with increased delight.

In the usual recreations of his school-fellows at Harrow, Jones was rarely a partaker; and the hours which they allotted to amusement, he generally devoted to improvement. The following anecdote strongly indicates the turn of his mind, and the impression made by his studies. He invented a political play, in which Dr. William Bennet*, Bishop of Cloyne, and the celebrated Dr.

* The Bishop of Cloyne, in a letter to the Dean of St. Asaph, dated November 1795, mentions Sir William Jones in terms of respect and affection:—"I knew him (he writes) from the early age of eight or "nine, and he was always an *uncommon* boy. Great abilities, great "particularity of thinking, fondness for writing verses and plays of "various kinds, and a degree of integrity and manly courage, of which "I remember many instances, distinguished him even at that period. "I loved him and revered him, and, though one or two years older "than he was, was always instructed by him from my earliest age.

"In a word, I can only say of this amiable and wonderful man, that "he had more virtues and less faults, than I ever yet saw in any human "being; and that the goodness of his head, admirable as it was, was "exceeded by that of his heart. I have never ceased to admire him "from the moment I first saw him; and my esteem for his great quali-"ties, and regret for his loss, will only end with my life."

Parr.

Parr, were his principal associates. They divided the fields in the neighbourhood of Harrow, according to a map of Greece, into states and kingdoms; each fixed upon one as his dominion, and assumed an ancient name. Some of their schoolfellows consented to be styled barbarians, who were to invade their territories and attack their hillocks, which were denominated fortresses. The chiefs vigorously defended their respective domains against the incursions of the enemy; and in these imitative wars, the young statesmen held councils, made vehement harangues, and composed memorials, all doubtless very boyish, but calculated to fill their minds with ideas of legislation and civil government. In these unusual amusements, Jones was ever the leader: and he might justly have appropriated to himself the words of Catullus;

Ego gymnasii flos, ego decus olei,

Dr. Thackeray retired from the superintendance of the school at Harrow, when his pupil had attained his fifteenth year. It was a singular trait in the character of this good man and respectable tutor, that he never applauded the best compositions of his scholars, from a notion which he had adopted, that praise only tended to make them vain or idle. But the opinion which he gave of Jones in private was, that he was a boy of so active a mind, that if he were left naked and friendless on Salisbury Plain, he would nevertheless find the road to fame and riches.

Dr. Thackeray was succeeded by Dr. Sumner; and for his information of the course of study pursued at Harrow, a plan of the lectures and exercises in the upper school was accurately delineated by Jones, at the suggestion of the principal assistant, who presented it to the new master, with many encomiums on the talents of his favourite scholar. He annexed to it a collection of his compositions, including his translation of the pastorals of Virgil. Dr. Sumner quickly distinguished him; and of the two complete years which he passed under that excellent instructor, it is sufficient to say, that he employed them in reading and imitating the best ancient authors; nor did he confine himself merely to the compositions of Greece and Rome; he learned the Arabic characters, and studied the Hebrew language sufficiently to enable him to read some of the Psalms in the original. His ardour for knowledge was so unlimited, that he frequently devoted whole nights to study, taking coffee or tea as an antidote to drowsiness; and his improvement by these extraordinary exertions was so rapid, that he soon became the prime favourite of his master, who with an excusable partiality was heard to declare, that Jones knew more Greek than himself, and was a greater proficient in the idiom of that language. Nor was he less a favourite with his fellow-students than with his master. He acquired popularity with them, by the frequent holidays that rewarded the excellence of his compositions. His reputation at the same time was so

extensive.

extensive, that he was often flattered by the enquiries of strangers, under the title of the Great Scholar.

Of his juvenile compositions in prose and verse, the early fruits of rare talents and unbounded industry, some have been printed in the fragment of a work which he began at school and intitled Limon*, in imitation of Cicero. During the last months of his residence at Harrow, Dr. Sumner not only dispensed with his attendance at school, but was obliged to interdict his application, in consequence of a weakness of sight contracted by it. His compositions were not however discontinued; and he obtained the assistance of the younger students to write them from his dictation. He employed the intervals of suspended duty, which he was reluctantly compelled to admit in learning chess, by practising the games of Philidor.

During the vacations, his application was directed to improve his knowledge of French and arithmetic, to which he also added the study of the Italian. Books he had always at command; for his mother, who contemplated with delight the progress of her son, with a wise liberality allowed him unlimited credit on her purse. But of this indulgence, as he knew that her finances were restricted, he availed himself no further than to purchase such books as were essential to his improvement.

* Works of Sir William Jones, vol. ii. p. 627.

I shall

I shall here transcribe, without alteration or omission, a letter which the young student, at the age of fourteen, wrote to his sister, to console her for the death of a friend.

DEAR SISTER;

When I received your letter, I was very concerned to hear the death of your friend Mr. Reynolds, which I consider as a piece of affliction common to us both. For although my knowledge of his name or character is of no long date, and though I never had any personal acquaintance with him, yet (as you observe) we ought to regret the loss of every honourable man; and if I had the pleasure of your conversation, I would certainly give you any consolatory advice that lay in my power, and make it my business to convince you what a real share I take in your chagrin. And yet, to reason philosophically, I cannot help thinking any grief upon a person's death very superfluous, and inconsistent with sense; for what is the cause of our sorrow? Is it because we hate the person deceased? that were to imply strange contradiction, to express our joy by the common signs of sorrow. If, on the other hand, we grieve for one who was dear to us, I should reply that we should, on the contrary, rejoice at his having left a state so perilous and uncertain as life is. The common strain is; "'Tis pity so virtuous a man should die:"—but I assert the contrary; and when I hear the death of a person of merit, I cannot help

reflecting.

reflecting, how happy he must be who now takes the reward of his excellencies, without the possibility of falling away from them and losing the virtue which he professed, on whose character death has fixed a kind of seal, and placed him out of the reach of vice and infamy! for death only closes a man's reputation, and determines it as either good or bad. On the contrary, in life nothing is certain; whilst any one is liable to alteration, we may possibly be forced to retract our esteem for him, and some time or other he may appear to us, as under a different light than what he does at present; for the life of no man can be pronounced either happy or miserable, virtuous or abandoned, before the conclusion of it. It was upon this reflection, that Solon, being asked by Crœsus, a monarch of immense riches, Who was the happiest man? answered, After your death I shall be able to determine. Besides, though a man should pursue a constant and determinate course of virtue, though he were to keep a regular symmetry and uniformity in his actions, and preserve the beauty of his reputation to the last, yet (while he lives) his very virtue may incur some evil imputation, and provoke a thousand murmurs of detraction; for, believe me, my dear sister, there is no instance of any virtue, or social excellence, which has not excited the envy of innumerable assailants, whose acrimony is raised barely by seeing others pleased, and by hearing commendation which another enjoys. It is not easy in this life

life for any man to escape censure; and infamy requires very little labour to assist its circulation. But there is a kind of sanction in the characters of the dead, which gives due force and reward to their merits, and defends them from the suggestions of calumny. But to return to the point; what reason is there to disturb yourself on this melancholy occasion? Do but reflect that thousands die every moment of time; that even while we speak, some unhappy wretch or other is either pining with hunger, or pinched with poverty, sometimes giving up his life to the point of the sword, torn with convulsive agonies, and undergoing many miseries which it were superfluous to mention. We should therefore compare our afflictions with those who are more miserable, and not with those who are more happy. I am ashamed to add more, lest I should seem to mistrust your prudence; but next week, when I understand your mind is more composed, I shall write you word how all things go here. I designed to write you this letter in French, but I thought I could express my thoughts with more energy, in my own language.

I come now, after a long interval, to mention some more private circumstances. Pray give my duty to my Mamma, and thank her for my shirts. They fit, in my opinion, very well; though Biddy says they are too little in the arms. You may expect a letter from me every day in the week till I come home; for Mrs. Biscoe has desired it, and has given me some franks. When

you see her, you may tell her that her little boy sends his duty to her, and Mr. Biscoe his love to his sister, and desires to be remembered to Miss Cleeve: he also sends his compliments to my Mamma and you. Upon my word I never thought our bleak air would have so good an effect upon him. His complexion is now ruddy, which before was sallow and pale, and he is indeed much grown: but I now speak of trifles, I mean in comparison of his learning; and indeed he takes that with wonderful acuteness; besides, his excessive high spirits increase mine, and give me comfort, since, after Parnell's departure, he is almost the only company I keep. As for news; the only article I know is, that Mrs. Parr is dead and buried. Mr. and Mrs. Sumner are well: the latter thanks you for bringing the letter from your old acquaintance, and the former has made me an elegant present. I am now very much taken up with study; am to speak Anthony's speech in Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar (which play I will read to you when I come to town), and am this week to made a declamation. I add no more than the sincere well-wishes of

Your faithful friend,

and affectionate brother,

WILLIAM JONES.

If I am not deceived by my partiality for the memory of Sir William Jones, this letter will be perused with interest by the public. The topics selected for the consolation of his sister, are not indeed

indeed of the most novel nature, nor the best adapted to afford it; and we may smile at the gravity of the young moralist, contrasted with the familiarity of the circumstances detailed in the latter part of the epistle, which I found no disposition to reject: but the letter, as it stands, will furnish no contemptible proof of his talents and fraternal affection, and may serve as a standard of comparison to parents, for estimating the abilities of their own children.

The period of tuition under Dr. Sumner passed rapidly, to the mutual satisfaction of the master and scholar, until Jones had reached his seventeenth year; when it was determined to remove him to one of the Universities. This determination was not adopted without much hesitation; for it had been strongly recommended to his mother, by Sergeant Prime, and other Lawyers, to place him, at the age of sixteen, in the office of some eminent special pleader: and they supported their recommendation by an observation, equally flattering to him and tempting to his mother, that his talents, united with such indefatigable industry, must ensure the most brilliant success, and consequently the acquisition of wealth and reputation. It is a singular proof of his curiosity to explore unusual tracks of learning, that, at this early age, he had perused the Abridgement of Coke's Institutes, by Ireland, with so much attention, that he frequently amused the legal friends of his mother, by reasoning with them on old

cases,

cases, which were supposed to be confined to the learned in the profession. The law, however, at that time, had little attraction for him; and he felt no inclination to renounce his Demosthenes and Cicero for the pleadings in Westminster-Hall. His disgust to the study of the law had also been particularly excited, by the perusal of some old and inaccurate abridgement of law-cases in barbarous Latin. This disinclination on his part, the solicitude of Dr. Sumner, that he should devote some years to the completion of his studies at the University, and the objections of his mother, founded on reasons of economy, to a profession which could not be pursued without considerable expense, fixed her decision against the advice of her legal friends. The choice of an University was also the occasion of some discussion. Cambridge was recommended by Dr. Sumner, who had received his education there: but Dr. Glasse, who had private pupils at Harrow, and had always distinguished Jones by the kindest attention, recommended Oxford. His choice was adopted by Mrs. Jones, who, in compliance with the wishes of her son, had determined to reside at the University with him, and greatly preferred the situation of Oxford.

In the Spring of 1764, he went to the University for the purpose of being matriculated and entered at College*: but he returned to Harrow for

* The following is the form of his admission into University College,

for a few months, that he might finish a course of lectures, which he had just begun, and in which he had been highly interested by the learning, eloquence, taste, and sagacity, of his excellent instructor. They separated soon after with mutual regret, and in the following term he fixed himself at Oxford.

The name of Jones was long remembered at Harrow, with the respect due to his superior talents and unrivalled erudition; and he was frequently quoted by Dr. Sumner, as the ornament of his school, and as an example for imitation. He had not only distinguished himself by the extent of his classical attainments, and his poetical compositions, but by the eloquence of his declamations, and the masterly manner in which they were delivered. In the varied talents which constitute an orator, Dr. Sumner himself excelled; and his pupil had equally benefited by his example and instruction. In the behaviour of Jones towards his school-fellows, he never exhibited that tyranny, which in the larger seminaries of learning is sometimes practised by the senior, over the younger students. His disposition equally revolted at the exercise or sufferance of oppression: and he early exhibited a mind, strongly impressed with those moral distinctions which he ever retained. Of

College, copied from his own writing:—Ego Gulielmus Jones, filius unicus Gulielmi Jones, Armigeri, de civitate Lond. lubens subscribo sub tutamine Magistri Betts, et Magistri Coulson, annos natus septendecim.

the

the friendships which he contracted at school, many were afterwards cultivated with reciprocal affection; and among the friends of his early years, some still survive, who remember his virtues with delight, and deplore his loss.

His friend Parnell, whose departure from school he laments in the letter to his sister, was the late Sir John Parnell, who held the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, in Ireland. His testimony of the merits, capacity, and proficiency of his friend and fellow-student, at Harrow, extracted from a memorandum, which he gave to Lady Jones, will confirm my own account of him:—"The early "period of life is not usually marked by extra- "ordinary anecdote: but small circumstances "become interesting, when we can trace in them "the first principles of virtue, and the first sym- "ptoms of those talents which afterwards so emi- "nently distinguished the character of SirWilliam "Jones. He gave very early proofs of his pos- "sessing very extraordinary abilities. His indus- "try was very great, and his love of literature "was the result of disposition, and not of sub- "mission to control. He excelled principally in "his knowledge of the Greek language. His "compositions were distinguished by his precise "application of every word, agreeably to the "most strict classical authority. He imitated "the choruses of Sophocles so successfully, that "his writings seemed to be original Greek com- "positions; and he was attentive even in writing

" the Greek characters with great correctness.
" His time being employed in study, prevented
" his joining in those plays and amusements which
" occupied the time of his other school-fellows:
" but it induced no other singularity in his man-
" ners; they were mild, conciliating, and cheer-
" ful. When I first knew him, about the year
" 1761, he amused himself with the study of
" botany, and in collecting fossils. In general,
" the same pursuits which gave employment to
" his mature understanding, were the first objects
" of his youthful attention. The same dispo-
" sition formed the most distinguished features
" at an early, and at a late period of his life. A
" decision of mind, and a strict attachment to
" virtue, an enthusiastic love of liberty, an uni-
" form spirit of philanthropy, were the charac-
" teristics of his youth, and of his manhood:
" he did no act, he used no expression, which
" did not justify these assertions."

A collection of English poems, composed by Mr. Jones, at Harrow, was presented by him to his friend Parnell, in 1763. The first and longest of the collection, containing more than three hundred and thirty lines, is intitled Prolusions, and is a critique on the various styles of pastoral writers. This was written by Mr. Jones, at the age of fifteen, and is the original of the poem, which he afterwards published under the title of Arcadia *.

* Works, vol. iv. p. 478.

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The variations between his first attempt and subsequent publication are very considerable. In his earliest composition, he makes Menalcas, who represents Theocritus, the father of pastoral poetry, adopt the language of Chaucer, as the only model he could take for a specimen of the English Doric. Spenser speaks in his own dialect, and, as the poet says,

Masks in the roughest veil the sweetest song.

In the original essay, Mr. Jones gives the prize to Tityrus, or Virgil: but, in the latter, Theocritus divides the kingdom of Arcadia between Virgil and Spenser, and assigns to them his two daughters, Daphne and Hyla, by whom he understands the two sorts of pastoral poetry; the one elegant and polished, the other simple and unadorned, in both which Theocritus excels.

The remaining poems in the collection, consist of translations and imitations of Horace, Sophocles, and Theocritus; Saul and David, an Ode; and a Satire on the inordinate Love of Novelty.

A manuscript of these poems, in the handwriting of Mr. Jones, was presented to Lady Jones, by Sir John Parnell, a few weeks only before his death. I select as a specimen of Mr. Jones's poetical talents, at the age of fourteen, the shortest in the collection, in imitation of a well-known Ode of Horace *, and addressed to his friend Parnell:—

* Ode 14. lib. ii.

How quickly fades the vital flow'r!
Alas, my friend! each silent hour
Steals unperceiv'd away:
The early joys of blooming youth,
Sweet innocence, and dove-ey'd truth,
Are destin'd to decay.

Can zeal, drear Pluto's wrath restrain?
No; tho' an hourly victim stain
His hallow'd shrine with blood,
Fate will recall her doom for none;
The sceptred king must leave his throne,
To pass the Stygian flood.

In vain, my Parnell, wrapt in ease,
We shun the merchant-marring seas;
In vain we fly from wars;
In vain we shun th' autumnal blast;
(The slow Cocytus must be pass'd;)
How needless are our cares!

Our house, our land, our shadowy grove,
The very mistress of our love,
Ah me, we soon must leave!
Of all our trees, the hated boughs
Of Cypress shall alone diffuse
Their fragrance o'er our grave.

To others shall we then resign
The num'rous casks of sparkling wine,
Which, frugal, now we store;
With them a more deserving heir,
(Is this our labour, this our care?)
Shall stain the stucco floor.

1760.

The new situation of Mr. Jones, at the University, did not at first correspond with his expectations. Under the tuition of a master, who saw with admiration his capacity and application, who was anxious to assist his exertions, and rewarded

warded their success with unlimited applause, his ardour for learning had been raised to a degree of enthusiasm: at the University, he expected to find a Sumner or Askew, in every master of arts, and generally the same passion for literature, which he had himself imbibed. It was evident that such extravagant expectations must be disappointed; and from the public lectures, he derived little gratification or instruction; they were much below the standard of his attainments, and, in fact, were considered as merely formal; and, instead of pure principles on subjects of taste, on rhetoric, poetry, and practical morals, *he complained* that he was required to attend dull comments on artificial ethics, and logic detailed in such barbarous Latin, that he professed to know as little of it as he then knew of Arabic. The only logic then in fashion was that of the schools; and in a memorandum written by himself, which is my authority for these remarks, I find an anecdote related of one of the fellows, who was reading Locke with his own pupils, that he carefully passed over every passage in which that great metaphysician derides the old system.

With the advice of Dr. Sumner, he was preparing for the press his Greek and Latin compositions, including a Comedy, written in the language and measures of Aristophanes. But his solicitude to appear as an author, was perhaps prudently checked by the advice of other friends; and the proposed publication from which he expected

pected an increase of reputation, was reluctantly postponed. This comedy, which bears the title of Mormo, still exists, but in a state of such mutilation, from the depredations of worms and time, that it cannot be published without very copious conjectural emendations.

After the residence of a few months at the University, on the 31st of October, 1764, Mr. Jones was unanimously elected one of the four scholars on the foundation of Sir Simon Bennett, to whose munificence he was ever proud to acknowledge his obligations. The prospect of a fellowship, to which he looked with natural impatience, was however remote, as he had three seniors.

His partiality for Oriental literature now began to display itself in the study of the Arabic, to which he was strongly incited by the example and encouragement of a fellow-student, of great worth and abilities, who had acquired some knowledge in that celebrated language, and offered him the use of the best books, with which he was well provided. In acquiring the pronunciation, he was assisted by a native of Aleppo, who spoke and wrote the vulgar Arabic fluently, but was without any pretensions to the character of a scholar. Mr. Jones accidentally discovered him in London, where he usually passed his vacations, and prevailed upon him to accompany him to Oxford, under a promise of maintaining him there. This promise he was obliged exclusively to fulfil for several months, at an expense which his finances could

could ill afford, being disappointed in the hopes which he had entertained, that some of his brother collegians might be inclined to avail themselves of the assistance of the Syrian, and participate with him in the expense of his maintenance.

The disgust expressed by Mr. Jones after his first introduction into the University soon subsided, and his time now passed with great satisfaction to himself. He found in it, all the means and opportunity of instruction which he could wish; and adopted that respectful attachment to it, which he ever after retained. His college tutors, who saw that all his hours were devoted to improvement, dispensed with his attendance on their lectures, alleging with equal truth and civility, that he could employ his time to more advantage. Their expectations were not disappointed: he perused with great assiduity all the Greek poets and historians of note, and the entire works of Plato and Lucian, with a vast apparatus of commentaries on them; constantly reading with a pen in his hand, making remarks, and composing in imitation of his favourite authors. Some portion of every morning he allotted to Mirza, whom he employed in translating the Arabian tales of Galland into Arabic, writing himself the translation from the mouth of the Syrian. He afterwards corrected the grammatical inaccuracies of the version, by the help of Erpenius and Golius.

In the course of his application to this ancient language, he discovered, what he never before suspected,

suspected, a near connection between the modern Persic and Arabic, and he immediately determined to acquire the former. He accordingly studied it with attention in the only Persian grammar then extant; and having laboured diligently at the Gulistan of Sadi, assisted by the accurate but inelegant version of Gentius, and at the well-chosen praxis at the close of Meninski's grammar, he found his exertions rewarded with rapid success.

His vacations were passed in London, where he daily attended the schools of Angelo, for the purpose of acquiring the elegant accomplishments of riding and fencing. He was always a strenuous advocate for the practice of bodily exercises, as no less useful to invigorate his frame, than as a necessary qualification for any active exertions to which he might eventually be called. At home, his attention was directed to the modern languages; and he read the best authors in Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, following in all respects the plan of education recommended by Milton, which he had by heart; and thus, to transcribe an observation of his own, with the fortune of a peasant, giving himself the education of a prince.

If the literary acquisitions of Mr. Jones at this period be compared with his years, few instances will be found, in the annals of biography, of a more successful application of time and talents, than he exhibits; and it is worthy of observation, that he was no less indebted to his uncommon industry

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and method for his attainments, than to his superior capacity.

A mind thus occupied in the pursuit of universal literature, was little susceptible of the passions of avarice or ambition: but, as he was sensible that the charges attending his education, notwithstanding his habitual attention to economy, must occasion a considerable deduction from the moderate income which his mother possessed, he anxiously wished for a fellowship, that he might relieve her from a burthen which she could ill support. If the prospect of acquiring that advantage had not been remote, no temptation would have seduced him from the University; but at the period when he began to despair of obtaining it, he received through Mr. Arden, whose sister was married to his friend Sumner, an offer to be the private tutor of Lord Althorp, now Earl Spencer. He had been recommended to the family of this nobleman by Dr. Shipley, to whom he was not then personally known, but who had seen and approved his compositions at Harrow, and particularly a Greek oration in praise of Lyon, an honest yeoman, who founded the school at that place in the reign of Elizabeth. The proposal was cheerfully accepted by Mr. Jones; and in his nineteenth year he went to London, and was so delighted with the manners of his pupil, then just seven years old, that he abandoned all thoughts of a profession, and resolved to devote himself to the faithful discharge of the important duties of his

new

new situation. He had the satisfaction to find that this determination would probably restore him to the society of his best and most respected friend, Dr. Sumner, as he understood from Mr. Arden, that his pupil, after some preliminary instruction, would be fixed at Harrow.

He returned for the present to Oxford, where he remained for a few months, and, in the summer of 1765, went for the first time, as had been proposed, to Wimbledon Park, to take upon himself the charge of his pupil's education.

He was now placed in a sphere perfectly new to him.—If he quitted the University with a regret proportioned to his increasing attachment to it, his change of situation offered other advantages, amongst which he justly esteemed his introduction into the first ranks of society, and a residence in one of the most agreeable places in the kingdom. He had new objects to engage his observation, and an interesting occupation, from the discharge of which he derived great satisfaction; his application to literature was pursued without intermission, for, although he resided at Wimbledon until the approach of the winter only, he found sufficient leisure to compose many of his English poems, and to read the greatest part of the Old Testament in Hebrew, particularly the Book of Job, and the Prophets, which he studied with great attention.

In the course of the following summer, by an unexpected concurrence of circumstances, a fellowship, which, in his estimation, gave him absolute

lute independence, was bestowed upon him, and he went for a short time to Oxford, that he might go through the regular forms of election and admission. He was accordingly elected fellow on the foundation of Sir Simon Bennett, on the 7th of August, 1766.

The idea of deriving an absolute independence from an annual income, one hundred pounds, may appear ridiculous when contrasted with the enlarged estimate of a competence in these times. But this sum, in fact, was more than the wise economy of a college life then made necessary for a single man, whose habits of prudence were formed, and Mr. Jones considered his fellowship as a freehold, in a place for which he had now contracted an enthusiastic fondness, where he had access to extensive libraries, rare manuscripts, the company of learned men, and all, as he expressed himself, that his heart could wish; and if he had obtained it a year sooner, he would probably have been induced to decline the delicate and responsible task of education.

On his return to Wimbledon, he was flattered by an offer from the Duke of Grafton, then at the head of the Treasury, of the place of Interpreter for Eastern languages; but, although the acceptance of it might not have interfered with his other pursuits, or engagements, he declined it politely, but without hesitation, earnestly requesting that it might be conferred upon Mirza, whose character he wrote. This disinterested solicitation was unnoticed;

noticed; and his disappointment made him regret his ignorance of the world, in not accepting the proffered office, under a resolution to consign the entire emoluments of it to his Syrian friend.

During his summer residence at Wimbledon, he formed an acquaintance to which he owed the future happiness of his life. He there saw, for the first time, Anna Maria, the eldest daughter of Dr. Shipley, then Dean of Winchester: but whatever impressions her person and conversation made upon the heart of Mr. Jones, *his fixed ideas of an honourable independence*, and a determined resolution never to owe his fortune to a wife, or her kindred, excluded all ideas of a matrimonial connection. In different circumstances, he might perhaps have then solicited an alliance, which he afterwards courted and obtained.

The family of Lord Spencer removed late in Autumn to London; and Mr. Jones, with his usual avidity to acquire the accomplishments of a gentleman, as well as those of a scholar, privately arranged a plan with Gallini, who attended the younger part of the family, for receiving instructions from him in dancing; at the same time he continued his morning attendance, without intermission, at the two schools of Angelo, with whose manners he was extremely pleased. Before he left London, he had an opportunity, which he did not neglect, of learning the use of the broad-sword, from an old pensioner at Chelsea, who had been active, as his scars proved, in many engagements,

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and whose narrative propensity frequently amused him.

The acquisition of his new accomplishment, by Gallini's assistance, had been made with secrecy; and the display of it enabled him to participate with much satisfaction, in the evening amusements at Althorpe, where he passed the winter with his pupil. But his greatest delight was furnished by an excellent library, in which he found intellectual treasures of the highest value in his estimation; scarcely a single book escaped his inspection; and some of the most rare he perused with indefatigable application. It was at this period, in the twenty-first year of his age, that he began his Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry, in imitation of Dr. Louth's Prelections at Oxford, on the sacred poetry of the Hebrews.

The summer of 1767, opened a new scene to him; the indisposition of Lord Spencer rendered a journey to Spa advisable for the restoration of his health, and Mr. Jones attended the family: but his residence on the Continent was too short to gratify his curiosity. At Spa he remained only three weeks, part of which he dedicated to the lessons of Janson, of Aix-la-Chapelle, a most incomparable dancing-master, and part to the acquisition of the German language, in which he so far succeeded, as to be able to read Gesner with delight, assisted only by an excellent German Grammar and Dictionary; the pronunciation he had formerly learnt from a fellow collegian, who had

had passed some years at Brunswick. He would gladly have availed himself of the instruction of a German master; but none was to be found at Spa, and his finances were unequal to the expense of procuring that assistance from Aix-la-Chapelle. Notwithstanding these occupations, he found leisure to participate in all the amusements of the place.

In the winter of 1767, Mr. Jones resided with his pupil at Althorpe: the attention of Lord Spencer's family was then much occupied in the contested election at Northampton; but as he had neither inclination nor inducement to take any part in it, he confined himself chiefly to the library, which never failed to supply him with increasing sources of entertainment and improvement. His excursions into the regions of literature were unlimited, and as his application was directed with his usual perseverance, he nearly completed his Commentaries, transcribed an Arabic manuscript on Egypt and the Nile, borrowed from Dr. Russel, and copied the keys of the Chinese language, which he wished to learn.

The close of this year is marked with an occurrence, which probably had a material influence on the determination of his future pursuits. From a motive of mere curiosity, he was prompted to peruse the little treatise of Fortescue, in praise of the Laws of England; and, although he was more diverted with the simplicity of the Latin style, than attracted by the subject, he felt so much interest

interest in the work, as to study it with considerable attention. In the course of the reflections which it excited, he was naturally led to a comparison of the laws of England with those of other countries, and he marked with delight their uncontroverted claim to superiority over the laws of every other state, ancient or modern. Of this fact he acknowledged that he had never before entertained an idea. He was now qualified to appreciate with more accuracy, the merits and defects of the republican system of Greece and Rome, for which he had adopted a strong partiality, natural to an enthusiastic admirer of the orators and poets of those celebrated nations; and to examine their jurisprudence by a standard of comparison, which impressed his mind with a decided reverence for the institutions of his own country. He was not, however, regardless of the deviations in practice from the theoretical perfection of the constitution in the contested election, of which he was an unwilling spectator.

From Althorpe he removed, in the spring of 1758, to Wimbledon, where he received a proposal from Mr. Sutton, then Under-Secretary to the Duke of Grafton, the account of which I shall relate nearly in his own words*.

The King of Denmark, then upon a visit to this country, had brought with him an eastern manu-

* Introduction to the History of the Life of Nadir Shah, Works, vol. v. p. 531.

 script,

script, containing the life of Nadir Shah, which he was desirous of having translated in England. The Secretary of State, with whom the Danish minister had conversed upon the subject, sent the volume to Mr. Jones, requesting him to give a literal translation of it in the French language; but he wholly declined the task, alleging for his excuse, the dryness of the subject, the difficulty of the style, and chiefly his want both of leisure and ability, to enter upon an undertaking so fruitless and laborious. He mentioned, however, a gentleman, with whom he was not then acquainted, but who had distinguished himself by the translation of a Persian history, and some popular tales from the Persic, as capable of gratifying the wishes of his Danish Majesty. Major Dow, the writer alluded to, excused himself on account of his numerous engagements, and the application to Mr. Jones was renewed. It was hinted, that his compliance would be of no small advantage to him, at his entrance into life; that it would procure him some mark of distinction, which would be pleasing to him; and above all, that it would be a reflection upon this country, if the king should be obliged to carry the manuscript into France. Incited by these motives, and principally the last, unwilling to be thought churlish or morose, and eager for reputation, he undertook the work, and sent a specimen of it to his Danish Majesty, who returned his approbation of the style and method, but desired that the whole translation might

might be perfectly literal, and the oriental images accurately preserved. The task would have been far easier to him, if he had been directed to finish it in Latin: for the acquisition of a French style was infinitely more tedious, and it was necessary to have every chapter corrected, by a native of France, before it could be offered to the discerning eye of the public, since in every language there are certain peculiarities of idiom, and nice shades of meaning, which a foreigner can never attain to perfection. The work, however arduous and unpleasant, was completed in a year, not without repeated hints from the Secretary's office, that it was expected with great impatience by the Court of Denmark. The translation was not, however, published until 1770. Forty copies upon large paper were sent to Copenhagen; one of them, bound with uncommon elegance, for the King himself; and the others, as presents to his courtiers.

Such were the circumstances which induced him, (as he modestly observed,) against his inclinations, to describe the life of a conqueror; and to appear in public as an author, before a maturity of judgment had made him see the danger of the step. If, (to quote his own words) he had reflected on the little solid glory which a man reaps from acquiring a name in literature, on the jealousy and envy which attend such an acquisition, on the distant reserve which a writer is sure to meet with from the generality of mankind, and on the obstruction which a contemplative habit gives to our

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hopes of being distinguished in active life; if all, or any of these reflections had occurred to him, he would not have been tempted by any consideration to enter upon so invidious and thankless a career: *but*, as Tully says, *he would have considered, before he embarked, the nature and extent of his voyage; now, since the sails are spread, the vessel must take its course.*

What marks of distinction he received, or what fruits he reaped from his labours, he thought it would ill become him to mention at the head of a work, in which he professed to be the historian of others, and not of himself: but, to repel the false assertions which appeared in an advertisement on this subject in the public papers, containing a most unjust reflection on the King of Denmark, he considered it a duty imposed upon him, by the laws of justice and gratitude, to print, at the beginning of his translation, the honourable testimony of regard which his Majesty Christian VII. sent publicly to London, a few months after the receipt of the work, together with the letter of thanks which he returned for so signal a token of his favour*. From these documents, it appears that his Danish Majesty sent to him a diploma, constituting him a member of the Royal Society of Copenhagen, and recommended him, in the strongest terms to the favour and benevolence of his own sovereign.

To the history of Nadir Shah, he added a

* See Works, vol. v. Preface.

Treatise

Treatise on Oriental Poetry, in the language of the translation: and I may venture to assert, that Mr. Jones was the only person in England, at that time, capable of producing a work, which required a critical knowledge of two foreign languages, one of which was scarcely known in Europe. Indeed, when we consider the accuracy of the translation, which has been acknowledged by the most competent judges; the extreme diffiuclty attending a literal version of Oriental imagery and idioms; the errors common to all manuscripts, which he had no means of amending by the collation of different copies; and the elegance and correctness of his French style; we cannot but express our astonish ment at the perfection of his performance, and the rapidity with which it was completed. The annexed treatise on Oriental poetry is instructive and elegant, interesting from its novelty, and entertaining from its subject and variety, and exhibits the combined powers of taste and erudition. This work was executed by a young man in his twenty-third year; and the motives which induced him to undertake it, had an equal influence on his exertions to render it as perfect as possible.

In detailing the circumstances attending the first publication of Mr. Jones, I have carried the narrative to its conclusion, with some anticipation of the order of time. Part of the summer of 1768 he passed at Tunbridge, where his private studies formed his chief occupation, and the winter of that year in London. He availed himself of the opportunity,

tunity, which his situation there afforded, of beginning to learn music; and, having made choice of the Welch harp, for which he had a national partiality, he received lessons from Evans, as long as he remained in town; but, as he was then ignorant of the theory of music, the mere practice, without a knowledge of the principles of the art, gave him little delight. I know not that he ever afterwards resumed the practice of the harp, nor is it to be regretted that he employed the time, which must have been dedicated to the attainment of any degree of perfection on this instrument, in more important pursuits.

In the beginning of this year, Mr. Jones formed an acquaintance with Reviczki, afterwards the Imperial Minister at Warsaw, and Ambassador at the Court of England, with the title of Count. This learned and accomplished nobleman was deeply captivated with the charms of Oriental literature; and the reputation of Mr. Jones as an Oriental scholar attracted his advances towards an intimacy, which were eagerly received.

After their separation, they commenced a correspondence, which was cultivated with attention for many years. Of this correspondence, much has been lost, and many of the remaining letters are defaced and mutilated. They generally wrote in Latin, occasionally in French, on literary subjects chiefly, but more particularly on Oriental literature. From that part of the correspondence, which took place in 1768, I select such letters as

seem

seem to fall within my plan, and now present a familiar translation of them to my readers.

*Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

How pleasing was that half-hour to me, in which we conversed on Persian poetry, our mutual delight. I considered it the commencement of a most agreeable friendship and intercourse between us; but my expectations are disappointed by the circumstances in which we are unavoidably placed; for, my business will confine me to the country longer than I wish; and you, as I am informed, are preparing to return immediately to Germany. I have, therefore, to lament that our intimacy is, as it were, nipped in the bud. I am not, however, without this consolation, that if I cannot personally converse with you, I can at least correspond with you, and thus enjoy the satisfaction arising from a communication of our sentiments and studies. In mentioning *our friendship*, I shall not, I trust, be deemed guilty of an improper freedom. Similarity of studies, fondness for polite literature, congenial pursuits, and conformity of sentiments, are the great bonds of intimacy amongst mankind. Our studies and pursuits are the same, with this difference indeed, that you are already deeply versed in Oriental learning, whilst I am incessantly labouring with all my might to obtain a proficiency in it. But I will

* Appendix, No. 1.

not

not allow you to excel me in partiality for those studies, since nothing can exceed my delight in them. From my earliest years, I was charmed with the poetry of the Greeks; nothing, I then thought, could be more sublime than the Odes of Pindar, nothing sweeter than Anacreon, nothing more polished or elegant than the golden remains of Sappho, Archilochus, Alcæus, and Simonides: but when I had tasted the poetry of the Arabs and Persians * * * * * * * * * * *

The remainder of this letter is lost: but from the context, and the answer of Reviczki, we may conclude that it contained an elaborate panegyric on Eastern poetry, expressed with all the rapture which novelty inspires, and in terms degrading to the Muses of Greece and Rome.

C. REVICZKI to W. JONES, Esquire.*

SIR, *London, Feb.* 19, 1768.

I am highly gratified by your recollection of me, as well as by the repeated compliments which you pay me, in your letters to Madame de Vaucluse. I must acknowledge, that I feel not a little proud of them; but still more, that an interview of a quarter of an hour has procured me the honour of your friendship. I should be most happy to cultivate it, if my plans allowed

* Appendix, No. 2.

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me to remain longer in this country, or if I could at least see you at Oxford, which I purpose visiting before I leave England. I hear, with pleasure, that you have undertaken to publish a Treatise on Oriental Prosody. As I am convinced that you will perform this task most ably and successfully, I anticipate with satisfaction, the mortification of all our European Poets, who must blush at the poverty of their prosaic language, when they find that the Oriental dialects (independently of rhyme, which is of their invention) have true syllabic quantities as well as the Greek, and a greater variety of feet, and consequently the true science of metre and prosody.

I take the liberty of sending you a rough sketch of one of my latest translations from Hafez, with whom I sometimes amuse myself in a leisure hour. You are too well acquainted with the genius of the Persian language, not to perceive the rashness of my attempt; I do not indeed pretend to give the beauty of the original, but merely its sense, simple and unornamented. I have added to it a very free paraphrase in verse, in which, however, the greatest deviation from the text consists in the occasional substitution of *mistress* for *mignon*, either to give a connection to the stanzas, which in this kind of composition is never preserved, or to make it more conformable to our European taste. The Persian poet indeed speaks of his mistress in the first verse.

You will find in the margin several quotations from

from the Greek and Latin Poets, which occurred to my recollection, whilst I was reading Hafez, expressing the same sentiments with the Persian. I hope to have the satisfaction of seeing you here before I leave England, assuring you with truth, that I consider the honour of your acquaintance among the greatest advantages attending my visit to this country.

I am, &c.

*C. REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

SIR, *London, Feb.* 24, 1768.

I received your learned and obliging letter on the same day on which I wrote to you; and I read it with the greatest pleasure, though I could have wished that it had been more just to your own merit, and less flattering to me. I will not however take your expressions literally; and notwithstanding your declarations, the taste and judgement which you have displayed in the passages quoted by you, evidently prove that you have advanced far in Oriental literature. I must however beg quarter for the Greek and Latin; for, admitting, what I am not disposed to deny, the perfection, and even the superiority of the Orientals, particularly the Persians in some species of poetry, I would without hesitation renounce all knowledge of the three Eastern languages for that

* Appendix, No. 3.

of

of the Greek alone. I rejoice that you have made so much progress in your work, and that I may hope soon to see it published; but how to assist you with my advice I know not, as I have not with me a single treatise upon the subject of Oriental prosody. It is in truth an ocean; and such are the abundance and variety of measures used by the Orientals, that no memory can retain them.

I am very anxious to learn under what head you class the Kasidah, a species of composition highly admired by the Arabs, and very successfully cultivated by them; it has a nearer resemblance than any other kind of poetry to the Latin elegy, but its construction partakes of that of the *Gazel**, with this difference, that the latter is restricted to thirteen couplets, whilst the number of those in the *Kasidah* is unlimited; and secondly, that in each distich of the *Gazel*, the sense must be complete and finished, whilst in the *Kasidah*, the sentiment is continued through successive lines.

Of this species of composition, I do not know a more perfect specimen, than the poem on the death of Mohammed, so celebrated throughout the East, that every man of letters can repeat it. It is one continued allegory, but admirable and pathetic, and begins, if I rightly remember, thus:

* Amatory Poem; it is not restricted to thirteen couplets, as Reviczki writes, but to seventeen, and generally contains about seven or eight.

Does memory recall the blissful bowers
Of Solyma, the seat of many a friend;
That thus, thy grief pours forth such copious showers,
And bursting sighs thy lab'ring bosom rend?

With respect to your doubts on the supposed allegory of Hafez, much may be said. I am rather inclined to believe, that the mystical exposition of this great poet, by the Mohammedans, may be imputed to their veneration and respect for his memory, and that their object in it is to justify his conduct as a poet, by representing him equally irreproachable in his morals and compositions. Most of the commentators, as Shemy, Surury, and others, labour to give a mystical interpretation of his verses on wine, youths, pleasures, and a contempt for religion, so discreditable to a good mussulman; but the ablest of them all, the learned Sudi, disclaims this mode of illustration, and professes to give a literal exposition of the text of Hafez, in opposition to the opinions of other commentators, and without questioning the purity of their intentions. It may not be amiss to communicate to you an anecdote, which I have read somewhere respecting Hafez*. After the death

* This anecdote is quoted by Sir William Jones, in the ninth chapter of his Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry, where he states the respective arguments in support of a *literal* or *mystical* interpretation of it. Without pronouncing a positive decision, he gives an opinion in favour of a literal interpretation as the most probable.

In an essay on the mystical poetry of the Persians and Hindus, composed some years afterwards in India, (Works, vol. i. p. 445,) he thus expresses himself on the subject: "It has been made a question, "whether

death of this great man, some of the religious were disposed to deny his body the right of sepulture, alleging in objection, the licentiousness of his poetry; after a long dispute, they left the decision to a divination in use amongst them, by opening his book at random, and taking the first couplet which occurred: It happened to be this:

Turn not away from Hafez' bier,
Nor scornful check the pitying tear;
For tho' immers'd in sin he lies,
His soul forgiv'n to Heaven shall rise.

This passage was deemed a divine decision; the religious withdrew their objections, and he was buried in Mosella, a place rendered famous by his own verses. This anecdote, I think, is related by Kaleb Celebi. As to myself, although I am disposed to believe, that when Hafez speaks of love and wine, he has no recondite meaning, I am equally willing to declare, that his writings are not disgraced by those obscenities, nor those gross and filthy expressions, which so frequently occur in Sadi.

" whether the poems of Hafez must be taken in a literal or figurative " sense: but the question does not admit of a general and direct " answer; for, even the most enthusiastic of his commentators allow, " that some of them are to be taken literally, and his editors ought to " have distinguished them.——Hafez never pretended to more than " human virtues, and it is known that he had human propensities;— " after his juvenile passions had subsided, we may suppose, that his " mind took that religious bent, which appears in most of his compo- " sitions; for there can be no doubt that the following distichs, col- " lected from different odes, relate to the mystical theology of the " Sufis;" &c.

Nor

Nor can I avoid considering him a free thinker; and a hundred passages might be quoted, in which the poet ridicules the Prophet and his Coran; as for instance, when he says,

> Wine, that our sober Seer proclaims
> Parent of sin, and foul misnames,
> With purer joy my soul beguiles,
> Than beauty's bloom, or beauty's smiles.

As to the Turkish poets, I confess I do not read them with the same pleasure, although I am willing to allow that some of them have merit. In my opinion, Ruhi, of Bagdat, is the most agreeable of them all; he has written some admirable satires. Perhaps you are not acquainted with him. The Turkish poets in general, are no better than slavish imitators of the Persians, and often deficient in taste and harmony.

I cannot comprehend how you have discovered an indelicate meaning in these beautiful lines of Mesihi:

> Send me not, O God, to the tomb, before I
> have embraced my friend: ———

unless you annex an idea of obscenity to the expression of embracing a youth; a subject which perpetually occurs not only in Oriental poetry, but in Greek and Latin. I send you a recent translation, with a request that you will return it when you are tired with it, as I have no copy.

I am, with the greatest esteem
and veneration,
Sir, &c.

*REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

London, March 7, 1768.

I am at a loss to determine whether your letter has afforded me most pleasure or instruction; it is indeed so admirable, that I must point out the only fault which I find in it, that of brevity, although you seem apprehensive of being thought tedious. I suspect that I am indebted to your partiality and politeness only, for the excessive encomiums which you have bestowed upon my translation of the two odes which I sent to you, as well as for the favourable opinion which you entertain of my trifles. I am, however, seriously obliged to you for your animadversions upon my inaccuracies, though when I consider their number, I must impute it to your indulgence that you have been so sparing in your corrections. Without wishing to lessen my obligations to your kindness, I cannot avoid mentioning by way of apology, that it is only three months since I resumed the task of writing verses, which I renounced when I left school; and not from any motive of vanity, or desire of reputation, but merely as an amusement of my leisure hours. My relapse has produced the translation of about fifty odes of our learned Hafez,

> For whom, each hour a growing fondness brings†,
> As by degrees the vernal alder springs.

But observing, in the progress of the work, the

* Appendix, No. 4.

† These lines are taken from a juvenile translation of Sir Wm. Jones.

immense

immense inferiority of my version to the original, I began to be disgusted with it.

I recollect to have read somewhere with great pleasure, the Prelections of the Bishop of Oxford, of which you speak so highly, and which you propose to imitate, but I remember nothing more of this work, than that I thought both the style and arrangement of it, equally admirable. The Grecian and Oriental flowers scattered throughout your letter, delighted me exceedingly, and your selection of them shews your judgment. I also approve your idea of visiting the East; but previously to your undertaking it, I would recommend to you, to make yourself master of the common language of the Turks, or of the vulgar Arabic, not only as indispensably necessary to your communications with the Mohammedans, but as a means of deriving pleasure and profit from the journey.

I do not mean to apply my censures on the servile imitations of Turkish authors to every species of imitation; for in some instances the imitation, as in the case of Virgil with respect to Hesiod, has surpassed the original. Nor can Hafez himself deny the imputation of plagiarism, having actually transcribed whole lines from other poets; his collection of poems begins with an instance of this kind, for the very first hemistich is transcribed from one of Yezid*, the son of Mowavea,

* Yezid was the son of Mowavea, the first Caliph of the race of Ommiah,

wavea, with an alteration only in the collocation of the words, not to mention nearly a complete ode in another place; but I am disgusted with the flat and perpetual imitation of the many Turkish poets, to whom we may aptly apply the words of Horace:

O servile herd of imitators! ——

Do you wish to know my opinion respecting the other Persian poets, and whether I think Hafez alone elegant? Far from it; for who can read without ecstasy the first page of Sadi? Indeed, my passion for Oriental literature was first excited by hearing the following lines of Sadi accidentally repeated by my teacher at Constantinople, who explained them to me:

All-bounteous Lord! whose providential care
E'en on thy proud rebellious sons descends;
How canst thou bid thy votaries despair,
Whose boundless mercy to thy foes extends?

But who can suppress his indignation, when he reads the wretched translation of this elegant writer, by Gentius? I acknowledge however, that I am more delighted with Hafez, who unites fine morality with cheerfulness. With respect to

Ommiah, and being reproached by his father for excessive drinking, replied as follows;

Does this thy wrath inspire, because I quaff'd
The grape's rich juice?—then doubly sweet the draught.
Rage—I will drink unmov'd, for to my soul,
Sweet is thy wrath, and sweet the flowing bowl.

Jami, whose works I do not at present possess, I remember enough of what I read at Constantinople to venture to assert, that he is the most successful of the Persian poets. In the judgment of Sadi, Hafez is unequal; some of his odes are excellent, others very inferior, and some very tame; whilst Jami preserves an equality throughout. I have not translated the ode of Hafez, "If that fair maid," &c.* into Latin verse, as the sense is so unconnected: but a prose translation of it with notes, if you wish to have it, is at your service. In the mean time, I send you my latest production, not complete indeed, but a mere embryo.—Farewel.

P. S. It is little to say, I approve your Arabic verses; I really admire them, but dare not in this instance attempt to imitate you.

REVICZKI.

†REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

London, March 17, 1768.

I was highly delighted with your letter, particularly with your various translations, imitations, and compositions; they not only prove you have

> Made the Greek authors your supreme delight,
> Read them by day, and studied them by night:
>
> (FRANCIS:)

* See a poetical translation of this ode, in Sir William Jones's Works, vol. ii. p. 244.

† Appendix, No. 5.

but

but that you have attained all the peculiar elevation, as well as elegance of that language. Your Ode to Venus is as beautiful as Venus herself; and you have imitated with wonderful success so divine an original.

Is it not melancholy to reflect, that not only so much of the compositions of this elegant writer should be lost, but that the little which remains is so mutilated and corrupted?

That the text of the ode selected by you, and even that preserved by Dionysius, and published by Upton, is preferable to that of Stephens, or whoever made the emendations (such as they are), I freely admit; for the rules of dialect are not only better observed, but it contains stronger marks of being genuine: yet, after all, it is impossible to deny, that there are many chasms in it, as well as errors, which cannot be satisfactorily amended by any explanation or twisting of the sense.

That Sappho wrote in the dialect of her own country, which cannot at this time be perfectly understood, is sufficiently probable; but it would be absurd to suppose the Æolic dialect irreconcileable to metre and prosody; not to mention the evident corruption of the sense in some passages.

* * * * * *

Your translation of the Epigram on the Kiss of Agatho, is very elegant, and the idea in it resembles that of Hafez in the following lines:

Anxious thy blooming charms to see,
Quick to my lips my soul ascends;
Must it expire or live?—decree:—
For on thy voice my fate depends.

I send you, as I promised, a prose translation of the Persian ode, together with an attempt at a poetical version of it, which I will hereafter improve. Pray inform me, whether there is any translation of Hafez, printed or manuscript, in Latin, or any other European language; for I know of no other attempt at a translation of this poet, than that of the first ode, lately published in the Analecta of Professor Hyde.

I request likewise to be informed, where I am likely to find the first book of the Iliad of Homer, with an analysis and notes, for the use of scholars, printed in England, which a friend of mine wishes to procure for his son.

The ode, of which you praise the concluding verse, is elegant; I remember only the first couplet:—

Bring wine, and scatter flow'rs around,
Nor seek the depths of fate to sound:—
Such was the morning rose's tale;—
What say'st thou, warbler of the vale?

Although I have begun the preparations for my departure, and have packed up my books, if you wish to have a translation of this ode, or if it will be of any use to you, I will undertake it before I go. I wait your commands.—Farewel.

C. RE-

*C. REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

London, March 29, 1768.

That I have deferred longer than usually my reply to your obliging letter, you must impute to the novel and strange appearance of things here. You will not, I trust, be disposed to blame a delay, occasioned by the attention of a foreigner to customs which are peculiar to your country, and which I never observed in any other; for I confess to you that I never saw any thing similar to the mode here pursued of electing members of parliament; the novelty of it at first amused me, but the increasing tumult sickened and disgusted me, and, by compelling me to remain at home, afforded me an opportunity of writing to you. I rejoice that my version of the Persian ode pleases you, and that it has induced you to think me equal to the translation of the whole collection. But highly as I am honoured by your opinion, I cannot but think your advice somewhat unmerciful; for what mortal, unless

> Or oak, or brass, with triple fold,
> Around his daring bosom roll'd,
>
> (FRANCIS,)

would undertake a translation in prose and verse, of six hundred odes? The attempt would not only require many years, but an entire exemption from all other occupations; which is not my case; I can only make these studies my occasional amusement.

* Appendix, No. 6.

I mean,

I mean, however, some time or other, to publish as much as I can.

The person who applied to me for the first book of the Iliad, with a verbal analysis, already possesses the key to Homer; but he thinks the other work better adapted to the use of boys, because the notes in it are subjoined to the text, which is not the plan of the Clavis. If you have one at hand, oblige me by just looking into it; for, if my memory does not fail me, there is a catalogue prefixed, mentioning the work which I want, and the name of the printer.

Although your politeness has excused any further efforts, I nevertheless send the ode which you requested in your last letter but one, as I think it will please you. It is by no means one of the easiest, either to understand, or translate; and indeed, the force of the peculiar idioms of a foreign language cannot be well conveyed by any circumlocution.

You ask my opinion of the affinity between the Hebrew and Arabic, and of an idiom common to both, of using the future for the past. Though I seldom read Hebrew, or, to say the truth, though I consider this sacred language rather as an object of veneration than of delight, (for, excepting the Old Testament itself, and some rabbinical dreams about it, there is nothing in it worth perusal,) I well remember, from the little of it which I have read, having remarked a close connection between the grammar of the Hebrew and Arabic; the moods

and

and tenses in both are so few, as to require the frequent substitution of one for another; the Greek, however, which is so redundant in moods and tenses, sometimes does the same; for instance, when it uses the infinitive for the imperative. With respect to the measures used in the two languages, I am of a different opinion, for I consider the metrical art of the Arabs of much later invention, and to have assumed its present form only a short time before Mohammed, there being no trace whatever among them of a more ancient poetry. If the Hebrew poetry had a similar construction, which may indeed be suspected from a similar use of the vowels, we might by this time have traced, without difficulty, the laws of Hebrew metre by the rules of analogy*.

If the text of the ode, which you mention to have read in the miscellaneous works of some anonymous author, had been correct, you would not have wanted my humble assistance: but it is so full of errors, that I must be an Œdipus to interpret it. Every one knows, that the mere irregularity of the diacritical points occasions infinite difficulty in the Oriental languages; but this is doubly increased by the casual omission or altera-

* The probability that the metrical compositions of the Hebrews and Arabs were founded on the same rules of prosody, is intimated by Sir W. Jones, in his Commentaries on Asiatic poetry, and proposed to the investigation of the learned. This opinion is suggested, by the close affinity of the languages of those ancient people, whence he argues to a presumption that their poets used the same numbers, feet, and measures, in their compositions.

tion

tion of the letters themselves. It is therefore absolutely necessary in my opinion, as it is inpossible to find manuscripts without errors, to possess two copies of every one which you read, that the faults of the one may be corrected by the other; and this is my method.

* * * * *

I have only to conclude by thanking you for your Italian sonnet, and expressing the commendation to which it is entitled.—Farewel.

* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

April 1768.

Nothing can afford a stronger proof of your polite attention to me, than your last very friendly letter, which you contrived to write in the midst of city bustle, during the noise of riotous mobs, and the tumult of a parliamentary election, and to accompany it with a most beautiful Persian Ode, and a Latin translation. Our favourite Hafez deserves indeed to be fed with ambrosia, and I daily discover, with increasing delight, new beauties and elegances in him. The principal difficulty attending the translation and publication of his poems as you have begun, consists in giving them a poetical dress: but this will prove easier than you imagine; for there are many of his odes, which I conclude you will not attempt to translate, as containing expressions wholly foreign to our man-

* Appendix, No. 7.

ners,

ners, lofty and daring figures, or abrupt unconnected lines; and this will in some measure alleviate the Herculean labour of the task.

* * * * *

If I were not a sincere lover of truth, and averse from all dissimulation, I should lament that our capital has fallen under your inspection in these times of turbulence and distraction, when the liberty of my country, so universally celebrated, has degenerated into unbridled licentiousness, not to say outrage. The original form of our constitution is almost divine; —to such a degree, that no state of Rome or Greece could ever boast one superior to it; nor could Plato, Aristotle, nor any legislator, even conceive a more perfect model of a state. The three parts which compose it, are so harmoniously blended and incorporated, that neither the flute of Aristoxenus, nor the lyre of Timotheus, ever produced more perfect concord. What can be more difficult than to devise a constitution, which, while it guards the dignity of the sovereign, and liberty of the people, from any encroachment by the influence and power of the nobility, preserves the force and majesty of the laws from violation, by the popular liberty? This was the case formerly in our island, and would be so still, if the folly of some had not prompted them to spur on the populace, instead of holding them in. I cannot therefore restrain my indignation against *Wilkes*, a bold

a bold and able, but turbulent man, the very torch and firebrand of sedition: but what can be said in defence of the honour and consistency of some of our nobility, who, after having given him their countenance and support, shamefully deserted and betrayed him?

If you wish to obtain more accurate information respecting our laws and customs, I recommend to your perusal Smith's Treatise on the English Constitution, and the Dialogue of Fortescue in praise of the Laws of England. Thomas Smith was the English ambassador in France in the reign of Elizabeth, and his work is in Latin, and not inelegantly written. To Fortescue's little tract, we may apply the words of Xenophon to the Teleboas; "it is not large, but beautiful." He was Chancellor of England under Henry the Sixth, and was compelled, by the distractions of the times, to take refuge with his pupil Prince Edward in France, where, in an advanced age, he composed his little golden dialogue. These books will convince you, that our laws are framed with the greatest wisdom, and that as Pindar, quoted by Plato in his Gorgias, says,

> Sov'reign o'er all, eternal law,
> On Gods and Men imposes awe;
> And justice, strengthen'd by her hand,
> O'er all exerts supreme command.

When I reflect on our constitution, I seem as it were to contemplate a game at chess, a recreation in which we both delight. For we have a king whose

whose dignity we strenuously defend, but whose power is very limited; the knights, and rooks, and other pieces, have some kind of resemblance to the orders of nobility, who are employed in war, and in the management of public affairs; but the principal strength is in the pawns, or people: if these are firmly united, they are sure of victory, but if divided and separated, the battle is lost. The motions of all, as in the game of chess, are regulated by fixed laws. Lastly, when I consider myself, I seem like a spectator, contemplating for his mere amusement the two parties at the game: but if it ever should be my lot to be concerned in the administration of affairs, I will renounce gain and popularity, and pursue one object, and one only, to preserve our beautiful constitution inviolate.

Contrary to my intention, I find I have been prolix; I will, therefore, turn to another subject. I read your last letter with an apprehension, that it might communicate the intelligence of your speedy departure from England; but as you are silent on this head, as my business here will soon be concluded, and as I know the uncertainty of all human affairs, I am determined to embrace an opportunity, which if I now neglect, may not again occur, of paying you a visit in London about the middle of the month.—Farewel.

*Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

(No Date.—1768.)

I have received your two letters, replete with taste and erudition: your kindness towards me is as conspicuous in them, as the brilliancy of your genius.—I now reply to both.

Your approbation of my intention to publish my work, gives me, as it ought, great pleasure; for I cannot but rejoice, as Hector in the tragedy says, "in the praise of one, who is himself entitled "to praise." The perusal of the two odes of the divine poet, afforded me infinite delight; they are very beautiful, but their beauties are more conspicuous from your luminous interpretation. Your metrical imitation of them is elegant, and if you will allow me to publish it in my work, you will equally oblige me and my readers, who will be glad to hear the Persian poet speak Latin; if you object to this, copies of them shall be deposited with my treasures, and the originals restored to you as soon as possible. You bid me return the verses to you when I am tired with them: this is as much as to say, keep them for ever; for it is impossible that I can ever be tired with the perusal.

†Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

Oxford, November 1768.

I cannot resist the temptation of writing to you, although I fear you may have quitted this country before my letter arrives.

* Appendix, No. 8. † Appendix, No. 9.

I have

I have received your obliging letter, with an elegant ode of Hafez, which I read with the greatest pleasure, or rather devoured.

But what necessity is there to say more, since it is possible that what I write, may never reach you? Let me, again and again, intreat and beseech your remembrance of me wherever you go, and that you will write to me as speedily, and at as great a length as possible. Be assured that nothing has, or ever can, afford me greater pleasure than your friendship.

* * * * * *

These letters strongly mark the enthusiasm of Mr. Jones, and his learned friend Reviczki, for Oriental literature; nor am I surprised to find that the former should have been led by it, to entertain an intention of visiting the East: no one, however, will regret that it was at that period abandoned. Every reader will peruse with pleasure, the enthusiastic veneration expressed by Mr. Jones for the British constitution, and the ardour with which he pronounces himself its champion; they will also remark that his attachment to it was indelible, and acquired strength from his increasing knowledge of its laws and principles.

For an account of his occupations at Wimbledon, where he passed the Spring of 1769, I shall transcribe part of a letter which he wrote to an intimate friend, John Wilmot, Esquire.

" My life is one unvaried scene of writing

" letters,

" letters, and attending the donzelle vezzose e
" tenerolle, by whose beauties I confess myself
" easily overcome.

" I have just read Robertson's Life of Charles
" the Fifth, the narrative of which is amusing
" and instructive, and the style flowing and ele-
" gant: but the former wants that spirit and fire
" of genius, that alone can make a history ani-
" mated, and leave great impressions on the
" mind: and the latter has too great a sameness
" in the turn of the sentences, and abounds with
" too many affected words.

" I have also given my favourite Petrarch a
" second reading, and was so much pleased with
" his lamentations over Laura, that I selected the
" most beautiful passages, and threw them all to-
" gether in the form of an Elegy*, which I send
" you inclosed, but beg you will return it as soon as
" you can, as I have no other copy. I fear I shall
" not be at Oxford this Spring, but am not cer-
" tain. Give my compliments to Poore, and tell
" him, if he will descend from the starry temple
" of philosophy, and write to a very idle fellow,
" I shall be glad to hear from him, especially as
" I am desirous of knowing his sentiments about
" my Treatise De Poësi Asiaticâ."

* * * * *

In the Summer of this year, Lord Althorpe was settled at Harrow, and Mr. Jones, who accom-

* Works, vol. iv. p. 459.

panied

panied him there, had the satisfaction of seeing himself restored to the society of Dr. Sumner. Their enthusiasm for literature was equal: the master contemplated, with delight unmixed with envy, a rival of his own erudition in his scholar, who acknowledged with gratitude his obligations to his preceptor. Their intercourse, although interrupted, had never been discontinued; and Mr. Jones seldom suffered any considerable time to elapse without visiting Harrow. During his residence there at this period, he transcribed a Persian Grammar, which he had three years before composed for the use of a school-fellow who had been destined for India, but had since relinquished that object for a commission in the army.

I find also, from his correspondence, that he had begun a Dictionary of the Persian Language, in which the principal words were illustrated from the most celebrated authors of the East: but he expressed at the same time his determination not to continue the work, unless the India Company would purchase it at a considerable expence.

The serious reader has probably remarked, that, amidst the attention of Mr. Jones to general literature, Religion has not been mentioned as an object of his study, and he may be solicitous to know his opinions on this important subject, and whether he had made any, and what, progress in that knowledge, in comparison of which all erudition is trifling, and human science vain. Notwithstanding

standing the anxiety of Mrs. Jones for the improvement of her son, and her indefatigable exertions to promote it in his early years, she had initiated him no further in the principles of our holy faith, than to teach him the Lord's Prayer and Apostles' Creed. During his residence at Harrow, at the earnest recommendation of Dr. Glasse, whose name I mention with reverence, Mr. Jones was induced to peruse a work, intitled, "Private Thoughts on Religion," by Bishop Beveridge, with considerable attention; and he was particularly struck with a passage, in which the pious author argues, that a profession of Christianity merely because our countrymen profess it, without a candid enquiry and sincere conviction, would be no better reason for our faith, than the Mohammedans have for theirs. The observation readily suggested to his recollection a famous couplet in Zayre, which he did not hesitate to apply to himself:

> J'eusse été près du Gange, esclave des faux dieux,
> Chrêtienne dans Paris, Mussulmane en ces lieux.

I wish for my own satisfaction, as well as that of my reader, that I were able to pronounce what impression the perusal of this work made upon the mind of Mr. Jones. It is probable, and the presumption is not advanced without reason, that it induced him to reflect with more seriousness than he had ever before entertained on the subject of religion, and to investigate the grounds on which the

the Old and New Testament had been received, during so many ages, as the Word of God. It is evident however, from a conversation with two of his clerical friends at Harrow, at this time, when he was in his twenty-fourth year, that his belief in Christianity was not unmixed with doubts. These doubts were stated by him, in hopes of obtaining a solution of them; but being disappointed, he declared his determination to peruse the whole of the Scriptures in the original uninterruptedly, that he might be enabled to form a correct judgment of the connection between the two parts, and of their evidence both internal and external. The exposition of his doubts to those whom he thought qualified to solve them, was a proof of his anxiety to know the truth; and the determination which he formed in consequence of his disappointment, is no less a proof of his sincerity in the search of it. I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of anticipating the conclusion to which his investigation led,—a firm belief in the authenticity and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures.

In a Hebrew copy of the book of Hosea, I find a series of Propositions in the hand-writing of Mr. Jones, containing the sketch of a demonstration of the divine authority of the Christian Religion. These Propositions appear to have been written near the period of the preceding conversation at Harrow. They are not expressed with such accuracy or elegance, as to justify a supposition that they were intended to be made public; but as I

know that he always considered the demonstration contained in them satisfactory, I exhibit them as evidence of his early conviction of the truth and completion of the prophecies respecting our Saviour.

PROPOSITION I.

There is *as much* reason to believe, that the writings of Isaiah and the Hebrew Prophets, as that those of Homer and the Greek Poets, are *more ancient* than the time of Jesus.

Objection. Some men might have an interest in forging Isaiah.

Answer. Forged writings would have been more *in point.* Those of Isaiah bear no marks of forgery; and the Jews themselves, who were puzzled by them, acknowledged their *antiquity.*

PROPOSITION II.

These ancient writings, especially Isaiah, allude to some great event, and to some real extraordinary person, "who was put to death, and com-"plained not;" &c. Isaiah, chap. liii.

PROPOSITION III.

The life and death of Jesus, his virtues and doctrines, though not his miracles, are as much to be believed, as the life and death of Socrates, his virtues, and his doctrine.

PROPOSITION IV.

No person in the history of the Jews, before or after Jesus, coincides with this account, except Jesus.

Therefore

Therefore Jesus was the subject of their writings, which are consequently inspired, and He a person of an extraordinary nature, that is, the Messiah.

If this be just reasoning, we may believe his miracles, and *must* obey his law.

If difficulties occur, and we are asked, "how they can be solved?" we may safely answer, "We do not know;" yet we may truly be, and justly be called Christians.

To these Propositions, the following note is subjoined:—"What must be the importance of a "book," of which it may be truly said, "if this "book be not true, the religion which we profess "is false?"

Mr. Jones returned with his pupil from Harrow, in the Autumnal vacation of 1769, and availed himself of this opportunity to visit his friends at Oxford. During his residence there, he made an excursion to Forest Hill, the occasional habitation of Milton; for whose genius and learning, he early and ever entertained the highest veneration. The public will read with pleasure his own relation of what he saw and felt on this occasion, in an animated letter which he wrote to Lady Spencer.

To Lady SPENCER.

7th September, 1769.

The necessary trouble of correcting the first printed sheets of my history, prevented me to-

day from paying a proper respect to the memory of Shakespeare, by attending his jubilee. But I was resolved to do all the honour in my power to as great a poet, and set out in the morning in company with a friend to visit a place, where Milton spent some part of his life, and where, in all probability, he composed several of his earliest productions. It is a small village situated on a pleasant hill, about three miles from Oxford, called Forest Hill, because it formerly lay contiguous to a forest, which has since been cut down. The poet chose this place of retirement after his first marriage, and he describes the beauties of his retreat, in that fine passage of his L'Allegro:

Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green.

* * * * * * *

While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blythe,
And the mower whets his scythe;
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorne in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures:
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast,
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted trees.

* * * * * * *

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks. &c.

It

It was neither the proper season of the year, nor time of the day, to hear all the rural sounds, and see all the objects mentioned in this description; but, by a pleasing concurrence of circumstances, we were saluted, on our approach to the village, with the music of the mower and his scythe; we saw the ploughman intent upon his labour, and the milkmaid returning from her country employment.

As we ascended the hill, the variety of beautiful objects, the agreeable stillness and natural simplicity of the whole scene, gave us the highest pleasure. We at length reached the spot, whence Milton undoubtedly took most of his images; it is on the top of the hill, from which there is a most extensive prospect on all sides: the distant mountains that seemed to support the clouds, the villages and turrets, partly shaded with trees of the finest verdure, and partly raised above the groves that surrounded them, the dark plains and meadows of a greyish colour, where the sheep were feeding at large, in short, the view of the streams and rivers, convinced us that there was not a single useless or idle word in the above-mentioned description, but that it was a most exact and lively representation of nature. Thus will this fine passage, which has always been admired for its elegance, receive an additional beauty from its exactness. After we had walked, with a kind of poetical enthusiasm, over this enchanted ground, we returned to the village.

The

The poet's house was close to the church; the greatest part of it has been pulled down, and what remains, belongs to an adjacent farm. I am informed that several papers in Milton's own hand, were found by the gentleman who was last in possession of the estate. The tradition of his having lived there is current among the villagers: one of them shewed us a ruinous wall that made part of his chamber, and I was much pleased with another, who had forgotten the name of Milton, but recollected him by the title of The Poet.

It must not be omitted, that the groves near this village are famous for nightingales, which are so elegantly described in the Pensieroso. Most of the cottage windows are overgrown with sweet-briars, vines, and honey-suckles; and that Milton's habitation had the same rustic ornament, we may conclude from his description of the lark bidding him good-morrow,

> Thro' the sweet-briar, or the vine,
> Or the twisted eglantine:

for it is evident, that he meant a sort of honey-suckle by the eglantine; though that word is commonly used for the sweet-briar, which he could not mention twice in the same couplet.

If I ever pass a month or six weeks at Oxford in the Summer, I shall be inclined to hire and repair this venerable mansion, and to make a festival for a circle of friends, in honour of Milton, the most perfect scholar, as well as the sublimest poet, that our country ever produced. Such an honour will

will be less splendid, but more sincere and respectful, than all the pomp and ceremony on the banks of the Avon.

I have the honour, &c.

Towards the end of this year, Mr. Jones accompanied the family of Lord Spencer in a journey to the Continent. I cannot better describe his occupations and reflections during this excursion, than in his own words:

*Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

Nice, Feb. 4, 1770.

The date of my letter will not fail to surprize you; for I do not write from the plains, through which the Thames or Isis, so justly dear to me, glides, but from the foot of the Alps, and in front of the Ligurian sea.

I have resided in this delightful little spot nearly three months; it was not possible therefore for me to receive your two most acceptable letters, dated in September and January, before my departure from England: I have read them with singular pleasure, to which their length did not a little contribute. You cannot conceive my anxiety to peruse your Treatise on the Military Art of the Turks; it is, I understand, deposited in Lord Spencer's house in London, but I expect to receive a copy by the first vessel which sails

* Appendix, No. 11.

from

from England to this port, and I will take care that the three remaining copies shall be safely and expeditiously delivered to your friends, and if yours, mine also, although I do not even know them by sight.

The approbation which your work has received in Germany, delights, without surprizing me. It was first mentioned to me by a nobleman of that country, apparently a man of taste and amiable manners, who holds, I believe, a public office at Milan; and he promised not only to send it to me, but to inform me of your health, and where to address you; a promise which gave me the greatest satisfaction: for I suspected (forgive the injustice of the suspicion) that I no longer retained a place in your remembrance, and in consequence despaired of hearing from you, unless I first wrote to you. In this suspence, I received your two most welcome letters with fourteen odes: they are not only worthy of the lyre, but the lyre to which they are sung, ought to be of gold. I am indeed proud of your condescension in asking my opinion of them, as I can by no means think myself entitled to such an honour. I will however make my remarks upon them as well as I can, and return them to you when I receive an answer to this letter; for I should be sorry to trust such precious writings to the uncertain conveyance of the post.

This letter will probably reach you in a fortnight, and I beg you to gratify me by an early acknow-

acknowledgement of it; for I assure you with great truth, that nothing can give me more pleasure than a letter from you, however hasty. You perhaps wish to know how I employed my time after your departure from England; a short explanation will suffice. Amongst other occupations, I revised and corrected my Commentaries on Oriental Poetry, and when I was preparing an accurate transcription of the manuscript for your perusal, I was unexpectedly interrupted by a business of more importance*.

* * * * * *

I had scarcely brought this work to a conclusion, when, in consequence of the sudden indisposition of the younger sister of my pupil, (who frequently talks of you) her father determined to pass the winter with his family in Italy, or the South of France. I was therefore under the necessity of entrusting my history (as the King of Denmark was anxious for its publication) to a Frenchman, upon whose accuracy I could depend, for correcting the errors of the press. I have just learned from him, that the work is printed; and I will take care that not even his Danish Majesty shall receive a copy of it before you. Having thus left England, we repaired to Paris, and after

* The business here alluded to, is the translation of the Life of Nadir Shah, the circumstances of which have been already detailed, and are repeated in another letter; the particular mention made of them in the letter before the reader, is therefore untranslated.

rather

rather a tedious residence there, we proceeded with great rapidity by the Rhone to Lyons, and from that place continued our journey by Marseilles, Frejus, and Antibes, to Nice,

> Where Spring in all her charms perpetual reigns,
> And banish'd Winter flies the blooming plains.

Even here we shall remain longer than I wish; but I hope to return to England by the beginning of June. I propose, however, if I should have an opportunity, to cross the sea about the middle of this month, and visit Florence, that celebrated colony of the Triumviri, and the cradle of reviving literature, as well as Rome, the nurse of all elegant arts, and perhaps Naples; but on this plan you shall hereafter know my determination. You may perhaps enquire, what are my occupations at this place: I will tell you in few words; music, with all its sweetness and feeling; difficult and abstruse problems in mathematics; the beautiful and sublime in poetry and painting; these occupy all my senses and thoughts: nor do I neglect the study of the military art, which it would be the greatest disgrace to an English gentleman, not to be acquainted with. I have written much in my native language, and amongst other things a little Tract on Education, in the manner of Aristotle, that is, the analytic manner. I have moreover begun a tragedy, to which I have given the title of Soliman, whose most amiable son perished miserably, as you know, by the treachery of a step-mother. The

story

story is full of the most affecting incidents, and has more sublimity even than the tragedies of Æschylus, as it abounds with Oriental images. I send you translations of two odes, one from Hafez, the other from a very ancient Arabic poet; but I have adapted the images of the latter to the Roman manners, and I fill the remainder of the paper with a Greek epigram, in imitation of a little English song.—Farewell. You shall have your papers as soon as I am informed that you have received this letter.

*Mr. JONES to N. B. HALHED.

Nice, March 1, 1770.

I received your short letter with great pleasure, as it convinced me, that you were not insensible of my esteem for you, and such as resemble you. I wrote immediately to my friends, as you desired, most earnestly requesting them to promote your views, as if my own interest were concerned; if they accede to my wishes in this repsect, they will oblige me and themselves too; for doubtless I shall be ready to make them every return that I can. I think however that I shall have it in my power to serve you more effectually, after my return to England; and I beg you to believe, that no inclination or efforts on my part, shall ever be wanting to promote your wishes.

My health is good; but I long for those enjoyments, of which I know not well how to bear the

* Appendix, No. 12.

privation

privation. When I first arrived here, I was delighted with a variety of objects, rarely, if ever, seen in my own country,—olives, myrtles, pomegranates, palms, vineyards, aromatic plants, and a surprising variety of the sweetest flowers, blooming in the midst of winter. But the attraction of novelty has ceased; I am now satiated, and begin to feel somewhat of disgust. The windows of our inn are scarcely thirty paces from the sea, and, as Ovid beautifully says—

Tired, on the uniform expanse I gaze.

I have therefore no other resource than, with Cicero, to count the waves, or, with Archimedes and Archytas, to measure the sands. I cannot describe to you how weary I am of this place, nor my anxiety to be again at Oxford, where I might jest with you, or philosophize with Poore. If it be not inconvenient, I wish you would write to me often, for I long to know how you and our friends are: but write if you please in Latin, and with gaiety, for it grieves me to observe the uneasiness under which you appear to labour. Let me ever retain a place in your affection, as you do in mine; continue to cultivate polite literature; woo the muses; reverence philosophy; and give your days and nights to composition, with a due regard however to the preservation of your health.

Mr.

* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

Nice, April 1770.

It is impossible to describe my vexation at not hearing from you, and I can only conclude that you have not received my letter of February, or, what would be more unpleasant, that your letter has miscarried, or finally, what I dread even to suspect, that I no longer retain a place in your remembrance. I have written to you from this place, not (as Cicero says to Lucceius) a very fine epistle, but one that I cannot but think would be acceptable to you, because it was very long, and contained, besides, much information respecting myself. After a sufficient time for the receipt of an answer, which I most anxiously expected, I daily enquired if there were any letters from Vienna ;—none, none, was the reply day after day. My anxiety and uneasiness at this disappointment daily increased, and nearly two months are now elapsed without a line from you. What can I do? or what shall I devise? I fear to trust your papers, which you desired me to return, to a conveyance so hazardous as the post; although I am persuaded it will be inconvenient for you to be so long without them; but although I cannot venture to send them before I hear from you, I inclose my remarks, which you may throw into the fire, if you do not like them :—they are, as

* Appendix, No. 13.

you

you seemed to wish, somewhat hypercritical, and perhaps too severe.

Your Treatise on the Military Art of the Turks, delighted me exceedingly; nothing can be more useful or opportune. As I cannot depend upon this letter reaching you, I write but little, having no wish to talk to the winds, and risk the loss of time, which I can better employ. I expect to leave this town about the middle of the month. My proposed Italian expedition is deferred to a future period. Farewell, my Charles, and remember me, as I do you. After my return to England, I will write to you frequently, and my letters shall be longer and more cheerful.

* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

(Date erased.)

Although I cannot possibly receive an answer to my letter before I leave this place, I will not have to reproach myself for neglecting an opportunity of writing to you. I concur most heartily in your sentiments on the pleasures of travelling, as on all other subjects; nothing, in my opinion, can be more useful or more delightful. How much more agreeable would my journey be, if I could make Vienna a part of it, where I might enjoy your conversation, philosophize with you, trifle away an idle hour, or explore with you the hidden treasures of poetry. As I am deprived of

* Appendix, No. 14.

this

this happiness, I shall take the liberty of saying something not so favourable of the pleasures, which I actually enjoy. I am disgusted with the odious rattle of French gaiety; and the calm serenity of an Italian sky has something gloomy in it. I am so much in love with myself, *i. e.* so much beside myself, that, in my own eyes, I appear more worthy of your friendship than ever. You cannot conceive how different I am from what you knew me in England. I was then young and thoughtless; now I devote myself wholly to polite literature, and the great objects of my ambition are virtue, fame, and, above all, your friendship; objects than which nothing can be more divine, estimable, or dear to me. That I may not altogether write an *unlettered letter*, I send you a Greek version of an English epigram. It was composed in a calm night, by a friend of mine, and I translated it at his request. I think it will please you, as it appears to have an affinity to the style of Meleager, and other poets in the Anthologia*.

To Lady SPENCER.

Nice, April 14, 1770.

It is with great pleasure that I acquaint your Ladyship, that Mrs. Poyntz, Lady Harriet, and her brother are perfectly well; Mrs.

* Sir William Jones's Works, vol. ii. p. 133.—In the original, Mr. Jones indulges himself with a play on words, which cannot be imitated in the translation.

Poyntz

Poyntz goes this morning to Villa Franca; I am to be her knight, and am just equipped to mount my Rosinanté; Mademoiselle Annette is to go upon Lady Mary Somerset's ass; so we shall make a formidable procession. It is a delightful morning, and I hope Mrs. Poyntz will be pleased with her jaunt. We have had very bad weather, violent rains, and storms of thunder in the night, a close, sultry heat all day, and a very sharp cold every evening; but the spring seems now to be pretty well settled; and I fancy we shall have a continually clear sky, and a mild air, as long as we stay. We all promise ourselves great pleasure in our journey homewards; and we have great reason to believe it will be enchantingly pleasant. I have every day more and more reason to be pleased with the unfolding of my pupil's disposition; your Ladyship will perhaps think these to be words of course, and what you might naturally expect from any other person in my situation; but, believe me, I say them upon no other motive than their truth; for if it were my nature to speak to any one what I do not think, I should at least speak truly to your Ladyship, of whom I am, with the greatest truth,

The obliged and grateful
humble servant,
WILLIAM JONES.

To Lady SPENCER.

Paris, 4th June, 1770.

Your Ladyship will be surprized at receiving such a parcel of papers from me; but I am willing to make amends for not writing all last month. The truth is, I had nothing particular to say at that time; but on my arrival at Paris, I found a letter from my friend Reviczki, with a very spirited ode composed by him upon the marriage of the Archduchess. I dare say Lord Spencer will like it, and I therefore take the liberty to inclose it for him. I have marked in this manner ⊖ two or three passages that are faulty; and I have put this sign ⌒ to one stanza that I do not quite understand. I have also sent with it the Baron's letter to me, which will serve as a comment upon many parts of the ode. You will have heard of the shocking accidents that happened here the night of the fire-works. Above one hundred and thirty people were killed; and several people of fashion were crushed to death in their carriages. We had the good fortune to arrive here two days after this dreadful catastrophe; which perhaps has saved some of us, if not from real danger, at least from the apprehension of it. We shall not be sorry to see England again, and hope to have that pleasure very soon. Soon after my return, I think of going to Oxford for a short time: but if Lord Althorpe goes back to school this summer, as I sincerely hope he will, I shall not go to College till

August; for I am convinced that a public school has already been, and will continue to be, of the highest advantage to him in every respect. While Mrs. Poyntz stayed at Lyons, I made an excursion to Geneva, in hopes of seeing Voltaire, but was disappointed. I sent him a note with a few verses, implying that the muse of tragedy had left her ancient seat in Greece and Italy, and had fixed her abode on the borders of a lake, &c. He returned this answer: "The worst of French poets "and philosophers is almost dying; age and sick- "ness have brought him to his last day; he can "converse with nobody, and entreats Mr. Jones "to excuse and pity him. He presents him with "his humble respects." But he was not so ill as he imagined; for he had been walking in his court, and went into his house just as I came to it. The servants shewed me somebody at a window, who they said was he; but I had scarce a glimpse of him. I am inclined to think that Voltaire begins to be rather serious, when he finds himself upon the brink of eternity; and that he refuses to see company, because he cannot display his former wit and sprightliness. I find my book* is published; I am not at all solicitous about its success: as I did not choose the subject myself, I am not answerable for the wild extravagance of the style, nor for the faults of the original; but if your Ladyship takes the trouble to read the dissertation at the end, you may perhaps find some new and

* Translation of the Life of Nadir Shah.

pleasing

pleasing images. The work has one advantage, it is certainly authentic. Lady Georgiana is so good as to enquire how Soliman goes on; pray tell her he is in great affliction, as he begins to suspect the innocence of Mustafa, who is just slain. To be serious; my tragedy is just finished; and I hope to shew it to your Ladyship in a short time.

I am, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

De La Fontaine is with us; he seems very well, but is still weak and complaining. I must add a little stroke of French courage, which I have just heard. In the midst of all the disasters of the fireworks, the Mareschal de Richlieu was in such a panic, that he got out of his carriage, and screamed out, Est-ce qu'on veut laisser perir un Mareschal de France? N'y a-t-il personne pour secourir un Mareschal de France?—This will be an eternal joke against him!—

* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

Spa, July 1770.

What an idle, unsettled fellow I am! I fly over Europe, scarcely stopping anywhere. We passed the winter at Nice, enjoyed the spring in France, and I am now spending the summer (if this rainy season may be so called) on the borders of Germany. I certainly can without any risk send your manuscripts from this place, and I advise you by all means to publish them.

* Appendix, No. 15.

They are worthy of your acknowledged talents, and will ensure you the applause of all the learned. I say this without flattery, which is indeed foreign to my character. The criticisms which I sent to you, are full of errors, and you must receive them with great allowance; for during my residence at Nice, I was wholly without ancient books, or other aids, to which I am in the habit of applying, nor do I now possess them.

I have received your French letter, with an incomparable ode: I was particularly charmed with that happy transition in it;

> O'er kindred, or o'er friendship's bier,
> Affection pours a transient tear:—
> Soon flies the cloud; the solar rays
> Disperse the gloom, and brighter blaze.

Believe me, when I read these lines, I could scarcely restrain my tears; for nature has that power over me, that I am more affected by the beauties of a tender simplicity, than by the loftiest figures of poetry; and hence I am more delighted with a passage in the first Pythian ode of the divine Pindar, concerning the Muses, than by his elaborate description of the Eagle and Ætna*.

What shall I send in return for your present? Accept the accompanying ode, which is at least valuable for its antiquity. You will perhaps smile; it is not an epithalamium on the marriage of Antoinette

* But they on earth, or the devouring main,
Whom righteous Jove with detestation views,
With envious horror hear the heav'nly strain,
Exil'd from praise, from virtue, and the muse.
WEST'S Translation.

Antoinette the Dauphiness, but contains the eulogium of a very ancient Chinese monarch, whose name, though a monosyllable only, I have forgotten. When I read the works of Confucius, translated by Couplet and others, I was struck with admiration at the venerable dignity of the sentiments, as well as at the poetical fragments, which adorn the discourses of that philosopher. They are selected from the most ancient records of Chinese poetry, and particularly from a work, entitled Shi-king, of which there is a fine copy in the Royal library at Paris. I immediately determined to examine the original; and, referring to the volume, after a long study, I succeeded in comparing one of the odes with the version of Couplet, and analysed every word, or more properly, every figure in it. Of this Ode, I now send you a literal translation*: it is a composition of a wonderful dignity and brevity; each verse contains four words only, hence the ellipsis is frequent in it, and the obscurity of the style adds to its sublimity. I have annexed a poetical version, making every verse correspond with the sense of Confucius; you will judge whether I have succeeded or not, it will be sufficient for me if it please you. You know that this philosopher, whom I may venture to call the Plato of China, lived about six hundred years before the Christian æra, and he quotes this ode as very ancient in his time. It may therefore be considered as a most precious gem of antiquity, which

* Sir William Jones's Works, vol. ii. p. 351.

proves;

proves, that poetry has been the admiration of all people in all ages, and that it every-where adopts the same images. I must say a few words upon another work, lest my long letter of February, containing a particular account of it from first to last, should have miscarried. I allude to the translation of the Life of Nadir Shah, from Persian into French, a most disagreeable task, which I undertook at the request of my Augustus, the King of Denmark, who, I doubt not, will verify the high expectations entertained of him in Europe, It was his special injunction, that the translation should be strictly literal, that I should supply such notes as might be necessary, and finally, that I should add a short dissertation on the poetry of the Persians. I finished this tiresome work to the best of my ability, and with such expedition in compliance with the importunities of his Majesty, that the whole book, and more particularly the dissertation, is full of errors. In the latter, I ventured to insert a translation of ten odes of Hafez, from a very splendid but incorrect manuscript, and without the aid of any commentary. I have written to the Under-Secretary of State, requesting him to send you a copy of it as expeditiously as possible; and I trust he will not disappoint me. Excuse those errors which I could not perhaps have avoided, if I had possessed the greatest leisure, and which the total want of it made almost inevitable. Excuse also the insertion of two odes, which you sent to me with a French translation only;

only; and lastly, I must beg your excuse for the liberty which I could not avoid taking, of mentioning my friend; for I could not resist the desire of letting the King know, how highly I valued you. You will greatly add to the other proofs I have experienced of your kindness towards me, by noticing the errors of the work, and particularly of the dissertation, which I mean to publish in a separate volume.

The King of Denmark, as I am informed, approves of my work much, and has some honours in view for me; but of what nature I know not. When he was considering what recompence he should bestow upon me, a noble friend of mine informed his Majesty, that I neither wished for nor valued money, but was anxious only for some honorary mark of his approbation.

I have directed a copy of your Treatise on the Military Art of the Turks, to be sent to his Majesty, because it is worthy his perusal, and because you are the author of it. Do not suppose that I now conclude, because I have nothing more to say; my mind, in truth, overflows with matter, and I have more difficulty in restraining my pen, than to find topics for writing. But I will not abuse and exhaust your patience with my loquacity. For my sake, take care of your health.

*C. REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

Vienna, August 9, 1770.

Indeed, my dear Sir, I cannot think you much to be pitied, for having passed a year in tra-

* Appendix, No. 16.

velling through various climates and regions; on the contrary, I think it extremely fortunate that you have had an opportunity which you are well qualified to improve. You have escaped the severity of winter in the mild and temperate climate of Italy; you have enjoyed the spring in France and England; and you are now spending the summer on the confines of Germany, in a place, which is the general rendezvous of Europe; and where you may see, at a glance, an assemblage of various nations. Is not this delightful? Is not the great advantage of travelling, to explore the characters of different people? I can however easily conceive the inconvenience which a man of letters must suffer from the want of means and opportunity to pursue his studies, and this alone is sufficient to diminish the pleasure of it.

I am exceedingly obliged to you for the extraordinary composition with which you favoured me; it is indeed a literary curiosity. But pray inform me, when you learned the Chinese language? I did not suspect that this was one of your accomplishments, but there are no bounds to your acquisitions as a linguist. I am the more delighted with this little performance, as I can rely upon it as a faithful translation from the Chinese language, of which the few things we have translated, appear very suspicious; it has not only the merit of being very ancient, but in your version appears even elegant. I impatiently expect your life of Nadir Shah; and I beg you to accept my thanks for your attention, in request-

ing the Under-Secretary of State to forward a copy of it to me; nor am I less anxious to peruse the essay, which you have annexed to it, on Oriental poetry. I admire your condescension in submitting this work to my criticism; you must be sensible that you incur little risk by it, and that you are sure of my approbation: I shall however be obliged to point out one fault, which is no trifle, —your mentioning me in such honourable terms. I have no claim to this distinction, although, if I had foreseen your intention, I would have at least exerted myself to deserve it. There are several of our Vienna ladies and gentlemen now at Spa, who are all well worthy of your acquaintance. I am informed that Lady Spencer is an intimate friend of the Princess Ezterhazy; she can introduce you to the acquaintance of an amiable and respectable lady, who knows how to estimate the value of persons of merit. I have nothing at present worth troubling you with. I reserve this pleasure for a future opportunity; and, in the mean time, am, with great respect and veneration,

Your very humble servant,

REVICZKI.

*C. REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

Vienna, Oct. 16, 1770.

Although your last letter gives me no information of your intended destination after your departure from Spa, I conclude from your very

* Appendix, No. 17.

silence,

silence, that you are now in London. This opinion is confirmed by the late receipt of your letter. I was deprived of the pleasure of hearing from you during my excursion into Hungary; nor did your letter reach me till after my return to Vienna, long subsequent to its date, and when the subject of it was in fact obsolete. Most sincerely do I hope that your wishes may be gratified, and that after so much travelling, I may have the pleasure of seeing you at Vienna.

The French are light and frivolous, the Italians effeminate and enervate, and the Germans may perhaps be dull and morose; yet they are not on this account to be despised, for if nature has not endowed them with the more elegant qualities, they possess what is more valuable, and win the affections of strangers by plain dealing and simplicity of manners.

I give this testimony to the character of the Germans without partiality, for I am as much a stranger in Germany as I lately was in England; and no one, at all acquainted with the character and country of the Germans and Hungarians, can possibly consider them the same, for they are not only dissimilar in disposition, language, and manners, but in their very nature. I will not however dissemble, but candidly confess the truth, that my way of life here is extremely pleasant; nor have I any doubt that you, who are so accurate a judge of mankind, will one day readily subscribe to my opinion of this nation.

I smile

I smile at your declaration that you are changed, and that you hope to be more agreeable to me, from having renounced youthful gratifications, and devoted yourself to the cultivation of literature and the pursuit of virtue; for my own part, I only wish to find you again precisely the same as when I knew and admired you in England, faultless and irreproachable. I confess indeed, that what I particularly valued in you, was the happy talent of blending pleasure and recreation, with the most intense study and thirst for literature.

Take care however, that you do not suffer the ardour of application to deprive you of the gratifications of life, sufficiently brief in their own nature; they are indeed so connected with literature, that the wise and the learned only are qualified for the true enjoyment of them. Take care also, that you have not hereafter reason to complain, in the words of Horace:

> Ah why, while slighted joys I vainly mourn,—
> Why will not youth, with youthful thoughts return?

The chastity of the Muses, and their enmity to Venus, is a mere fable adapted to fiction; *for poetry delights to repose on downy pillows.* I now turn to another subject. I have not yet received your translation of the Persian manuscript which you promised me, and which indeed you seem to have sent; what has delayed its arrival, I know not, and will trouble you to enquire about it.

I have

I have read again and again the beautiful English song, with your elegant translation of it in two languages, and I am delighted with it. I wonder however that you are so little satisfied with the Latin version of it, with which I am highly pleased.

* * * * * * *

The last letter was received by Mr. Jones, after his return to England. It may be regretted that his correspondence during his excursion to the Continent, should have been confined chiefly to literary topics, and that his letters contain no observations of a particular nature, on the characters and manners of the French, Italians, and Germans, amongst whom he so long resided. They exhibit however what may be more interesting to those who are anxious to explore his mind and feelings,—an undisguised picture of them; and for this reason, I more particularly regret that so few of his letters should have been preserved. The account which he gives of his success in deciphering an ode of Confucius, is a remarkable proof of his ardour for universal literature, and of his invincible application in the pursuit of it. He had before acquired the keys of the Chinese language, and having accidentally discovered, through the medium of an inelegant translation, a treasure locked up in it, he applies them skilfully, and with great perseverance, obtains access to it.

Nothing

Nothing remains of the Treatise on Education, mentioned by Mr. Jones, except the plan: as it is short, I present it to the reader in this place. He will probably regret with me, that the Treatise, if ever it were completed, no longer exists. In the culture of his own talents, Mr. Jones appears strictly to have pursued the objects which he points out as the end of education in general, and to have attempted the attainment of them, by the means which he recommends to others. This little sketch was written in his twenty-third year:

PLAN OF AN ESSAY ON EDUCATION.

A celebrated Eastern philosopher begins his first dissertation with the following period. The perfect education of a great man, consists in three points: in cultivating and improving his understanding; in assisting and reforming his countrymen; and in procuring to himself the chief good, or a fixed and unalterable habit of virtue.

I have chosen the words of this sublime author, as my subject for a series of essays, in which I design to discourse on education in its fullest extent, tracing it from its beginning with the elementary parts of language, to the great end proposed by it, that is, the ability to benefit mankind and ourselves, either in war or in peace, by action or by speculation. I shall, however, make a slight deviation from the definition of the philosopher, by fixing the good of ourselves and our fellow-creatures,

tures, as the primary end proposed by a liberal education; and by considering the cultivation of our understanding, and the acquisition of knowledge, as the secondary objects of it. For knowledge must certainly be acquired before it can be conveyed to others; the consequence of actions must be known, before the good can be selected from the evil; and the mind must be enlightened by an improvement of our natural reason, before a proper distinction can be made between the real and the apparent good. Now, as neither this knowledge can be perfectly obtained, nor the reason completely improved, in the short duration of human life, unless the accumulated experience and wisdom of all ages, and all nations, be added to that which we can gain by our own researches, it is necessary to understand the *languages* of those people who have been, in any period of the world, distinguished for their superior knowledge; and that our own attainments may be made generally beneficial, we must be able to convey them to *other nations*, either in their respective dialects, or in some language, which, from its peculiar excellence and utility, may be in a manner universal. It follows, therefore, that the more immediate object of education is, to learn the languages of celebrated nations both ancient and modern. But as these cannot, consistently with reason and propriety, be taught before our native tongue, our first step must be to make ourselves perfect masters of the language of the country in which we are born.

In

In consequence of this analysis, I intend to distribute my dissertation into several distinct treatises; on *language*, on the *understanding*, on *knowledge*, on the *good of mankind*, and on the *good of ourselves*, or *private happiness*.

But there are other acquisitions which must go, as it were, hand in hand with those above-mentioned. I mean those which refresh and enliven the mind, and those which improve and adorn the body. For as the human mind, by reason of its earthly impediments, cannot at all times support with equal advantage its attention to abstracted subjects, but requires many intervals of relaxation, it is necessary that some state be found between labour and rest, to prevent the faculties from lying totally inactive. Hence proceeds the use of polite literature, and of the liberal arts, of poetry, of painting, and of music, which relieve the mind after any violent exertion of its powers, and prepare it for the reception of fresh knowledge with greater alacrity. And as the mind can neither attend to instruction nor receive refreshment, unless the body enjoy at least a moderate share of health, those exercises are essentially necessary, which tend to procure or preserve it, and which have the double advantage, of strengthening the constitution, by promoting a free and regular circulation, and of giving grace to the body, by forming it to easy and elegant motions. Hence arises the great advantage of manly sports, of dancing, of swimming, of managing the horse, and of using every sort of

weapon;

weapon; to which must be added, the habit of declaiming with an oratorical voice and gesture, an exercise by no means general, but perhaps more useful and more ornamental than any of the others. Consistently with this division of necessary accomplishments, I shall add two discourses, on the polite arts, and on exercise.

* * * * * *

From the terms in which Mr Jones speaks of the tragedy of Soliman, in one of his letters, it appears, that he was considerably advanced towards its completion; and from the mention which he afterwards makes of it, in another to Reviczki, it would seem that it was actually finished, but I have in vain attempted to discover any traces of it. The preface to Soliman, written by Mr. Jones, has been communicated to me, but does not appear sufficiently correct for publication. He notices in it the custom of poets to send abroad their pieces with prefatory discourses calculated to mislead the taste or judgement of their readers, and exemplifies the remark, by reference to Dryden, La Motte, and Corneille. Of Dryden, he observes, that, having composed tragedies in rhyme, he thought it necessary to prepare the public for so novel an attempt by telling them in his advertisements, that every tragedy should be written in rhyme; that La Motte purposely violated the unities of the Drama, while Corneille preserved them

them with an exactness approaching to affectation; and that each endeavoured in a prefatory discourse to prove himself alone in the right. He disclaims all idea of imitating a conduct, which he pronounces absurd and useless, and contents himself with a few hints on the principles which had directed him in the composition of the tragedy.

The object of theatrical representation, he remarks, is to convey pleasure, and the hope of receiving it, is the inducement which carries people to the theatre; observing, that Shakespeare delights and transports him, while Corneille lulls him to sleep; and judging of the feelings of others by his own, he concludes, that all who understand both authors perfectly, must be affected in the same manner. He determines therefore to take Shakespeare for his model, not by adopting his sentiments, or borrowing his expressions, but by aiming at his manner, and by striving to write as he supposes he would have written himself, if he had lived in the eighteenth century.

Mustapha, upon whose story the tragedy is founded, was put to death by his father, Soliman the Magnificent, about the year 1553. The history of this unnatural murder is pathetically related by Knolles, in his General History of the Turks, who styles Mustapha "the mirror of courtesie, and rare hope of the Turkish nation." In the representation of his tragedy, Mr. Jones intended to observe closely the costume of the Turks, which he had attentively studied.

Mr. Jones now determined to enter upon a new career of life. Whatever satisfaction he might derive from his connection with the noble family, in which he had undertaken the office of tutor, or whatever recompence he might ultimately hope to receive from their gratitude or friendship, the situation did not altogether correspond with his feelings, nor the extent of his views. To a spirit of independence, which from his earliest years strongly marked his character, he united the laudable desire of acquiring public distinction, and of making his fortune by his own efforts; above all, he was animated with the noble ambition of being useful to his country. In the capacity of private tutor, his expectations were bounded by a narrow prospect, and his exertions circumscribed; whilst in the profession of the law, he saw an ample scope for the gratification of all his wishes; and from his extensive knowledge, studious habits, and indefatigable industry, he had every reason to expect the most brilliant success. The advice and importunity of his friends, confirmed the suggestions of his own reflection, and he resolved to resign his charge in Lord Spencer's family, and to devote himself in future to the study and practice of the law. In consequence of this determination, which he immediately executed, he was admitted into the Temple on the 19th of September, 1770.

His attention, however, was not at first exclusively confined to his professional studies, nor was it indeed to be expected, that he would at once renounce

renounce his attachment to Oriental learning and literature in general. It would have required more than ordinary resolution to abandon at once, what had cost him so much pains to acquire; the attainment of which had been the source both of pleasure and distinction to him. But as his letters and those of his friends, during the two following years, contain all that I can say of him, I refer the reader to them for information, rather than to a narrative of my own.

*Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

March 1771.

A plague on our men in office, who for six months have amused me with idle promises, which I see no prospect of their fulfilling, that they would forward my books and a letter to you! They say, that they have not yet had an opportunity; and that the apprehension of a Spanish war (which is now no more) furnishes them with incessant occupation. I have however so much to say to you, that I can no longer delay writing; I wish indeed I could communicate it in person. On my late return to England, I found myself entangled, as it were, in a variety of important considerations. My friends, companions, relations, all attacked me with urgent solicitations to banish poetry and Oriental literature for a time, and apply myself to oratory and the study of the law; in other words, to become a barrister, and pursue the track of ambition. Their advice in truth was con-

* Appendix, No. 18.

formable to my own inclinations; for the only road to the highest stations in this country is that of the law, and I need not add, how ambitious and laborious I am. Behold me then become a lawyer, and expect in future, that my correspondence will have somewhat more of public business in it. But if it ever should be my fortune to have any share in administration, you shall be my Atticus, the partner of my plans, the confidant of my secrets. Do not however suppose, that I have altogether renounced polite literature. I intend shortly to publish my English poems, and I mean to bring my tragedy of Soliman on the stage, when I can find proper actors for the performance of it. I intend also composing an epic poem, on a noble subject, under the title of Britanneïs: but this I must defer until I have more leisure, with some degree of independence. In the mean time I amuse myself with the choicest of the Persian poets; and I have the good fortune to possess many manuscripts, which I have either purchased or borrowed from my friends, on various subjects, including history, philosophy, and some of the most celebrated poetry of Persia.

I am highly delighted with Jami's poem of Yusef and Zuleika; it contains somewhat more than four thousand couplets, each of which is a star of the first brilliance. We have six copies of this work at Oxford, one of which is correct; it has the vowel points, and is illustrated with the notes of Golius. I also possess a copy, which, as soon

as

as I have leisure, I will print. Let me ask, in the mean time, how you are employed? Do you continue your occupation of elucidating your favourite Hafez? I will most willingly give all the assistance in my power to the publication of your work, if you will have it printed in London; but I scarcely think that any printer will undertake it at his own expence, unless the poems are accompanied with an English or French translation, for you cannot conceive how few English Gentlemen understand Latin. Let me recommend to you therefore to give a literal version of Hafez in French, with annotations in the same language; and this I think will be more acceptable even to your own countrymen, than a Latin translation; though indeed you may annex to your work such odes as you have translated into that language. The new edition of Meninski goes on tolerably well. I inclose a specimen of the new Arabic types, and earnestly beg your opinion upon them, that any defects may be corrected as soon as possible. I have had a copper-plate engraving made of one of the odes of Hafez, and may perhaps, when my circumstances afford it, print an edition of Jami's whole poem in the same manner. A work of this kind on silken paper, would, I doubt not, be very acceptable to the Governor of Bengal, and the other principal persons in India. I cannot conceive what is become of the book which I sent to you, but I will take the first opportunity of transmitting a fairer and more correct copy, together

ther with my little Treatise on the Literature of Asia, and my Grammar of the Persian Language, which is printed with some degree of elegance; and I earnestly entreat you to tell me, if any thing is wrong in it, or any thing omitted, that the next edition may be more perfect. I only wait for leisure to publish my Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry.

Do not however imagine that I despise the usual enjoyments of youth; no one can take more delight in singing and dancing than I do, nor in the moderate use of wine, nor in the exquisite beauty of the ladies, of whom London affords an enchanting variety; but I prefer glory, my supreme delight, to all other gratifications, and I will pursue it through fire and water, by day and by night. Oh! my Charles, (for I renounce all ceremony, and address you with ancient simplicity) what a boundless scene opens to my view! If I had two lives, I should scarcely find time for the due execution of all the public and private projects which I have in mind!

Mr. BATES to W. JONES, Esq.

SIR; *March* 27, 1771.

Last night, I received from Mr. Williams your most ingenious and satisfactory letter, for which my heartiest thanks are due. If you have no objection to it, as I think you cannot, I propose to embellish my MS. with it, by sticking it into the book; in like manner as I have done my own account of it. It will be no small addition to the curiosity of the book; for I can easily foresee,

foresee, that in times to come, a piece of your hand-writing will be looked upon as a curiosity by virtuosi yet unborn.

In the mean time, I hope this letter does not preclude your fulfilling your promise of obliging me with another visit (and I hope still more) after your return from Oxford, at the end of the holidays. I assure you, I wait for the end of those holidays, as impatiently as most schoolboys dread and abhor it. Therefore I beg you would favour me with a line to apprise me of your return back to town, that in case I should, in the dialect of Deptford, be moored head and stern by the gout, I may let you know as much to save you the trouble of a visit, that will answer no end; but if I keep clear from that malady as I am at present, I shall beg you to take a nightcap here, that we may spend one entire morning in Oriental speculation, without the interruption of other company: for I have still many queries which you must resolve. I heartily wish you a pleasant journey; and hope that for the good of the Literari, you'll be blessed with life and health to go on with the noble undertaking you are engaged in, and that you'll meet with the merited success.

I am, Sir, &c. JAMES BATES.

*Mr. JONES to D. B.

London, April 1771.

Your Persian book is more valuable than the costliest jewel. Meninski, that universal scholar,

* Appendix No. 19.

has

has a copy exactly like yours, and he describes it in his usual manner, that is, inelegantly, and in miserable Latin. From his description, you may however estimate the real excellence of your book. I shall beg leave to say something more about it myself, and as a poet, venture to affirm, that the six most beautiful poems in the volume are far more valuable for their intrinsic merit, than for the elegance of the characters in which they are written, or for the glowing tints of the pictures which adorn them.

The author of these poems was the very celebrated Nezami, who assumed the name of Kenjavi: he flourished towards the close of the twelfth century, and was the favourite of that illustrious warrior, and patron of literature, Togrul, the son of Erslan.

The book comprises five poems, the last of which is divided into two parts; the first, which is intitled *The Treasury of Secrets*, contains many fables, and various discourses on moral duties and human affairs: Nushirovan, King of Persia, who, towards the end of the sixth century, waged a successful war against the first Justin, and Justinian, are frequently introduced in it; Mohammed, the legislator of Arabia, was born during his reign, and praises him for his justice in the Coran. The Persian poets Sadi, Hafez, Jami, and others, frequently extol his virtues, and one of them has this couplet:

For ages mingled with his parent dust,
Fame still records Nushirovan the Just.

The second poem commemorates the lives of a most

most amiable youth, (named Mujnoon, or the Frantic, from his mad passion) and his mistress, the beautiful Leili. The loves of Khosro and the adorable Sherin, form the subject of the third poem. Khosro was the twenty-third in descent from Sassan, and the grandson of Nushirovan. The fourth poem has the title of *The Seven Figures*, and recites the history of King Beharam, whom the Greeks, with their usual inaccuracy, call Varanes: but it more particularly describes his seven palaces, each of which is said to have been distinguished by a particular colour. In the fifth, we have the life and actions of Alexander; it is however to be remarked, that the Asiatics perpetually confound the Macedonian monarch with another and very ancient king of the same name, and blend their actions most ridiculously. Thus much about your book, and you may depend upon what I say, as certain and not conjectural. I sincerely rejoice, that St. John's College, at Cambridge, will possess this treasure by your gift; and I no less sincerely hope, that your own University will boast some future scholar, capable of thoroughly understanding the elegance of the charming Nezami. If any one wishes to obtain further information respecting this poet, let him consult the pleasing work of Dowlut Shah of Samercand, on the lives of the Persian poets. I saw a beautiful manuscript of it at Paris.—Farewell.

Mr. JONES to J. WILMOT, Esq.

MY DEAR WILMOT; *Univ. Coll. Oxford, June 3, 1771.*

It makes me very happy to hear that my Lord Chief Justice does not retire on account of ill health, but from a motive which does him the highest honour. He will now enjoy the greatest happiness of human life, ease with dignity, after having passed through the most honourable labour without danger. I should think myself highly blessed, if I could pursue a similar course in my small sphere, and, after having raised a competency at the bar, could retire to the bowers of learning and the arts.

I have just begun to contemplate the stately edifice of the laws of England,—

"The gather'd wisdom of a thousand years,"—

if you will allow me to parody a line of Pope. I do not see why the study of the law is called dry and unpleasant; and I very much suspect that it seems so to those only, who would think any study unpleasant, which required a great application of the mind, and exertion of the memory. I have read most attentively the two first volumes of Blackstone's Commentaries, and the two others will require much less attention. I am much pleased with the care he takes to quote his authorities in the margin, which not only give a sanction to what he asserts, but point out the sources to which the student may apply for more diffusive knowledge. I have opened two common-place books,

books, the one of the law, the other of oratory, which is surely too much neglected by our modern speakers. I do not mean the popular eloquence, which cannot be tolerated at the bar, but that correctness of style, and elegance of method, which at once please and persuade the hearer. But I must lay aside my studies for about six weeks, while I am printing my Grammar, from which a good deal is expected; and which I must endeavour to make as perfect as a human work can be. When that is finished, I shall attend the Court of King's Bench very constantly, and shall either take a lodging in Westminster, or accept the invitation of a friend, in Duke-street, who has made me an obliging offer of apartments.

I am sorry the characters you sent me are not Persian but Chinese, which I cannot decipher without a book, which I have not at present, but tous Chinois qu'ils sont, I shall be able to make them out, when the weather will permit me to sit in the Bodleian. In the mean time, I would advise you to enquire after a native of China, who is now in London; I cannot recollect where he lodges, but shall know when I come to town, which will be tomorrow or Saturday. I shall be at Richardson's till my Grammar is finished, unless I can buy a set of chambers in the Temple, which I fear will be difficult. I will certainly call upon you in a day or two. On one of the Indian pictures at your house, there was a beautiful copy of Persian verses, which I will beg leave to transcribe, and should

be

be glad to print it, with a translation, in the Appendix to my Grammar. I have not yet had my Persian proposals engraved; but when you write to your brother, you would much oblige me by desiring him to send me a little Persian manuscript, if he can procure it without much trouble. It is a small poem which I intend to print; we have six or seven copies of it at Oxford, but if I had one in my possession, it would save me the trouble of transcribing it. I have inclosed its title in Persian and English. I am very glad that your family are well. I wish them joy upon every occasion; my mother and sister desire their compliments to you, and I am, with great regard,

Yours, most affectionately, WILLIAM JONES.

Mr. JONES to Mr. HAWKINS.

Nov. 5, 1771.

I shall ever gratefully acknowledge, dear Sir, my obligation to you for the trouble you take in inspecting my trifles. Had Dryden and other poets met with such a friend, their poems would have been more polished, and consequently more fit to see the light. Your observations are so judicious, that I wish you had not been so sparing of them. I entirely approve of all your corrections, &c.

As to the years, in which the poems were written, they are certainly of no consequence to the public; but (unless it be very absurd) I would wish to specify them, for it would hurt me as a student at the bar, to have it thought that I continue to apply myself to poetry; and I mean to

insinuate

insinuate that I have given it up for several years, which I must explain more fully in the preface. For a man who wishes to rise in the law, must be supposed to have no other object.

*C. REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

Vienna, Oct. 13, 1771.

I have waited nearly twelve months to no purpose, for an opportunity of sending you my last work, which at your recommendation has been published; the politeness of one of the secretaries of the English embassy, who is returning to England, has at last supplied it, by kindly offering to take charge of this production of mine (unless you will call it yours), and deliver it to you. It is my wish to avail myself of the same opportunity to thank you for your present, but it is not in my power to make you the due acknowledgements: it is sufficient to proclaim your deeds. I admire your wonderful labour and learning, and more particularly your diligence in the triple work, with which you have favoured me; but I blush at the extravagant encomiums which you have bestowed upon me. If you persevere as you have begun in cultivating Oriental literature, the republic of letters will be greatly obliged to you. I am extremely anxious to know what recompence his Danish Majesty, or your own Sovereign, at his recommendation, has conferred upon your learned labours. I should rejoice to have it in my power to congratulate you,

* Appendix, No. 20.

and

and those who esteem you as much as I do, on your distinguished merit having been honourably rewarded.—Farewell.

*Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

Oxford, Dec. 1771.

Thirteen months, or rather I may say years, have elapsed, without a line from my friend! I have however written to you twice, once and very fully in Latin, last March, and again in July, in a great hurry in French. These letters contained a detailed account of my occupations and views, of the profession which I had adopted, and of the splendid objects to which I ambitiously looked forward. You have, I trust, received my four books, which Mr. Whitchurch, Chaplain to our Ambassador, at my request, promised to deliver to you at Vienna. I recommend him to your particular attention, as a young man of an excellent disposition, and very fond of literature. This will be presented to you by Mr. Drummond, a man of letters, who proceeds to Vienna for the purpose of studying physic. You know that the medical profession is held in the highest estimation with us, and, as Homer says,

A wise physician high distinction claims,

your reception of them both will, I hope, do credit to my recommendation.

I beg your acceptance also of a little Philippic†, which I wrote against an obscure coxcomb, who

* Appendix, No. 21.—This letter must have been written before the receipt of the last from REVICZKI. † Works, vol. iv. p. 183.

had

had the audacity to abuse our University, not with impunity, I trust, if the edge of my discourse have any effect upon the senseless knave. "*I have* "*disquieted,*" (as Cicero says of his Commentaries) "*the French nation.*" How goes on Hafez, our mutual delight? Shall we never see your translation of his charming odes? Tell me, if you like my English version of the second ode*? it has been favourably received by my own countrymen. I should like to translate several more of his odes, but I want leisure.

I have not yet found any translator capable of doing justice to your Treatise on the Military Art of the Turks. All agree that your preface is both learned and elegant; but they urge, as you yourself remark in the introduction, that the book does not correspond with its title, *The Principles of the Science of Government.*

The original of this work in the Turkish language, with many others printed at Constantinople, including a most beautiful copy of the Odes of Mesihi, are deposited in the library of our Royal Society. I beg to be informed if all the works published by Ibrahim, which you so much commend, are to be purchased in Germany, Hungary, or the Eastern parts of Turkey; as, in that case, I should wish to procure them.

What news from Turkey? no mention of peace? Whenever the war with Russia is at an end, I propose making an open and direct application for the

* Works, vol. ii. p. 244.

office

office of Minister at Constantinople; at present, I can only privately whisper my wishes. The King is very well disposed towards me; so perhaps are the men in power; and the Turkish Company wish much to oblige me; all that I have to apprehend, is the appearance of some powerful competitor who may drive me off the stage. If I should succeed in my wishes, how shall I bound for joy! First, I shall enjoy your company at Vienna, then I shall drink deep of Asiatic literature, and I shall explore the Turkish manners in their most hidden sources. If I am disappointed, philosophy remains; the bar is open, and I shall not, I trust, want employment; for the harvest of litigation is always abundant. I shall apply to the study of eloquence, to poetry, history, and philosophy, each of which, if properly cultivated, would occupy a complete life of

"Such men as live in these degenerate days."

I could say much more, but I yield to the imperious summons (not of Proserpine I hope, but) of the goddess, if there be one, who presides over our tribunals. You may expect longer letters in future from me: and in the mean time I hope to hear very fully from you.—Farewell, my dear friend.

Mr. JONES to Mr. HAWKINS.

Westminster, Jan. 16, 1772.

As I have a frank directed to you, I take the liberty to inclose a letter for my mother, which I beg you will be so kind as to send to her.

I have

I have nothing at present to say on the subject of my publication, except that you will be so good as to send me the sheets of the Essays, under cover, to Mr. Brudenell, lest there should be any thing that may be altered. I entreat you also to criticise my prose, as you have done my verse, and to reprimand me severely, where you find it stiff, forced, or obscure. I forgot to mention another respectable scholar, who saw and approved my poems, I mean the present Bishop of St. Asaph, whose learning, to say a great deal, is as extensive as his virtues are amiable. Dr. Warton, of Winchester, is another excellent critic, through whose hands my trifles shall pass before they see the light. I have dined with him at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, where he paid me a compliment before the whole company, which I cannot write without blushing: he said, my Greek poems which he had seen in manuscript, were worthy of ancient Greece. I dare say this learned and ingenious man, will suffer me to send him a copy of the poems at Winchester; and that he will make his remarks very sincerely. When I have collected the criticisms of these gentlemen, I will compare them, and add my corrections at the end, under the title of emendations, as Pope has inserted his alterations in the text of his poems, and set down the variations, or first readings, in the margin. I think it will be better (as we must not lose the season for publication) to send the copies to my friends, as soon as

the trifle on Chess is printed, and to shew them the prose afterwards.

My Turkish History will go to the press on Monday. Lord Radnor has given me leave, in the most flattering terms, to inscribe it to him.

I have a notion I shall be a great talker when I am at the bar; for I cannot take up my pen without filling three sides of paper, though I have nothing to say when I sit down. I am, &c.

*Mr. JONES to ROBERT ORME, Esq.

April 1772.

It is impossible for me to describe the delight and admiration I have felt, from the perusal of your History of the War in India. The plans, circumstances, and events of it, are so clearly described by you, that I felt an interest in them rather as an actor than a reader. I was particularly pleased with your delineation of the lives and characters of those who had distinguished themselves by their actions or wisdom; nor was I less delighted with the elegance of your topographical descriptions; that of the Ganges particularly pleased me; it is absolutely a picture. I have remarked, that the more polished historians of all ages, as well as the poets, have been fond of displaying their talents in describing rivers. Thus Thucydides describes the Achelöus, and Xenophon the Teleboas, and both admirably, though in a different manner; the latter with his usual brevity

* Appendix, No. 22.

and

and elegance, the former with a degree of roughness and magnificence not uncommon to him. With respect to your style, if elegance consist in the choice and collocation of words, you have a most indubitable title to it: for you have on all occasions selected the most appropriate expressions, and have given to them the most beautiful arrangement; and this is almost the greatest praise, which a composition can claim.

The publication of the second part of your History, which has been so long and earnestly looked for, will be highly acceptable to those whose opinions you respect; and I need not say that it will add to your reputation. Indeed it is not just, that the Coromandel coast only should receive the ornament of your pen, to the neglect of Bengal, which an Indian monarch pronounced *the delight of the world.*

* * * * * *

If the reader should complain that the correspondence presented to him, is not always important or interesting, I can only plead in excuse, my inability to make any selection that would obviate this remark, without being liable to the weightier objection of exhibiting an imperfect picture of the character of Mr. Jones. To me, it is pleasing to trace him in his closet, unfold his meditations, develop his projects, and follow him in his familiar intercourse with his friends; and whilst my admiration is excited by the ardour of his mind, embracing in idea excellence unattain-

able even by him, and conceiving works impracticable from their extent, I participate with equal pleasure in his relaxations and amusements.

The plan of the Epic Poem which he mentions in his letters to his Polish friend, was sketched during his residence at Spa, in July 1770. The original manuscript has been preserved; and I am enabled to communicate it to the public*. The subject of the poem was the supposed discovery of our island by Tyrian adventurers, and he proposed to exhibit under the character of the prince of Tyre, that of a perfect king of this country; a character which he pronounces the most glorious and beneficial of any that the warmest imagination can form. It represents (to quote his own words) the dangers to which a King of England is necessarily exposed, the vices which he must avoid, and the virtues, and great qualities, with which he must be adorned. On the whole, "Britain discovered" is intended as a poetical panegyric on our excellent Constitution, and as a pledge of the author's attachment to it; as a national epic poem, like those of Homer, Virgil, Tasso, and Camoëns, designed to celebrate the honours of his country, to display in a striking light the most important principles of politics and morality, and to inculcate these grand maxims, that nothing can shake our state, while the true liberty of the subject remains united with the dignity of the sovereign; and that in all states, virtue is the only sure basis of private and public happiness.

* Appendix, A.

He

He reserved the completion of the poem to a period of leisure and independence which never arrived; and although after an interval of some years, he resumed the idea of composing an Epic Poem on the same subject, but with considerable alterations, he never extended the execution of it beyond a few lines.

Whether the Turkish History, which Mr. Jones mentions as ready for the press, was ever finished, I am not informed; part of the original manuscript still remains; the introduction* to it was printed, but not published, and will form a number in the Appendix.

The anticipation of future prospects suggested by the fervour of youthful imagination, is too common to all, but particularly to men of genius, to excite much surprise; and of them it has been generally and justly remarked, that what has been performed by them, bears little proportion to what was projected. In their progress through life, impediments occur to the execution of their plans, which the mind at first eagerly overlooks; whilst time, imperceptibly advancing, deprives them of the power and even of the inclination to complete what has been designed with so much ardour. They find what experience daily proves, that the duties of life can only be properly performed, when they are the primary objects of our regard and attention.

The little discourse, to which Mr. Jones hu-

* Appendix, B.

mourously

mourously alludes in his letter to Reviczki, was a letter in French, addressed to Monsieur Anquetil du Perron, and printed in 1771. The Frenchman had published, in three quarto volumes, an account of his travels in India, the life of Zoröaster, and some supposed works of that philosopher. To this publication he prefixed a discourse, in which he treated the University of Oxford, and some of its learned members and friends of Mr. Jones, with ridicule and disrespect. From the perusal of his works, Mr. Jones was little disposed to agree with Monsieur du Perron, in the boasted importance of his communications; he was disgusted with his vanity and petulance, and particularly offended by his illiberal attack upon the University, which he respected, and upon the persons whom he esteemed and admired. The letter which he addressed to M. du Perron was anonymous; it was written with great force, and expresses his indignation and contempt with a degree of asperity, which the judgement of maturer years would have disapproved. Professor Biorn Sthal, a Swedish Orientalist, says of it, that he had known many Frenchmen so far mistaken in the writer, as to ascribe it to some *bel esprit* of Paris. Such in their opinion was the brilliancy and correctness of its style. Dr. Hunt, the Laudian Professor of Arabic, at Oxford, who had been contemptuously mentioned by Du Perron, addressed the two following letters to Mr. Jones on this occasion:

DEAR

DEAR SIR, *Ch. Church, Oct. 25, 1771.*

I have now found the translation of all the remains of Zoröaster, mentioned in your last; and think, upon an attentive perusal of it, that the account which Dr. Fraser has given of it is true.

I never told Perron that I understood the ancient Persic language; and I am authorized by Mr. Swinton, who was present all the time Perron was with me, to say, that he never heard me tell him so. I might perhaps say, that I knew the old Persic *character*, as given by Dr. Hyde; but to a further knowledge of the language I never pretended, nor could I tell him that I did. But for a proof of the veracity of this fellow, I beg leave to refer you to page 461 of his preliminary discourse, where he says, that he made me a present of a fine *Sanskirrit* (or, as he calls it, Sanskrotan) alphabet, and that he promised Dr. Barton and Mr. Swinton, to send them alphabets of the several Asiatic languages; whereas he neither made me the present, nor performed the promise to them. Mr. Swinton says, he can furnish us with other instances of this Frenchman's veracity, which he has promised to do in a few days. In the mean time,

I am, &c. THOMAS HUNT.

DEAR SIR, *Ch. Church, Nov. 28, 1771.*

I received the welcome present of your excellent pamphlet against Perron* in due time, and yesterday I was favoured with your kind

* Works, vol. iv. p. 583.

letter; for both which I return you my hearty thanks. I should have thanked you for your pamphlet sooner, but have been out of town. I have read it over and over again, and think the whole nation, as well as the University and its members, are much obliged to you for this able and spirited defence. I acknowledge myself to be so in a particular manner, and so does Mr. Swinton, who desires his compliments and thanks. But there is one thing which Mr. Swinton seems to doubt of, which is, whether there has been such a general destruction of the writings of the ancient Persians as you imagine there has been. For my own part, till some better proof can be given of the authenticity of those books, which have been produced as the genuine compositions of that ancient people, than what I have yet seen given, I am inclined to be of your opinion. At least, this I am sure of, that if the books, which Alexander, Omar, &c. destroyed, were no better than those which have been published, the world has had no great loss; witness the insufferable jargon which you have given from their writings in the 38th and 41st, &c. pages of your letter; to which, as this bulky performance of Perron* will be but in few hands, it may not perhaps

* Mons. Anquetil du Perron made a voyage to India, in 1755, for the purpose of acquiring the ancient language of Persia, and that of the Bramins. His ardour for this undertaking was so great, that he engaged himself to the French East-India Company as a private soldier, as affording the speediest means of accomplishing the voyage, but some friends procured his discharge, and a small pension for him

haps be amiss to add some others. But, as Mr. Swinton has suggested, that he has some doubts about the fate of the writings of the old Persians, I think you would do well to consult him, before you publish your English translation.

I am glad you intend to oblige the world with an English translation of your letter; and if, among the anecdotes which Mr. Swinton sent you, you will be so good as to insert that, wherein he says, that he was present all the time that Perron

from the Crown of France. He arrived at Pondicherry, in 1755, and, after travelling over various parts of India, by the assistance of the Government of Bombay, he was enabled to return to Europe in an English vessel, and landed at Portsmouth in November 1761. He brought with him many Oriental manuscripts, which he afterwards carried to France, and in 1771 published three quarto volumes, containing an account of his travels, and the information which he had obtained in the course of them, under the general title of *Zind-Avesta*, Ouvrage de Zoröaster.

In a discourse addressed to the Asiatic Society at Calcutta, in 1789, Sir William Jones speaks of him, as "having had the merit of undertaking a voyage to India in his earliest youth, with no other view than "to recover the writings of Zeratusht (Zoröaster), and who would have "acquired a brilliant reputation in France, if he had not sullied it by "his immoderate vanity and virulence of temper, which alienated the "good-will even of his own countrymen." In the same discourse, he affirms, that M. Anquetil most certainly had no knowledge of Sanscrit.

In 1798, M. Anquetil published a work, intitled, "L'Inde en rapport "avec l'Europe," which is more remarkable for the virulence of its invectives against the English, and for its numerous misrepresentations, than for the information which it contains, or the soundness of the reflections which it conveys. In the summary of its contents, stated in the title-page, he professes to give a detailed, accurate, and terrific picture of the English Machiavelism in India; and he addresses his work in a ranting bombast dedication to the names of Dupleix and Labourdonnais. It does not appear that the temper of M. A. has been meliorated, although he had then nearly attained his 70th year.

was with me, but does not remember that I ever told him that I understood the ancient Persian language, I shall be much obliged to you. I am sure I never pretended, nor could pretend, to any further knowledge of it, than that of the alphabet, as given by Dr. Hyde.

I am, &c. THOMAS HUNT.

The small volume of poems*, consisting chiefly of translations from the Asiatic language, with two prose dissertations annexed, was published in 1772. We may be allowed to smile at the solicitude, which Mr. Jones expresses in his correspondence on the subject of this publication, to avoid the imputation of devoting that time to the Muses, which belonged to his professional studies, whilst we participate with pleasure the effects of his devotion to the objects of his admiration: but his anxiety for his literary reputation, in deferring the publication of his poems until they had received all the improvements which care and attention, assisted by the criticisms of his friends, could bestow, is highly praise-worthy.

On the 30th of April, 1772, Mr. Jones was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and admitted on May the 14th of the same year. He does not appear to have communicated any paper for the Philosophical Transactions.

From the first entrance of Mr. Jones into the University, until Michaelmas 1768, when he took the degree of A. B., he had kept the terms regular-

* Works, vol. iv. p. 399.

ly;

ly; from that period to 1773, only occasionally. In the Easter term of that year, during the Encœnia, he took his master's degree. It was on this occasion, that he composed an oration with an intention, which he did not execute, of speaking it in the Theatre. The speech was published ten years after, and exhibits a striking memorial of independent principles, and well-cultivated abilities:—to vindicate learning from the malevolent aspersion of being destructive of manly spirit, unfavourable to freedom, and introductive to slavish obsequiousness; to support the honour and independence of learned men, to display the transcendant advantages of the University of Oxford,—were the topics, which he had proposed to discuss, but on which the limits prescribed to his oration, forbad him to expatiate.

The animation of his language shews, that these topics were ever near his heart; an ardent love of liberty, an enthusiastic veneration for the University, a warm and discriminate eulogium on learned men, who devoted their talents and labours to the cause of religion, science, and freedom, characterize his discourse; of which, part has been lately quoted with applause by Dr. Parr*.

The kindness of a contemporary student has communicated an anecdote in proof of his particular aversion to the logic of the schools, that, in an oration which he pronounced in University Hall, he declaimed violently against Burgersdicius, Cra-

* Notes to Spital Sermon, p. 136.

canthorpius

canthorpius, and the whole body of logicians in the College of Queen Philippa, his opposite neighbour. Of his uncommon industry, many proofs might be enumerated, and among others the copying of several Arabic manuscripts, of which one was the entertaining romance of *Bedreddin Hassan*, or, *Aladdin's Lamp*, from a most elegant specimen of Arabian calligraphy.

Nor was he less remarked for an affectionate attention to his mother and sister, who resided at Oxford; such portion of his time as he could spare from his studies was given to their society, and during his occasional absence from the University, he was regular in his correspondence with his mother.

We may conceive and participate the delight of a fond parent, contemplating the increasing reputation of her son; she now found her maternal care and anxiety repaid in a degree equal to her most sanguine expectations, and her affection rewarded by a full measure of filial duty and gratitude. The progress of the virtues is not always in proportion to literary improvement; and learning, which ought to meliorate the affections, and strengthen the principles of duty, has been known to distort the mind by pride, and engender arrogance. In Mr. Jones, we have the pleasure to see every moral principle promoted and invigorated by his literary attainments.

In the commencement of 1774, he published his Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry. This work was received with admiration and applause by the Oriental

Oriental scholars of Europe in general, as well as by the learned of his own country. It was perhaps the first publication on Eastern literature, which had an equal claim to elegance and erudition. This work was begun by Mr. Jones in 1766, and finished in 1769, when he was in his twenty-third year: but with the same solicitude which he had exhibited on other occasions, to lay his compositions before the public in the greatest possible perfection, he had repeatedly submitted the manuscript to the examination and critical remarks of his learned friends. Their approbation of it was liberal and general: but the opinion of Dr. Parr on any subject of literature is decisive, and I select from a letter which he wrote to Mr. Jones in 1769, some passages, in which he expresses his admiration of the work.

"I have read your book De Poësi Asiaticâ with "all the attention that is due to a work so studi- "ously designed, and so happily executed. The "observations are just and curious, and equally "free from indiscriminate approbation, licentious "censure, and excessive refinement. Through the "hurry of the first composition, the same expres- "sion frequently occurs, and sentences begin in "the same manner, and now and then two words "are improperly combined.

"These inaccuracies are very rare, and very "trifling. On the whole, there is a purity, an "ease, an elegance in the style, which shew an "accurate and most perfect knowledge of the

"Latin

" Latin tongue. Your Latin translations in verse " gave me great satisfaction. I am uncommonly " charmed with the idyllium, called Chrysis. " The flow of the verses, the poetic style of the " words, and the elegant turn of the whole poem, " are admirable.

" On the whole, I have received infinite enter- " tainment from this curious and learned perform- " ance, and I look forward with pleasure, to the " great honour such a publication will do our " country."

It will readily be supposed, that, in the interval between the date of the letter and the publication of the Commentaries, Mr. Jones had not neglected to make the corrections suggested by the criticisms of his learned correspondent; and that such further emendations were adopted, as the growing maturity of his own judgment pointed out.

In the preface to the Commentaries, Mr. Jones mentions and laments the death of Dr. Sumner, in terms which strongly mark his affection for the memory of his respected friend and instructor, who died in September 1771 :—

" There never was a man more worthy of being " remembered, for his talents, integrity, admirable " disposition, amiable manners, and exquisite " learning; in the art of instructing, I never knew " any master equal to him; and his cheerfulness " and sweetness were such, that it is difficult to say, " whether he was most agreeable to his friends or " his pupils. In Greek and Latin literature he

" was

" was deeply versed: and although, like Socrates, he " wrote little himself, no one had more acuteness " or precision in correcting the faults, or in point- " ing out the beauties of others; so that if fortune " or the course of events, instead of confining his " talents to a school, had placed him at the bar, " or in the senate, he would have contested the " prize of eloquence with the ablest orators of " his own country, where only this art is success- " fully cultivated. For if he did not possess all the " qualities of an orator in perfection, he had each " of them in a great degree. His voice was clear " and distinct, his style polished, his expression " fluent, his wit playful, and his memory tena- " cious; his eyes, his countenance, his action, in " short, were rather those of a Demosthenes than " of an ordinary speaker; in short, we may say of " him what Cicero said of Roscius, that whilst he " seemed the only master qualified for the educa- " tion of youth, he seemed at the same time, the " only orator capable of discharging the most im- " portant functions of the state."

Those who had the good fortune to receive their tuition under Dr. Sumner, will not think this eulogium exaggerated, and must read with pleasure a testimony, which their own recollection confirms*.

The

*The following epitaph, said to be composed by Dr. Parr, is inscribed on the monument of Dr. Sumner, at Harrow on the Hill:

H. S. E.
ROBERTUS SUMNER, S. T. P.
Coll. Regal. apud. Cantab, olim socius;
Scholæ Harroviensis, haud ita pridem,

Archi-

The dedication of his Commentaries to the University of Oxford, which he pronounced "would be the most illustrious of all universities, "as long as she remained the most free," was a pleasing proof of his gratitude to his *alma mater;* and he concludes the preface with some animated thoughts, which I shall endeavour to convey,

---

Archididascalus.
Fuit huic præstantissimo viro
Ingenium naturâ peracre, optimarum
disciplinis artium sedulò excultum,
Usu diuturno confirmatum, et quodam
modo subactum:
Nemo enim
Aut in reconditis sapientiæ studiis illo
subtilior extitit,
Aut humanioribus literis limatior.
Egregiis cum dotibus naturæ, tum
doctrinæ præditus.
Insuper accedebant
In sententiis, vera ac perfecta eloquentia;
In sermone, facetiarum lepos, planè
Atticus,
Et gravitate insuper aspersa urbanitas;
In moribus, singularis quædam
integritas et fides;
Vitæ denique ratio constans sibi, et ad
virtutis normam diligentèr
severèque exacta,
Omnibus qui vel amico essent eo,
vel magistro usi,
Doctrinæ, ingenii, virtutis justum
reliquit desiderium,
Subitâ, eheu! atque immaturâ morte
correptus,
Prid. Id. Septemb.
Anno Domini M,DCC,LXXI.
Ætat. suæ 41.

with

with the full consciousness, at the same time, of the imperfection of my attempt.

" Whether this work will please the French, or " their admirers, is to me of little concern, provided " it prove acceptable to my country, and to that " renowned University, in which I received my " education; with a view to the honour of both, " these Commentaries were undertaken and com- " pleted; nor is there any wish so near to my heart, " as that all my labours, past or future, may be " useful and agreeable to them. I lament, indeed, " the necessity which compels me to renounce the " pursuit of polite literature: but why do I say, " lament? let me rather rejoice, that I am now " entering upon a career, which will supply ampler " and better opportunities of relieving the oppres- " sed, of assisting the miserable, and of checking " the despotic and tyrannical.

" If I am asked, who is the *greatest man?* I " answer the *best;* and if I am required to say, " who is the best? I reply, he that has deserved " most of his fellow-creatures. Whether we de- " serve better of mankind by the cultivation of " letters, by obscure and inglorious attainments, " by intellectual pursuits calculated rather to " amuse than inform, than by strenuous exertions " in speaking and acting, let those consider who " bury themselves in studies unproductive of any " benefit to their country, or fellow-citizens. I " think not. I have been long enough engaged " in preparatory exercises, and I am now called

"to the field. What my fortune may be I know "not; this, however, I know, that the most "anxious object of my heart is, after having run "my career, to retire, in advanced life, to the "ever-beloved retreat of the University; not with "a view to indulge myself in indolence, which "my disposition abhors, but to enjoy a dignified "leisure in the uninterrupted cultivation of letters, "which the profession I am preparing to embrace, "no longer suffers me to pursue."

At the conclusion of the Commentaries, we find an elegant address to the Muse, in which Mr. Jones expresses his determination to renounce polite literature, and devote himself entirely to the study of the Law. He was called to the Bar, in January 1774, and had discovered, as he writes to an intimate friend, that the law was a jealous science, and would admit no partnership with the Eastern muses. To this determination he appears to have inflexibly adhered for some years, notwithstanding the friendly remonstrances and flattering invitations of his learned correspondents. He had about this time an intention of publishing the mathematical works of his father, and with this view circulated proposals; but, for what reason I know not, he abandoned it.

I now revert to his correspondence, of which I repeat my regret that so little remains.

Dr.

Dr. HUNT to Mr. JONES.

DEAR SIR, *Ch. Church, March 2, 1774.*

I return you my hearty thanks for your most acceptable present of your excellent book on the Asiatic poetry. I should have made you my acknowledgements for this great favour before, but I have been so entirely engaged in reading the book, (which I have done from the beginning to the end,) that I have not had time to think of its worthy author any otherwise, than by tacitly admiring, as I went along, his exquisitely fine parts, and wonderful learning. Indeed, so engaging is the beautiful style of this admirable performance, and so striking the observations it contains, that it is next to impossible for a person, who has any taste for this branch of literature, when he has once taken it into his hand, to lay it aside again without giving it a thorough perusal. I find you have enriched this work with a great variety of curious quotations, and judicious criticisms, as well as with the addition of several valuable new pieces, since you favoured me with the sight of it before, and the pleasure which I have now had in reading it has been in proportion. I hope this new key to the Asiatic poetry, with which you have obliged the world, will not be suffered to rust for want of use; but that it will prove, what you intended it to be, an happy instrument in the hands of learned and inquisitive men, for unlocking the rich treasures of wisdom and knowledge which have been preserved in the Hebrew, Arabic, Persic, and the other Ori-

ental languages, and especially the Hebrew, that venerable channel, through which the sacred compositions of the divinely inspired poets have been conveyed down to us.

I hope this will find you well;

and am, &c. THOMAS HUNT.

P. S. I have seen your proposals for printing the mathematical works of my worthy friend, your late father, and beg to be of the number of your subscribers.

*Mr. JONES to F. P. BAYER.

March 1774.

I have received a most elegant copy of your Treatise on the Phœnician Language and Colonies, and I am at a loss to decide whether it is most learned or entertaining. Although I fear, like Diomede, that I shall give you brass in exchange for your gold; yet I send you as a proof of my gratitude and esteem, my Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry; and it will afford me great satisfaction to learn that they please you.—Farewell.

†Mr. JONES to H. A. SCHULTENS.

July 1774.

This letter will be presented to you by Mr. Campbell, a young gentleman of great modesty and worth, and I recommend him to your particular attention. He intends going to India as a merchant, but previous to his embarkation,

* Appendix, No. 23. † Appendix, No. 24.

wishes

wishes to give some time to the study of foreign languages, European and Asiatic, and particularly the Persian. Any assistance which you may afford him in his studies, or other little affairs, I shall esteem a favour done to myself, and he will consider it a great obligation.

How goes on our Hariri? Will it ever be published with your elucidations? My time is employed in the courts; and whatever leisure I can command, is exclusively devoted to the study of law and history. I hope you have received my Commentaries which I sent you.—Farewell.

*H. A. SCHULTENS to Mr. JONES,

The phœnix of his time, and the ornament of the age—Health!

Amsterdam, Sept. 1774.

When I reflect, my dear Jones, upon the fortunate period, which I passed in your happy island, I feel the most exquisite delight at the recollection of the pleasure and improvement, which I derived from your society; at the same time my anxiety for your company excites the most lively regret at our separation. If I cannot altogether conquer it, I can at least alleviate it by corresponding with you.

Nothing but a variety of unusual occupations could have delayed my writing to you so long after my return to Amsterdam; I was moreover apprehensive of interrupting your studies by my intrusion. The receipt of the obliging present of your Commentaries, has removed all my fear on this

this account, and affords me a most agreeable proof of your remembrance. Accept my sincerest thanks for your finished and most elegant work, which I have eagerly read again and again with admiration and astonishment.

As sincere a lover as yourself of the Muses, how much I regret their unhappy lot, that whilst they have so few admirers, one of their most distinguished votaries should be seduced from their service by the discordant broils of the Bar! Do they not then possess such charms and graces as to merit a preference to others, who have no portion but wealth and honour? Is not their beauty so attractive, their dress so elegant and enchanting, as to fascinate their admirers to a degree, which makes them despise all others, and feel no delight but in their society? Forgive, my dear Jones, this friendly expostulation.

Two or three copies only of your work have reached us; I beg you will not suffer the inattention of booksellers to deprive us of a larger supply. You will receive shortly a little inaugural discourse which I pronounced here, *On extending the limits of Oriental literature.* It was done too much in haste to be as perfect as it ought to have been, and as I could have made it with more leisure. The office which I hold here is most agreeable to me, but is attended with this inconvenience, that the duties of it allow me no time for the pursuit of other studies; and the attention which I am forced to bestow on grammatical institutions, on

explanatory

explanatory lectures on the Old Testament, and in disquisitions on the Jewish antiquities, precludes the perusal of Arabic, and still more of Persian authors. But I submit the more cheerfully to this restraint, as the assiduity of my present exertions will produce more leisure in future; and when I have once committed to paper the mass of lectures which I have annually to repeat, I shall then be at full liberty to employ myself as I please. I have absolutely determined to publish Meidani, but it will require the labour of ten years: you well know, that without a competent knowledge, not only of the language of the East, but of Oriental history, ceremonies, and manners, it would be madness to attempt it. Whether my labours will ever have the assistance of a midwife, time must shew. Professor Scheidius is employed in publishing Giewhari: the expense of the undertaking far exceeds his means, but he hopes to provide against this difficulty, by publishing one, or more numbers annually, according to alphabetical arrangement, by which means the sale of each may furnish the expense of the succeeding.

I have nothing further to communicate to you, but I most anxiously long to see you. If you have the ambition of your countryman, Banks, to expose yourself to the inclemency of winter by visiting me here, all my fear of the cold will be lost in the hope, that a long and intense frost may detain you. Nothing however can give me more pleasure, either in winter or summer, than to have

you

you for my guest. My wife, whom I married about five months since, is equally anxious to see a man, of whom she hears her husband perpetually talking; she, as well as my father, who received inexpressible delight in the perusal of your Commentaries, desires to be remembered to you; he entertains the highest respect and esteem for you. Let me know how you are, and whether your mother and sister are well. Do me the favour also to inform them, that I shall ever remember with gratitude the obligations which I owe to their great politeness and attention to me. Consider me ever as the humble servant of yourself and friends.—Farewell, and love me ever.

P. S. I almost forgot to mention our Damascene prince; his name, I think, is Joseph Abas. I regret that during his residence at this place, he only called upon me two days before his departure for Brussels. I was highly delighted with his liberal, manly, and truly Arabian spirit; neither did he appear deficient in polite literature, but of this you are a better judge than I am. For my own part, I must ever retain a regard for a man, whose conversation so entertained and interested me, under the attack of a fever, that it absolutely prevented the return of it.

*Mr. JONES to H. A. SCHULTENS.

October 1774.

I have had the pleasure to receive your letter dated in September, which did not how-

*Appendix, No. 26.

ever

ever reach me, till after my return to London, from a summer excursion to the Kentish coast.

I am highly gratified by your father's and your approbation of my Commentaries, and I acknowledge the kindness of your friendly and polite expostulation in telling me that you cannot bear to see me desert the cause of literature. But, my friend, the die is cast, and I have no longer a choice; all my books and manuscripts, with an exception of those only which relate to law and oratory, are locked up at Oxford, and I have determined, for the next twenty years at least, to renounce all studies but those which are connected with my profession. It is needless to trouble you with my reasons at length for this determination; I will only say, that if I had lived at Rome or Athens, I should have preferred the labours, studies, and dangers of their orators and illustrious citizens, connected as they were with banishment and even death, to the groves of the poets, or the gardens of the philosophers. Here I adopt the same resolution. The Constitution of England is in no respect inferior to that of Rome or Athens; this is my fixed opinion, which I formed in my earliest years, and shall ever retain. Although I sincerely acknowledge the charms of polite literature, I must at the same time adopt the sentiment of Neoptolemus in the tragedy, that we can philosophize with a few only; and no less the axiom of Hippocrates, that life is short, art long, and time swift. But I will also maintain the excellence

lence and the delight of other studies. What! shall we deny that there is pleasure in mathematics, when we recollect Archimedes, the prince of geometricians, who was so intensely absorbed in the demonstration of a problem, that he did not discover Syracuse was taken? Can we conceive any study more important, than the single one of the laws of our own country? Let me recall to your recollection the observations of L. Crassus and Q. Scævola on this subject, in the treatise of Cicero de Oratore. What! do you imagine the goddess of eloquence to possess less attractions than Thalia or Polyhymnia, or have you forgotten the epithets which Ennius bestows on Cethegus, the quintessence of eloquence, and the flower of the people? Is there a man existing, who would not rather resemble Cicero, (whom I wish absolutely to make my model, both in the course of his life and studies,) than be like Varro, however learned, or Lucretius, however ingenious as a poet? If the study of the law were really unpleasant and disgusting, which is far from the truth, the example of the wisest of the antients, and of Minerva herself, the goddess of wisdom and protectress of Athens, would justify me in preferring the fruitful and useful olive to the barren laurel.

To tell you my mind freely, I am not of a disposition to bear the arrogance of men of rank, to which poets and men of letters are so often obliged to submit. Accept this friendly reply to your friendly expostulation, and believe my assurances,

that

that I entertain the highest value for your esteem, of which I have received so many proofs. I most anxiously expect your dissertation. May the Almighty prosper your labours, and particularly your laborious task of Meidani! May the most learned Scheidius persevere with resolution in completing the gigantic work which he meditates! I admire his most laudable industry; but after the fate of Meninski, (I do not speak of his works, but of his fortunes) no prudent man (for he that is not wise to himself, is wise to no end) will venture to expose his vessel to the perils of shipwreck in so uncertain a sea. The work is worthy of a king, but the expence of it will require the revenue of a king.

My mother and sister cordially unite with me in congratulations on your marriage, and I beg you to make my compliments to your amiable consort, and most respectable father. I thank you for your invitation to Amsterdam, and assure you that I should be most happy to avail myself of it. In your society, I should prefer a winter in Holland to the gardens of the Hesperides, nor indulge a wish for the vales of Tempè, but my legal occupations make the summer more convenient for travelling. I promise you therefore to pass some time with you in the July, or August, of the next or following year.

I rejoice to find you pleased with Joseph the Syrian, and equally so that he means to travel through Germany. His history is somewhat long. If I had not exerted myself in my application to

some

some men of rank in London, who have access to the King, he must have passed a life of misery here, or have died most wretchedly.

The bookseller keeps for you the books which you desired to purchase. You cannot as yet have received a short letter which I wrote to you in July, and sent by a young gentleman of the name of Campbell. The son of the king of Spain, Prince Gabriel, did me the honour to send me a most splendid copy of his Sallust, for which I returned my grateful acknowledgements.

You have doubtless heard of the travels of Mr. Bruce, a native of Scotland, into Syria, Arabia, Abyssinia, Nubia, and Egypt. He is as well acquainted with the coast of the Red Sea, and the sources of the Nile, as with his own house. He has brought with him some Æthiopic manuscripts, and amongst them the Prophecies of Enoch, an ancient book, but to be ranked only with the Sibylline oracles.

Whilst I was writing this letter, a person called upon me with a manuscript, which he had received at Venice from Mr. Montague, a man of family. I immediately perceived it to be a most beautiful and correct copy of Motanabbi, with a letter addressed to myself in Arabic verse, from some person named Abdurrahman, whom Mr. Montague had probably seen in Asia. I owe great obligations to the politeness of the learned Arab, but I by no means think myself worthy of his exaggerated encomiums;—but you know the pompous style

style of the Orientals. Do not suppose that I have any present intention of reading the poems of Montanabbi; that must be reserved for Oxford; when I have leisure to attend to this, and my other treasures of the same kind. Believe my assurance, that I entertain the highest esteem for you, and that nothing will give me greater pleasure than to hear from you frequently and at length. Take care of your health, and continue your regard for me.

Mr. HOWARD to Mr. JONES.

SIR, *Paris, September* 13, 1774.

As my stay here may be considerably longer than I at first proposed, it is a duty incumbent on me to acquit myself of a charge committed to my care in the month of June last by Mr. Montague, at Venice, by transmitting to you the manuscript which accompanies this letter. I should indeed have sent it to you much sooner, but the hopes I had of an earlier return to England, was the cause of my postponing it, that I might myself have had the pleasure of delivering it, which I flattered myself might have served as an introduction to the honour of your acquaintance, a happiness which, without compliment, I have long been very ambitious of. But as my affairs are likely to detain me some time longer in this city, I cannot with any propriety prefer my own interest to a more material one; nor ought I longer to injure the public, by depriving them of the

the pleasure and advantage they may reap from this manuscript's coming to your hands. Mr. Montague loaded me with compliments to you, meant as real testimonies of the esteem he has for you, which I am very unfortunate in not having the pleasure of delivering.

I have the honour to be, &c.

MID. HOWARD.

Mr. JONES to Mr. HOWARD.

SIR, *Oct.* 4, 1774.

I cannot express how much I am flattered by the kind attention, with which you honour me. I have just received your most obliging letter, with a fine Arabic manuscript, containing the works of a celebrated poet, with whom I have been long acquainted; this testimony of Mr. Montague's regard is extremely pleasing to me, and I have a most grateful sense of his kindness. I am conscious how little I have deserved the many honours I have lately received from the learned in Europe and Asia; I can ascribe their politeness to nothing but their candour and benevolence. I fear they will think me still less deserving, when they know that I have *deserted,* or rather *suspended,* all literary pursuits whatever, and am wholly engaged in the study of a profession, for which I was always intended. As the Law is a jealous science, and will not have any partnership with the Eastern muses, I must absolutely renounce their acquaintance for ten or twelve years to come.

This

This manuscript, however, is highly acceptable to me, and shall be preserved among my choicest treasures, till I have leisure to give it an attentive perusal. There is a compliment to me written in Arabic verse in the first leaf of the book, and signed Abdurrahman Beg; the verses are very fine, but so full of Oriental panegyric, that I could not read them without blushing. The present seems to come from the learned Arabian; but as he has not inserted my name in his verses, and speaks of Oxford, he must have heard me mentioned by Mr. Montague, to whom therefore I am equally indebted for the present. If I knew Mr. Montague's direction, I would send him a letter of thanks for his indulgence to me, and would also return my compliments in Arabic to his Asiatic friend, who seems to have sent the book. Before your return to England, I shall probably be removed to the Temple, where I shall wait impatiently for the pleasure of seeing you.

I am, &c. WILLIAM JONES.

Mr. WADDILOVE to Mr. JONES.

SIR, *St. Ildefonso, Aug.* 1, 1774.

Upon my arrival at Madrid, I delivered your present of your Asiatic Commentaries to my friend Dr. Fco Perez Bayer; he desires me to return you his compliments and thanks for your politeness to him, and begs your acceptance of a copy of the Infant Don Gabriel's Sallust, which he accordingly sent to me the night before we left Madrid.

Madrid. As we shall not be there again till next Christmas, I shall have no opportunity of forwarding it to you very soon; whenever any one offers, you may depend upon receiving it, but as this probably will not be before next spring, I hope you will not defer acknowledging the favour till then. If you should wish to see the Sallust before you write again to Mr. Bayer, you will find a copy in the Museum. If you have had any time to examine the Dissertation upon the Phœnician Language, &c., Dr. F. P. Bayer will be glad of any remarks upon it, as a new edition of it in Latin will soon be printed. He has a curious collection of Samaritan coins, and is now employed upon that subject; and if he could be prevailed upon to publish more of his enquiries into the antiquities of this and other countries, the learned world would be much indebted to him. Casiri is engaged at present in deciphering Moorish inscriptions, which have been found in different parts of Spain. Some are already engraved, but not yet published. He reduces first the characters to the modern Arabic, and then gives a translation and comment in Latin. Your Sallust is unbound, and you have already the dissertation to add to it.

I am, &c. R. D. WADDILOVE.

*Mr. JONES to F. P. BAYER.

Oct. 4, 1774.

I can scarcely find words to express my thanks for your obliging present of a most

*Appendix, No. 27.

beautiful

beautiful and splendid copy of Sallust, with an elegant Spanish translation. You have bestowed upon me a private untitled individual, an honour which heretofore has only been conferred upon great monarchs, and illustrious universities. I really was at a loss to decide, whether I should begin my letter by congratulating you on having so excellent a translator, or by thanking you for this agreeable proof of your remembrance. I look forward to the increasing splendour, which the arts and sciences must attain in a country, where the son of the king possesses genius and erudition, capable of translating and illustrating with learned notes, the first of the Roman historians; how few youths amongst the nobility in other countries possess the requisite ability or inclination for such a task! The history of Sallust is a performance of great depth, wisdom, and dignity: to understand it well, is no small praise; to explain it properly, is still more commendable; but to translate it elegantly, excites admiration. If all this had been accomplished by a private individual, he would have merited applause; if by a youth, he would have had a claim to literary honours; but when to the title of youth, that of prince is added, we cannot too highly extol, or too loudly applaud, his distinguished merit.

Many years are elapsed since I applied myself to the study of your learned language, but I well remember to have read in it with great delight the heroic poem of Alonzo, the odes of Garcilasso, and

the humourous stories of Cervantes: but I most sincerely declare, that I never perused a more elegant or polished composition than the translation of Sallust, and I readily subscribe to the opinion of the learned author in his preface, that the Spanish language approaches very nearly to the dignity of the Latin.

May the accomplished youth continue to deserve well of his country and mankind, and establish his claim to distinction above all the princes of the age! If I may be allowed to offer my sentiments, I would advise him to study most diligently the divine works of Cicero, which no man, in my opinion, ever perused without improving in eloquence and wisdom. The epistle which he wrote to his brother Quintus, on the government of a province, deserves to be daily repeated by every sovereign in the world; his books on Offices, on Moral Ends, and the Tusculan Questions, merit a hundred perusals; and his Orations, nearly sixty in number, deserve to be translated into every European language; nor do I scruple to affirm, that his sixteen books of letters to Atticus, are superior to almost all histories, that of Sallust excepted. With respect to your own compositions, I have read with great attention, and will again read, your most agreeable book. I am informed that you propose giving a Latin translation of it, and I hope you will do it for the benefit of foreigners. I see nothing in it which requires alteration,—nothing which is not entitled to praise. I much wish that

you

you would publish more of your treatises on the antiquities of Asia and Africa. I am confident they would be most acceptable to such as study those subjects. I have only for the present to conclude by bidding you farewell in my own name, and that of the republic of letters.—Farewell.

*Mr. JONES to G. S. MICHAELIS.

November 1774.

I beg you will do me the justice to believe that I have read your books with great attention. I neither entirely admit, nor reject your opinion on the fables of the Hebrews; but until the subject be better known and explored, I am unwilling to depart from the received opinions concerning them. Your approbation of my Commentaries gives me sincere pleasure. Nothing is more true than that I have renounced the Asiatic muses and polite literature, and that for twenty years at least I have determined neither to write nor think about them. The Forum is my lot, and the law engrosses all my attention. Be assured, however, that I shall ever retain my esteem both for yourself and your works.—Farewell.

Mr. JONES to Lady SPENCER.

MADAM, *Duke-Street.*

I take the liberty to present your Ladyship with a copy of my poems, and cannot refrain from acquainting you with a plain truth, that the first of them, called Solima, would never

* Appendix, No. 28.

have been written, if I had never had the honour of knowing your Ladyship.

* * *

I am just come from Harrow, where it gave me inexpressible happiness to see Lord Althorpe perfectly well, extremely improved, and deservedly beloved by all, as much as by his real friend, and

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient and faithful servant,

WILLIAM JONES.

Lady SPENCER to Mr. JONES.

SIR, *Althorpe, Jan.* 10, 1775.

The continual hurry occasioned by having a house full of company, added to my not having been quite well, has prevented my thanking you sooner for your letter; you cannot doubt of my being much flattered, at your thinking you find any resemblance between my character and that of Solima, and still more at your telling the world you do: I shall always look upon that poem, as a model you have set up for my imitation, and shall only be sorry I do not approach nearer to it, especially after you have called upon me in so public a manner, to improve myself in the ways of virtue and benevolence. I must decline your second request of criticising, as I have neither time nor talents for such an office, nor do I think your works require it.

I am delighted with your invention of the Andrometer, and wish every body would form one for themselves; it would be of infinite use to numbers

of

of people, who, from indolence and dissipation, rather go backwards than forwards in every useful attainment. I am, Sir, with great esteem,

Your faithful friend and humble servant,

G. SPENCER.

*H. A. SCHULTENS to Mr. JONES.

Amsterdam, Jan. 6, 1775.

Although the incessant and extraordinary occupations in which I am at this time engaged, do not allow me to think even of writing to my friends, I cannot refuse a few lines to the most learned Bjornstahl, both for the purpose of introducing him to you, and to shew that I have not forgotten you. You will find our Philarabic Swede a most agreeable companion; he has not only travelled much, but is deeply versed in Oriental literature, of which he is very fond. I think I may venture to promise that the society of a person, who loves what you *still* delight in, (for I will not with you say, what you *once* delighted in) will be most acceptable to you. * * * *

†Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

London, February 1775.

Do not suppose that I have forgotten you, because I write to you so seldom; I have not met with any person to whom I could entrust my packet, and I have no inclination to risk my familiar letters by the post. I doubt if this will ever reach you, and I fear therefore to write to you on any subject

* Appendix, No. 29. † Appendix, No. 30.

with

with my usual freedom, as your last letter of January, from Warsaw, was delivered to me opened; it is probable that you will receive this in the same manner. I am so constantly occupied with law and politics, that I have no leisure for literature. I have published two books, and only want a safe opportunity to send them to you. Write to me, I beseech you, for your friendship is my greatest delight. How much I wish that you were in England, or I in Germany, that we might live together!

After all, I could not think of accepting the Turkish embassy. I will live in my own country, which cannot easily spare good subjects: it is scarcely yet free from commotion.—Oh! how I should rejoice if I could see you here in a diplomatic character: I should not then envy the monarchs of Europe or Asia.—Farewell again and again.

*C. REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

If you are fully sensible of the very great regard I entertain for you, you will then conceive how much pleasure I felt at the receipt of your highly valued letter. Incessantly occupied for a long time, I have been compelled to forego the pleasure of corresponding with you, and I the more readily acknowledge your kindness in writing to me, when I could have no expectation of hearing from you. Though I think it more prudent not to say any thing, the disclosure of which might

*Appendix, No. 31.

be

be attended with unpleasant consequences, I impute the opening of my letter which you mention, rather to accident than design. Your business as a lawyer must necessarily engage your closest attention; I cannot therefore ask you to write to me often, but thus much I wish you to know, that I shall soon have more leisure for corresponding with you, as the late close of the Diet, which lasted for two years (in my estimation a century) has almost left me at liberty.—So much for the affairs of this part of the world. Of what is doing in your country, your letter gives me no information; but I hear from other quarters, of the agitations amongst you, in consequence of the commotions in the colonies, which I consider worse than a foreign war. For my own part, I confess to you that I am tired both of my situation and my office, not so much on account of their difficulty as their unpleasantness, and all the consolation I feel arises from the hope that my present troublesome occupation will not last more than a year.

I heartily wish I were in London, and at liberty to sit seriously down to the composition of some political work on the subject of our republic; the task would be no less useful than agreeable, indeed I can conceive nothing more pleasant than such an employment.

If, contrary to my expectations, my wish should be gratified, I hope to find you there, and to enjoy as formerly your society and conversation. I am anxious to have your last publication, (the subject

of which you do not mention,) and doubt not that the perusal of it will afford me great pleasure.—Farewell, and think of me always with affection.

* * * * * *

The preceding correspondence proves the high degree of estimation in which the learning and abilities of Mr. Jones were holden by the literari of Europe; and we find that his reputation had extended into Asia. From the manner in which he mentions his renunciation of the embassy to Constantinople, it is evident that his attention was strongly fixed upon the political state of his own country.

The *Andrometer*, mentioned by Lady Spencer to have been invented by Mr. Jones, affords a striking specimen of the extent of his views, in the acquisition of intellectual excellence. It may be defined, *A scale of human attainments and enjoyment;* he assumes seventy years, as the limit of exertion or enjoyment; and with a view to progressive improvement, each year is appropriated to a particular study or occupation. The arrangement of what was to be learned, or practised, during this period, admits of a fourfold division.

The first, comprising thirty years, is assigned to the acquisition of knowledge as preparatory to active occupation.

The second, of twenty years, is dedicated principally to public and professional employment.

Of the third, which contains ten years, the first five are allotted to literary and scientific composition,

position, and the remainder to the continuation of former pursuits.

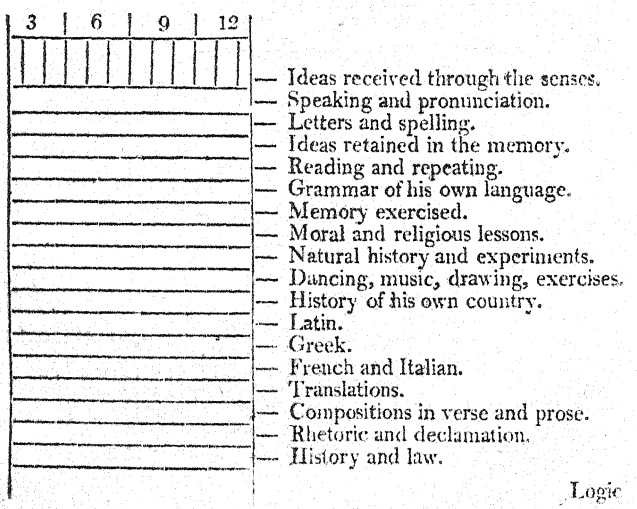
The last ten, constituting the fourth division, which begins with the sixty-first year, are devoted to the enjoyment of the fruits of his labours; and the conclusion of the whole is specified to be a *preparation for eternity.*

The Andrometer is to be considered as a mere sketch never intended for publication. In the construction of it, Mr. Jones probably had a view to those objects, the attainment of which he then meditated. We are not to conclude, that the preparation for eternity, which stands at the top of the scale, was to be deferred until the seventieth year; it is rather to be considered as the object to which he was perpetually to look, during the whole course of his life, and which was *exclusively* to engross the attention of his latter years. He was too well convinced of the precarious tenure of human existence, to allow himself to rest the momentous concern of his eternal welfare, on the fallacious expectation of a protracted life; he knew moreover too well the power of habit, to admit a supposition, that it could be effectually resisted or changed at the close of life. Neither are we to suppose, that moral and religious lessons, which constitute the occupation of the eighth year, were from that period to be discontinued, although they are not afterwards mentioned; but the meaning of Mr. Jones probably was, that they should be seriously and regularly inculcated at an age, when the intellectual

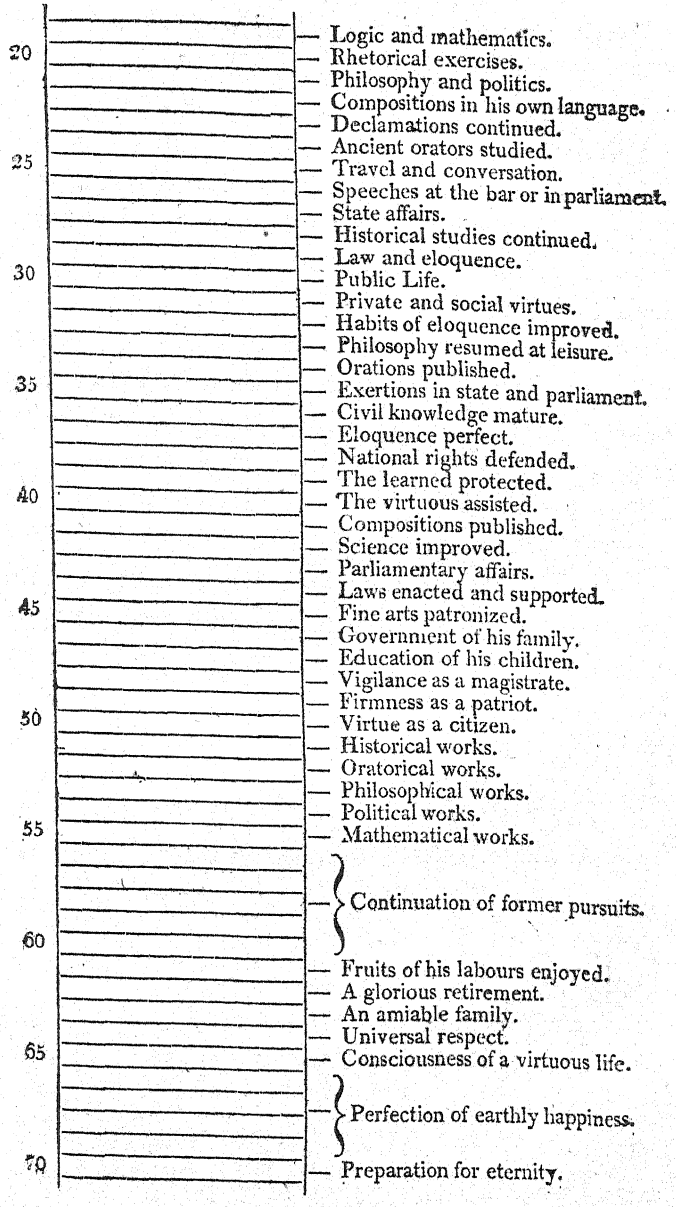
lectual faculties had acquired strength and expansion by preceding exercises. That the order of arrangement in the Andrometer, could never be strictly adhered to in the application of our time, and cultivation of our talents, (if it were intended) is evident; but to those who from their situation are enabled to avail themselves of the suggestions which it furnishes, it will supply useful hints for improvement, and serve as a standard of comparison for their progress. With respect to Mr. Jones himself, if his own acquisitions in his thirtieth year, when he constructed the Andrometer, be compared with it, they will be found to rise to a higher degree in the scale.

With these explanations, I present it to the reader; reversing, for the sake of convenience, the order of the scale.

ANDROMETER.



Logic


20
25
30
35
40
45
50
55
60
65
70
Logic and mathematics.
Rhetorical exercises.
Philosophy and politics.
Compositions in his own language.
Declamations continued.
Ancient orators studied.
Travel and conversation.
Speeches at the bar or in parliament.
State affairs.
Historical studies continued.
Law and eloquence.
Public Life.
Private and social virtues.
Habits of eloquence improved.
Philosophy resumed at leisure.
Orations published.
Exertions in state and parliament.
Civil knowledge mature.
Eloquence perfect.
National rights defended.
The learned protected.
The virtuous assisted.
Compositions published.
Science improved.
Parliamentary affairs.
Laws enacted and supported.
Fine arts patronized.
Government of his family.
Education of his children.
Vigilance as a magistrate.
Firmness as a patriot.
Virtue as a citizen.
Historical works.
Oratorical works.
Philosophical works.
Political works.
Mathematical works.
Continuation of former pursuits.
Fruits of his labours enjoyed.
A glorious retirement.
An amiable family.
Universal respect.
Consciousness of a virtuous life.
Perfection of earthly happiness.
Preparation for eternity.

I HAVE mentioned that Mr. Jones was called to the bar in 1774, but he declined practice; from this period however he seems to have been fully sensible of the necessity of devoting himself exclusively to his legal studies. The ambition of obtaining distinction in his profession could not fail to animate a mind always ardent in the pursuit of the objects which it had in view, nor was he of a temper to be satisfied with mediocrity, where perfection was attainable. His researches and studies were not confined to any one branch of jurisprudence, but embraced the whole in its fullest extent. He compared the doctrines and principles of ancient legislators with the later improvements in the science of law; he collated the various codes of the different states of Europe, and collected professional knowledge wherever it was to be found. If the reader recollects the enthusiasm displayed by Mr. Jones in the prosecution of his Oriental studies, the extent and depth of his attainments in the literature of Asia, and the high reputation which he had acquired from them, he will readily applaud his resolution and perseverance in renouncing his favourite pursuits. That he acted wisely, will be admitted; but the sacrifice of inclination to duty, affords an example of too great use and importance to pass without particular observation.

In 1775, for the first time, he attended the spring circuit and sessions at Oxford, but whether as a spectator, or actor, on that occasion, I am not informed.

formed. In the following year, he was regular in his attendance at Westminster-Hall.

The only part of his correspondence of this year which I possess, is a letter to his friend Schultens, and I insert it as a memorial of an incident in his life.

*Mr. JONES to H. A. SCHULTENS.

December 1776.

Behold me now no longer a free man; me, who ever considered perfect liberty superior to every thing! Under the impression of the most eager desire to see you, I promised to visit Amsterdam this year, but I am detained in London by various and important occupations. The fact is, that I am appointed one of the sixty commissioners of bankrupts. It is an office of great use, but little emolument; it confines me however to London during the greatest part of the year. Add to this, my necessary studies, my practice at the bar, and the duty, of giving opinions on legal cases submitted by clients. However I read the Grecian orators again and again, and have translated into English the most useful orations of Isæus. How go on Meidani and Hariri? Continue, I beseech you, your labours upon them, with due regard however to your health.

* * * * * *

Notwithstanding the increasing application of Mr. Jones to the duties and studies of his profession, and his attention to political transactions,

* Appendix, No. 32.

the

the philosophical discoveries of the times did not escape his observation. The hopes and fears of the nation were at this period anxiously engaged in the event of the unfortunate contest, which had taken place between the mother country and her colonies, and whilst the justice of the war, and the expectation of a successful conclusion of it, were maintained by one party, by another their sentiments were opposed, and their measures arraigned and condemned. But it is no part of my plan to invade the province of the historian by discussing the questions of those times. These cursory remarks are chiefly introduced as preliminary to the insertion of two letters from Mr. Jones to Lord Althorpe, with whom he continued to cultivate that friendship which had so naturally been formed between the tutor and the pupil. I add also a short letter to Schultens, in answer to one which Mr. Jones had received from him, requesting him to assist by his own contributions a new publication, then on foot in Holland, and complaining of his finances in a style calculated to console his friend for renouncing the haunts of the Muses, for the thorny but more productive field of the Law.

Mr. JONES to Lord ALTHORPE.

Temple, Nov. 13.

As I have a few minutes of leisure this evening, can I employ them better than in writing to my friend? I hasten, my dear Lord, to impart to you the pleasure I received to-day, from

from seeing a series of experiments exhibited by Mr. Walsh on the American eel, by which he clearly proved that the animal has a sensation wholly distinct from any of the five senses.—When he announced the proposition to be demonstrated, I thought it might possibly be true, but could not conceive how a new sense could be made perceptible to any sense of mine, as I imagined it would be like talking to a deaf man of harmonic sounds, or to one who had no palate, of nectarines and pine-apples; but he produced the fullest conviction in me, that his position was in a degree just. His first experiment was by fixing four wires, about two inches in the water where the fish was swimming, one in each quarter of the elliptical trough; each of these wires communicated with a large glass of water placed on a table at a little distance, though the distance signified nothing, for the experiment, had the wires been long enough, might have been conducted in another room; while the four glasses remained separate, the gymnotus (for that is his technical name) was perfectly insensible of the wires, but in the very instant when a communication was made by an instrument between any two of the glasses, he seemed to start, and swam directly to the wires which were thus joined, paying no attention to the others, till a junction was made between them also. This could not be sight, because he did not see the wires while they were insulated, though they were equally conspicuous; it could not

not be feeling (at least not like our feeling) because the water was not in the least agitated; still less could it be hearing, and least of all smell, or taste. It was therefore a distinct electrical sense of feeling, or power of conceiving any stronger conductor than the water around him, for which reason he did not perceive the wires till their junction, because they were at the extremities of the tub, and so little in the water, that they were less powerful conductors. Several other experiments were exhibited with equal success; one of them only I will mention. A triangular instrument of brass was held over the tub, and one of the legs placed gently in the water, to which the fish was wholly inattentive, though he swam close to it; but when the other leg was immersed to complete the circulation, he instantly started. It is by this faculty that the wonderful animal has notice of his prey, and of his enemies. These are pleasant amusements, and objects of a just curiosity when they fall occasionally in our way; but such experiments might have been exhibited at Paris, Madrid, or Petersburgh, where the philosophers, who are discovering new senses in other animals, are not permitted to use their own freely; and believe me, my dear Lord, it is not by electrical experiments, nor by triangular instruments, nor by conductors of wire, that we shall be able to avert the black storm which hangs over us. Let you and me, therefore, be philosophers now and then, but citizens always; let us sometimes observe with

eager-

eagerness the satellites of Jupiter, but let us incessantly watch with jealousy the satellites of the King. Do you hear any certain intelligence concerning America? Mr. Owen Cambridge has just informed me, that a New York Gazette is brought over, in which the late uncertain accounts are confirmed in their full extent, with this important addition, that three counties of Maryland have offered not only submission, but assistance to General Howe. This may, or may not be true.—Farewell.

Mr. JONES to LORD ALTHORPE.

November 22.

I rejoice, my dear friend, that you have acquired that ingenuous distrust, which Epicharmus calls *a sinew of wisdom.* It is certain that doubt impels us to enquire, and enquiry often ends in conviction. You will be able, when you come to London, to examine with the minutest *scrupulosity*, as Johnson would call it, the properties of that singular animal, who is, in the rivers of South America, what Jupiter was feigned to be among the gods, *a darter of lightning*, and should be named ἀςραπηφόρος, instead of gymnotus. He certainly has (if an academic may venture to affirm any thing) a mode of perception peculiar to himself; but whether that perception can properly be called *a new sense*, I leave you to determine: it is a modification indeed of feeling, but are not all our senses so? I desire however, that

in this and in every thing, you will form your own judgment. As to the παλιγγενεσία of our noble Constitution, which has happily presented itself to your imagination, the very idea fixes me with rapture. No, my dear Lord, never believe that any thing is impossible to virtue; no, if ten such as you conceive such sentiments as your letter contains, and express them as forcibly, if you retain these sentiments, as you certainly will, when you take your place in parliament, I will not despair of seeing the most glorious of sights, *a nation freely governed by its own laws.* This I promise, that, if such a decemvirate should ever attempt to restore our constitutional liberty by constitutional means, I would exert in their cause, such talents as I have, and, even if I were oppressed with sickness, and torn with pain, would start from my couch, and exclaim with Trebonius, "If you mean to act worthily, O Romans! I am "well." The speech, you find, was composed and delivered without my news about Maryland, it is * λόγος μάλα μοναρχικὸς και στρατιωτικὸς, and breathes a deliberate firmness. Lord Chatham spoke with a noble vigour for a veteran orator, and your bishop pronounced an elegant harangue: I wish Lord Granby had more courage as a public speaker; all men speak highly of him, but he will never be eloquent, till he is less modest. Charles Fox poured forth with amazing rapidity a continued invective against Lord G. Germaine, and

* Too despotic and military.

Burke

Burke was so pathetic, that many declare they saw him shed tears. The ministers in both houses were sullen and reserved, but Lord Sandwich boldly contradicted the Duke of Richmond on the state of the navy. I grieve that our senate is dwindled into a school of rhetoric, where men rise to display their abilities rather than to deliberate, and wish to be admired without hoping to convince. Adieu, my dear Lord; I steal these few moments from a dry legal investigation; but I could not defer the pleasure of answering a letter, which gave me inexpressible delight.

* H. A. SCHULTENS to Mr. JONES.

May 1777.

I know not how to express my delight at the receipt of your short, but very friendly and obliging letter. I take shame to myself at having so long delayed the acknowledgement of it, and you might indeed justly censure me, for an apparent forgetfulness of your kindness towards me. This would indeed be a most serious accusation, which I cannot in any degree admit; I wish I could as fairly exculpate myself from the charge of negligence. You have now, my friend, my confession, but you will pardon me in consideration of my promise to be more attentive in future. I may indeed plead occupations so incessant, that they scarcely allow me time to breathe, and have often compelled me to defer writing to you, when

* Appendix, No. 33.

I most seriously intended it; you will the more readily admit this apology, when I tell you, that for five months I have never once thought of Meidani.

I have now a little respite, and mean soon to resume my work, which has been so long interrupted; the singular kindness of the superintendants of the library at Leyden, by permitting me to take home for my use, and retain as long as I please, not only the manuscript of Meidani, but any others which I may want, will much diminish the weight of my labour. With this assistance, I shall proceed as fast as my other employments allow, to copy the manuscript, finish the indexes (which are absolutely necessary to such a work), and add whatever is wanted to render it as elegant and complete as possible;—it gradually advances. I most heartily wish it were in my power to bestow upon this favourite occupation, those hours which I am obliged most reluctantly to give to my various public and private lectures; but I foresee that it will still require three or four years of hard labour to collect such an ample stock of materials, as will enable me to deliver my lectures fluently without much previous study, or "to shake them out of a bag," as the phrase is. In the mean time, Hariri lies untouched, the Arabic poets are neglected, and the soft and elegant literature of Persia, which above all I sincerely regret, remains unexplored; such however is the ardour with which you have inspired

spired me, that I am determined, if I enjoy life and health, at all hazards, and at the risk of singularity, to devote myself to the acquisition of it. I almost however despair of publishing Hariri. I had determined to give the text only from the best procurable manuscripts, annexing to it the translation of my grandfather, which is complete. This I should be able to accomplish with little sacrifice of time; and without neglecting other business, I could give the public an useful work. But there are some, to whose judgment as well as inclination I owe much deference, who disapprove of this plan, and advise me not to publish the work, without extracts from Tebrizi and other grammarians, nor even without my own annotations. Though I do not agree with them, I must submit to their authority, at the necessity of protracting the publication, till I can give it as they wish.

Scheidius has lately published the first part of Jaohari's Lexicon, consisting of about two hundred pages. He calculates that the whole work will not be comprised in less than ten volumes, of a thousand pages each. Opinions about it are various. He himself foresees so little impediment in completing this immense undertaking, that he even talks of publishing Phiruzbadi, &c.; but others consider the obstacles so insuperable, that they think it never will be finished, unless it should rain gold upon him. This is all relating to the Arabic that is now going on amongst us, excepting

cepting a glossary to Hariri, Arab Shah, and the Coran, which Mr. Wilmot, a young, but learned theologian, has undertaken. It will be very useful to beginners, who, from the difficulty and expence of procuring Golius, are deterred from the study of the language. Latin and Greek literature receive more encouragement here. This neither excites my envy nor surprise; but I should be still more reconciled to it, if some small part of this patronage were to overflow upon the Orientalists. Ruhnkenius is at work upon Velleius Paterculus, Burman on Propertius, Wyttenbach on Plutarch, Tollius upon the Homeric Lexicon of Apollonius, an edition of which has been published by Villoison in France. The epistles of Phalaris, respecting the author of which your countrymen Boyle and Bentley had such a controversy, will soon be published. Have you seen the very elegant Essay of Ruhnkenius on the Life and Writings of Longinus? Many copies have been sent to England;—if you wish to have one, I will take an opportunity of procuring it for you. In the course of a few weeks, a critical miscellany will appear, and it is intended to publish two or three numbers of it annually. This publication has a double view; to notice the best new books on every subject which relate to learned antiquity, and to introduce occasionally new and unpublished compositions. The authors are unknown, or, rather, wish to be so; for some of them will certainly

tainly be discovered by their superior erudition, and uncommon elegance of style. I am sufficiently acquainted with them, to affirm confidently that the work will please you. With some of the persons concerned in it, I am intimately connected, and they have requested me to recommend to them some London bookseller, to whom a few copies may be sent for sale. For this purpose I have thought of Elmsley, who will probably have no objection to try the success of the work in England, by taking twenty or even fewer copies. I wish however in the first place to mention the business to you, that Elmsley, or some other by your interest, may be the more readily induced to undertake it. There is also another favour of more importance, which my friends, through my agency, anxiously hope to obtain from you! The circumstance is this: upon their expressing a wish that their miscellany should contain extracts from Oriental authors, particularly Persic and Arabic, I recommended to them, as there are but few works of this nature, and still fewer worthy of notice, that they should leave a space for short dissertations, under the heads of tracts, or essays, or any other title, by which they may be communicated, as a means of promoting these studies. I promised, for my own part, to contribute some biographical memoirs from Eben Chálí Khán, if they should have nothing better to insert. They approved my advice, and earnestly entreated me to prevail upon you to

furnish

furnish them with some essays of this kind; adding, that they would prove the greatest ornament and recommendation of this part of the work, and that if I really enjoyed your friendship, which I was perpetually asserting, I could not fail of obtaining this favour from you. You see, my friend, to what I have been led, by boasting of your regard for me. I have yielded the more readily to their solicitations, in the hopes of retrieving by it, in some degree, the heavy loss which we sustained in you. I therefore most earnestly entreat and beseech you, by your ancient love of the Oriental muses, who so feelingly and fondly regret you, not to omit any convenient opportunity of gratifying our wishes. Examine your shelves;—you will find many things ready, and sufficiently perfect for publication. Whatever you send, will be most acceptable, and it shall appear in our miscellany with or without your name, as you may think proper. If you have any thing in English, and want time to turn it into Latin, I will readily undertake the translation of it, and submit it to the examination of others who are better scholars than myself, that your reputation may suffer no impeachment from it. Nothing shall be added, omitted, or changed; but it shall appear exactly as you send it: to this if you think it necessary, I will pledge my word. I hope it will not be inconvenient to you to favour me with an early reply to this letter, and I rely upon your obliging acquiescence in our request.

I con-

I congratulate you upon your new office, as an introduction to something more honourable and lucrative; and as to the loss of your liberty, I regret it rather on my account, than on yours. No one, not even an Englishman, can object to service for the public good, which is the just recompence of virtue and merit. To me, however, your confinement is grievous; for, if I was disappointed in the expectation of seeing you, when you were your own master, I can scarcely now indulge a distant hope of that pleasure. Do not however leave me in despair: you have fifty-nine associates; some interval of leisure may occur, and if it should, do not neglect it, but run over and make us happy by the enjoyment of your company and conversation. It is not from want of inclination that I do not pay you another visit; the recollection of the pleasure I had in your society, is so strongly impressed upon me, that I have nothing more anxiously at heart, than to fly over to you with all speed, that I may again enjoy it. Neither is it want of time, that detains me; for my office, which exclusively occupies me for nine months, leaves me at liberty the remaining three. What is it then? I will tell you the truth, nor blush to reveal to my friend, "that, when my purse is heavier, I shall find the journey to you lighter*."

The soil of Oriental literature in Holland, as elsewhere, is barren; it produces only the mere

* An Arabic proverb, adapted to the situation of the writer.

conve-

conveniencies of life, but no superfluities whatever. I must therefore defer all hope of accomplishing a journey to England, without some unexpected improvement of my circumstances. I shall however bear my lot, whatever it may be, with patience. Having mentioned this subject to you, I will add something in which you may essentially serve me. With a view to improving my fortune, and procuring that affluence, which, though it may be dispensed with, is most acceptable to those who possess it, I have determined to undertake the charge of a pupil, to receive him into my house, and superintend his morals and education. I am particularly anxious, however, that he should be of your country, not only because the system of private education is little known or followed here, but because it would be more agreeable to me to part with my liberty to an Englishman, (you see how openly I speak,) from whom I might expect a more substantial recompence. My paper will not allow me to say much more. Oblige me with a few lines in reply; I am certain you will willingly assist me as far as you can, and you may depend upon the strictest attention on my part, to any request from you which I can possibly execute. My wife sends her best compliments to your excellent mother and sister. Farewell, my dear Jones; and continue to honour me with your esteem.

H. A. SCHULTENS.

* * * * * *

At

At an interval of more than twenty-five years from the date of this letter, I cannot but acknowledge a disposition to sympathize with the feelings of the learned writer, and participate the regret which he expresses, at the deprivation of the society of his friend, from his want of means to defray the expense of a journey to England. At this period, Schultens enjoyed an extensive reputation, and was perhaps the object of envy to many, who, without any claim to distinction, possessed that opulence, which, with all his indefatigable labours in cultivating and promoting literature, he had not been able to procure. We feel the more for him, because his complaints, (if the confidential communication of his circumstances authorize the expression,) are neither deficient in dignity, nor resignation. In truth, the tract of literature which he had chosen to cultivate, was more calculated to produce a harvest of celebrity, than profit.

* Mr. JONES to H. A. SCHULTENS.

July 1777.

I should have great pleasure in complying with your kind and friendly request, by furnishing my contribution to the new work which is soon to appear amongst you, and would exert myself for this purpose, but that the absolute want of leisure makes it impossible. My law employments, attendance in the courts, incessant

* Appendix, No. 34.

studies,

studies, the arrangement of pleadings, trials of causes, and opinions to clients, scarcely allow me a few moments for eating and sleeping. I thank you sincerely for your very entertaining account of your own occupations, and of what is going on in your country. If I should hear of any wealthy English gentleman, who wishes to send his son as a pupil to Holland, to study literature, you may rely upon my recommendation of your merits, as well as upon my assistance on all occasions. I must however at the same time tell you, that an opportunity of this nature is very uncertain.

Mr. JONES to Lord ALTHORPE.

MY DEAR LORD, *Bath, Dec. 28, 1777.*

I told you, when I had the pleasure of seeing you in London, that it was doubtful whether I should pass my vacation at Amsterdam or at Bath; the Naiads of the hot springs have prevailed, you see, over the Nymphs of the lakes, and I have been drinking the waters for a month, with no less pleasure than advantage to my health; the improvement of which I ascribe, however, in great measure, to my regular exercise on the Downs, and to abstinence from any study that requires too much exertion of the mind. I should have scated indeed in Holland from town to town, and a little voyage would have dissipated my bile, if I had any: but that scheme I must postpone till another winter, and have sent an excuse to my Dutch friend who expected me.

As

As I came hither entirely for the purpose of recruiting my exhausted spirits and strengthening my stomach, I have abstained with some reluctance from dancing, an amusement which I am as fond of as ever, but which would be too heating for a water-drinker; and as for the idler diversions of a public place, they have not the recommendation of novelty, without which they cannot long please. You, my dear friend, are in the mean time relaxing yourself, from the severer pursuits of science and civil knowledge, with the healthy and manly exercise of the field, from which you will return with a keener appetite to the noble feast which the Muses are again preparing for you at Cambridge. And here, by way of parenthesis, I must tell you that I joined a small party of hunters the other morning, and was in at the death of a hare; but I must confess, that I think hare-hunting a very dull exercise, and fit rather for a huntress than a mighty hunter, rather for Diana than Orion. Had I the taste and vigour of Actæon, without his indiscreet curiosity, my game would be the stag or the fox, and I should leave the hare in peace, without sending her to her many friends. This heresy of mine may arise from my fondness for every thing vast, and my disdain of every thing little, and for the same reason I should prefer the more violent sport of the Asiatics, who inclose a whole district with toils, and then attack the tigers and leopards with javelins, to the sound of trumpets and clarions. Of music, I conclude,

you

you have as much at Althorpe, as your heart can desire; I might here have more than my ears could bear, or my mind conceive, for we have with us La Motte, Fischer, Rauzzini; but, as I live in the house of my old master, Evans, whom you remember, I am satisfied with his harp, which I prefer to the Theban lyre, as much as I prefer Wales to ancient or modern Egypt.

I was this morning with Wilkes, who shewed me a letter lately written to him from Paris, by Diderot: as I have, you know, a quick memory, I brought away the substance of it, and give it to you in a translation almost literal:—"Friend "Wilkes, it delights me to hear that you still "have sufficient employment for your active "mind, without which you cannot long be happy. "I have just read the several speeches which you "have delivered on the subject of your present "war against the provincials; they are full of "eloquence, force, and dignity. I too have com-"posed a speech on the same subject, which I "would deliver in your senate, had I a seat in it. "I will wave for the present, my countrymen, "all consideration of the justice or injustice of "the measures you are pursuing; I well know "that to be an improper topic at the time when "the public welfare is immediately concerned. I "will not even question at present your power to "reduce an exasperated and desperate people; "but consider, I entreat you, that you are sur-"rounded by nations by whom you are detested;

"and

"and say, for Heaven's sake, how long you will "give them reason to laugh at the ridiculous "figure you are making. This is my harangue; "it is short in words, but extensive in meaning." —So far, my dear Lord, we have no reason to censure the thoughts or expressions of the learned Encyclopedist; what follows is so profligate, that I would not transcribe it, if I were not sure, that you would join with me in condemning it. "As "to yourself, (he adds,) be cheerful, drink the "best wines, keep the gayest company, and should "you be inclined to a tender passion, address "yourself to such women as make the least resist-"ance; they are as amusing and as interesting as "others. One lives with them without anxiety, "and quits them without regret."—I want words, Diderot, to express the baseness, the folly, the brutality of this sentiment. I am no cynic, but as fond as any man at Paris of cheerful company, and of such pleasures as a man of virtue need not blush to enjoy; but if the philosophy of the French academicians be comprised in your advice to your friend Wilkes, keep it to yourself, and to such as you. I am of a different sect. He concludes his letter with some professions of regard, and with a recommendation of a young Frenchman, who told Wilkes some speeches of Diderot, to the Empress of Russia, which you shall hear at some other time. I am interrupted, and must leave you with reluctance till the morning.

* * * * *

An

An apology, I trust, will not be thought necessary for introducing that passage in Diderot's letter, which Mr. Jones reprobates in terms of asperity and indignation suitable to the rectitude of his own mind. His remarks upon it will serve to explain, if it be at all necessary, certain expressions in his letters, which may be thought to border upon a levity, that never entered into the composition of his character. His mind was never tainted with vice, nor was the morality of his conduct ever impeached. He valued the pleasures of society, and enjoyed them as long as they were innocent, whilst he detested the principles and practice of the debauchee and sensualist, and, like his favourite Hafez, could amuse his leisure hours with poetical compositions in praise of love or beauty, without sacrificing his health, his time, or his virtue. His censure of Diderot is equally a proof of his own abhorrence of vice, and of his anxiety to impress it strongly on the mind of his friend and late pupil *.

In

* Of Diderot, thus casually introduced to the notice of the reader, it may not be irrelevant to give a short account. His works I have never read, nor, from the character of the man, have any wish to peruse them. Diderot (I take my information from the Abbé Barruel) was one of the gang of conspirators against the Christian Religion. He not only professed Atheism, but made a boast of it, and inculcated it in his writings. He was invited to Russia, by the Empress Catharine, who at first admired his genius, but soon found sufficient reason in his conduct and principles to send him back to France.

There were moments in which this professed friend and admirer of Voltaire, notwithstanding his avowed impiety, seems to have been compelled by the force of truth to pay homage to the New Testament.

In 1778, Mr. Jones published a translation of the speeches of Isæus, in causes concerning the law of succession to property at Athens, with a prefatory discourse, notes critical and historical, and a commentary.

The works of Isæus had long been neglected; the subject of them was dry, and his technical language, as Mr. Jones observes, was unintelligible to the herd of grammarians and philologers, by whom the old monuments of Grecian learning were saved from destruction. To rescue them from obscurity, and to present them to the student of our English laws in his native language, was a task which required the united qualifications of classical erudition and legal knowledge, and which he discharged with equal pleasure and success.

"There is no branch of learning, from which a "student of the law may receive a more rational "pleasure, or which seems more likely to prevent "his being disgusted with the dry elements of a "very complicated science, than the history of the

ment. An acquaintance found him one day explaining a chapter of it to his daughter, with all the apparent seriousness and energy of a believer. On expressing his surprise, Diderot replied, "I understand "your meaning; but after all, where is it possible to find better les-"sons for her instruction?" The devils believe, and tremble.

At the close of a life of profligacy and impiety, consistent with the sentiments expressed in his letter to Wilkes, Diderot shewed some signs of contrition, and even went so far as to declare an intention of publicly recanting his errors. But the barbarity of his *philosophic friends* interfered to prevent it, and they resolved as far as they could, that he should die without repentance. Under the pretence that a change of air would promote his restoration to health, they secretly removed him into the country, and never left him until he expired, in July 1784.

"rules and ordinances by which nations, eminent "for wisdom, and illustrious in arts, have regu- "lated their civil polity: nor is this the only fruit "that he may expect to reap from a general "knowledge of foreign laws, both ancient and "modern; for whilst he indulges the liberal curi- "osity of a scholar in examining the customs and "institutions of men, whose works have yielded "him the highest delight, and whose actions have "raised his admiration, he will feel the satisfac- "tion of a patriot, in observing the preference "due in most instances to the laws of his own "country above those of all other states; or, if "his just prospects in life give him hopes of be- "coming a legislator, he may collect many useful "hints, for the improvement even of that fabric, "which his ancestors have erected with infinite "exertions of virtue and genius, but which, like "all human systems, will ever advance nearer to "perfection, and ever fall short of it."

I quote the preceding observations from his prefatory discourse, which is written with uncommon elegance, and particularly interesting, not only from the information which it contains respecting the author whose works he illustrated, but for its critical remarks on the comparative merits of the Grecian orators, and for his dissertation on the Attic laws of succession, and the forms of pleading in the Athenian courts. It was no small credit to Mr. Jones to have successfully accomplished what Sir Matthew Hale, "to whose

"learning

"learning and diligence the present age is no less "indebted, than his contemporaries were to his wis- "dom and virtue," had unsuccessfully attempted.

The works of Isæus are dedicated to Earl Bathurst; and Mr. Jones takes occasion, in the epistle dedicatory, to inform the public, that, although he had received many signal marks of friendship from a number of illustrious persons, Lord Bathurst had been his greatest, his only benefactor; that, without any solicitation, or even request on his part, his Lordship gave him a substantial and permanent token of regard, rendered still more valuable by the obliging manner of giving it, and literally the sole fruit which he had gathered from an incessant course of very painful labour. He adds his further acknowledgements for the more extended intentions of his Lordship, although he had not then derived any benefit from them.

This was the only publication of Mr. Jones, in 1778; which, however it might tend to increase his reputation, did not perhaps much advance his professional success. He had however every reason to be satisfied with the proportion of business that fell to his share, during the circuits, which he regularly attended.

Mr. Jones had transmitted a copy of his translation to Edmund Burke; and the following letter contains his acknowledgement of the favour. The opinion of a great orator on any subject connected with that of his constant meditations, will not be read without interest.

MY DEAR SIR, *March* 12, 1779.

I give you many thanks for your most obliging and valuable present, and feel myself extremely honoured by this mark of of your friendship. My first leisure will be employed in an attentive perusal of an author, who had merit enough to fill up a part of yours, and whom you have made accessible to me with an ease and advantage, which one so many years disused to Greek literature as I have been, could not otherwise have. Isæus is an author of whom I know nothing but by fame; I am sure that any idea I had from thence conceived of him, will not be at all lessened by seeing him in your translation. I do not know how it has happened, that orators have hitherto fared worse in the hands of the translators, than even the poets; I never could bear to read a translation of Cicero. Demosthenes suffers I think somewhat less;—but he suffers greatly; so much, that I must say, that no English reader could well conceive from whence he had acquired the reputation of the first of orators. I am satisfied that there is now an eminent exception to this rule, and I sincerely congratulate the public on that acquisition. I am, with the greatest truth and regard, my dear Sir,

Your most faithful and obliged humble servant,

EDMUND BURKE.

Of the incidents in the life of Mr. Jones during the years 1778 and 1779, I have no particular information;

formation; we may suppose his time and attention to have been principally engrossed by his professional duties and studies, and the political circumstances of the times. His own letters, always interesting, and often instructive, with those of his correspondents, contain all that I know of him during this period; the latter afford additional evidence of the esteem in which his learning, abilities, and principles were held by men of high reputation in the rank of literature.

Mr. SWINNEY to Mr. JONES.

SIR; *Pera of Constantinople, January* 1, 1778.

So high an opinion do I entertain of your humanity and politeness, as to persuade myself you will readily pardon the liberty I have taken, of sending you a Persian and Grecian manuscript. If, on perusal of one or the other book, you shall meet with a single passage that may contribute either to your instruction or amusement, my purpose will be fully answered.

Among the real curiosities I have seen at Constantinople, is a public museum, erected at the sole expence of a most learned Grand Visir, whose name and title was Rajib Pacha. This collection contains about two thousand Arabian, Persian, and Turkish manuscripts, which, the learned say, contain vast stores of erudition. It is not improbable but I may be able, on some favourable occasion, to procure you a copy of the catalogue; and then, should you be disposed to have any of the

the manuscripts copied, I intreat you will confer the honour upon me of executing the commission. People assure me, but I dare not say whether with good authority or no, that the entire Decades of Livy, and the complete History of Curtius, are contained in that very precious repository: if so, who knows but majesty itself (so superlatively happy are we in a monarch who favours the arts and sciences!) may graciously condescend to command a copy of them?

Be pleased to accept of my warmest wishes for your health, prosperity, and very long life: and believe me to be (what I sincerely am) a lasting admirer of your abilities; and at the same time, dear Sir, &c. SIDNEY SWINNEY.

Dr. STUART to Mr. JONES.

MY DEAR SIR; *3d October*, 1778.

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your most obliging letter. It is impossible for me to express the value in which I hold the favourable sentiments you have conveyed to me; and above all, that strain of cordiality and friendship which accompany them. The loss of that long letter or dissertation, into which my performance was about to entice you, is a matter of infinite regret to me: but I hope that the object which then engaged more particularly your attention, and which was so worthy of it, is now within your reach; that the fates are to comply with your desires, and to place you in a scene where so much honour and so many laurels are to be won and gathered.

It

It affects me with a lively pleasure, that your taste has turned with a peculiar fondness to the studies of law and government on the great scale of history and manners. They have been too long in the management of enquirers, who were merely metaphysicians, or merely the retainers of courts. Their generous and liberal nature has been wounded and debased by the minuteness of an acute but useless philosophy, and by a mean and slavish appetite for practice and wealth. It is now fit that we should have lawyers who are orators, philosophers, and historians.

But while I entreat you to accept my best thanks for your excellent letter, and express my approbation of those studies of which you are enamoured, permit me, at the same time, to embrace the opportunity of making known to you the bearer of these lines. Dr. Gillies, of whom you may have heard as the translator of Lysias, has been long my warm friend: and I have to recommend him to you as the possessor of qualities which are still more to his honour than extensive learning and real genius. Men who leave their compatriots behind them in the pursuits of science and true ambition, are of the same family, and ought to be known to one another.

Do me the favour, my dear Sir, to continue to afford me a place in your memory, and believe me that I shall always hear of your prosperity, your reputation, and your studies, with a peculiar and entire satisfaction.

I am now, and ever, yours, &c.

GILB. STUART.

P. S. In January or February, I am to send into the world a new work, in which I treat of the *public law*, and the *Constitutional History of* SCOTLAND. And, wherever you are, I am to transmit you one of the first copies, by Mr. Murray, of Fleet-Street.

Dean TUCKER to Mr. JONES.

DEAR SIR; *Gloucester, September 21, 1778.*

When you first honoured me with your acquaintance, perhaps you was not aware what a troublesome correspondence you was bringing yourself into. Be that as it may, I will now beg leave to avail myself of the permission which you kindly granted me of consulting you on some points. Several copies of my last tract have been in the University upwards of a fortnight; and it is probable that by this time some have vouchsafed to read it. What therefore I wish to know is, whether, in the judgment of those who have given it a perusal, I have confuted Mr. Locke's system in such a manner, that they are convinced his must be *wrong*, whatever else may happen to be *right*. If this is not the case, that is, if I have not totally confuted Mr. Locke, I need proceed no farther, for mine can have no chance to be true, if his is still supposed to be the only true one; and I shall very willingly give up the pursuit. But, if I have demolished his scheme, I have so far cleared the way to make room for my own, and in that case, I have one or two points to consult you about.

I am, J. TUCKER.

Mr. JONES to Lord ALTHORPE.

Temple, Oct. 13, 1778.

My dear Lord, captain, and friend, (of all which titles no man entertains a juster idea than yourself,) how shall I express the delight which your letter from Warley camp has given me? I cannot sufficiently regret, that I was so long deprived of that pleasure; for, intending to be in London soon after the circuit, I had neglected to leave any directions here about my letters; so that yours has lain almost a month upon my table, where I found it yesterday on my return from the country. I ought indeed to have written first to you, because I was a rambler, you stationary: and because the pen has been my peculiar instrument, as the sword has been yours this summer: but the agitation of forensic business, and the sort of society in which I have been forced to live, afforded me few moments of leisure, except those in which nature calls for perfect repose, and the spirits exhausted with fatigue require immediate reparation. I rejoice to see that you are a votary, as Archilochus says of himself, both of the Muses and of Mars; nor do I believe that a letter full of more manly sentiments, or written with more unaffected elegance, than yours, has often been sent from a camp. You know I have set my mind on your being a fine speaker in the next parliament, in the cause of true constitutional liberty, and your letters convince me that I shall not be disappointed. To this

this great object, both for your own glory and your country's good, your present military station will contribute not a little: for a soldier's life naturally inspires a certain spirit and confidence, without which the finest elocution will not have a full effect. Not to mention Pericles, Xenophon, Cæsar, and a hundred other eloquent soldiers among the ancients, I am persuaded that Pitt (whom by the way I am far from comparing to Pericles) acquired his forcible manner in the field where he carried the colours. This I mention in addition to the advantages of your present situation, which you very justly point out: nor can I think your summer in any respect uselessly spent, since our constitution has a good defence in a well-regulated militia, officered by men who love their country: and a militia so regulated, may in due time be the means of thinning the formidable standing army, if not of extinguishing it. Captain * * * * is one of the worthiest, as well as tallest men in the kingdom; but he and his Socrates, Dr. Johnson, have such prejudices in politics, that one must be upon one's guard in their company, if one wishes to preserve their good opinion. By the way, the Dean of Gloucester has printed a work, which he thinks a full confutation of Locke's Theory of Government; and his second volume will contain a new Theory of his own: of this, when we meet. The disappointment to which you allude, and concerning which you say so many friendly things to me, is not yet certain. My

competitor

competitor is not yet nominated: many doubt whether he will be; I think he will not, unless the Chancellor should press it strongly. It is still the opinion and wish of the Bar, that I should be the man. I believe, the minister hardly knows his own mind. I cannot legally be appointed till January, or next month at soonest, because I am not a barrister of five years standing till that time: now, many believe that they keep the place open for me till I am qualified. I certainly wish to have it, because I wish to have twenty thousand pounds in my pocket before I am eight-and-thirty years old; and then I might contribute in some little degree towards the service of my country in Parliament, as well as at the Bar, without selling my liberty to a patron, as too many of my profession are not ashamed of doing; and I might be a Speaker in the House of Commons in the full vigour and maturity of my age; whereas, in the slow career of Westminster-Hall, I should not perhaps, even with the best success, acquire the same independent station, till the age at which Cicero was killed. But be assured, my dear lord, that if the minister be offended at the style in which I have spoken, do speak, and will speak, of public affairs, and on that account should refuse to give me the judgeship, I shall not be at all mortified, having already a very decent competence, without a debt or a care of any kind. I will not break in upon you at Warley unexpectedly; but whenever you find it most convenient, let me know, and I will be with you in less than two hours.

Dean

Dean TUCKER to Mr. JONES.

DEAR SIR, *Gloucester, December* 31, 1778.

I have the pleasure to acquaint you, that your packet and letter arrived safe last night; for both which, I am very much obliged to you. I cannot say that your remarks have wrought much conviction in me, (in some places they have,) but they have had what I esteem a better effect, that is, they will make me more cautious and circumspect in some of my expressions; and they will oblige me to bring more proofs and illustrations of some points than I thought were needful. In all these respects, your friendly remarks have done me much greater service than unmeaning compliments; and as to your differing so widely in opinion from me, your frank declaration of this difference proves you the honester man, and the more to be esteemed.

I am, &c.

ADAM PRINCE CZARTORYSKI to Mr. JONES.

SIR; *Warsaw, Nov.* 26, 1776.

It is the fate of those who, like you, are an ornament to the literary world, to be known to those who are perfectly unknown to them; each is entitled to call to them for light, and this I hope will be a sufficient apology for my intruding upon you, and interrupting those studious hours which you consecrate with so much success to the instruction of your readers.

I was happy enough of late to hit upon your Essay on the Poetry of the Eastern nations, and

your

your History of the Persian language. I found that you had made up in these two works a quarrel of a very old standing between erudition and taste: you have brought them to meet together in such a friendly manner, that one who had never read but your writings, would be apt to think they always went hand in hand.

I have been applying myself since a few years to the study of Eastern languages; though I cannot flatter myself with having made as yet any considerable progress in that branch of learning. Your most excellent Grammar of the Persian language, which gave birth to Mr. Richardson's one of the Arabic, executed upon the same plan, are the agreeable guides which I follow in that difficult journey: to them I owe to be rescued out of the hands of Erpenius, Guadagnola, and the rest of those unmerciful gentlemen who never took the least trouble about clearing the road, or plucking out one single thorn from the many with which the paths of the study of Eastern languages are covered. Give me leave to be still more beholden to you; and as you learned men are the leading stars of the unlearned, I beg you'll bestow a few moments of your leisure upon answering some questions which may perhaps appear very trifling in the eyes of a man of your extensive knowledge.

I have always been at a loss to form any conjecture upon the following subject, which is, by what chance so many words from other European languages, or at least used in our European languages,

guages, are got into the Persian; as for instance, jivân, pudder, mâder*, the English, *bad*, the German, *dochter*, *der*, *bend*, together with a deal of our Sclavonian, especially in the arithmetical numbers, which, even in the manner of pronouncing them, are exactly the same, such as *pendsed*, *scheshed*†, &c. I should be greatly obliged to you likewise, if by your means I could be informed, whether the Dictionary of Meninski, proposed to be reprinted at Oxford, is already come out; whether it contains a great many additions which are not to be found in the edition of 1680; lastly, whether Mr. Richardson has published the second volume, English and Arabic, of his Dictionary. As to our poor countryman, Meninski, he has not met with the reward which he had a right to expect‡; after having wasted his health and fortune in the finishing of his work, he died unnoticed at Vienna; and his daughter ended her life in the same city a few years ago, very ill used by those

* Youth, father, mother. † 500 and 600.

‡ From the short account given of Meninski in the Biographical Dictionary, it appears, that he was no less distinguished for his extensive erudition and profound knowledge of languages, particularly Oriental, than by the propriety of conduct, and abilities displayed by him in various official situations to which he had risen by his merit. His first station was that of first interpreter to the Polish embassy at the Porte, and from this he was gradually advanced to the rank of a counsellor of war to the Emperor at Vienna, and first interpreter of Oriental languages. He died at Vienna at the age of 75, in 1698, eighteen years after the publication of his famous and useful work, the Oriental Thesaurus. The compilers of this account do not notice the circumstances mentioned by Prince Czartoryski.

who

who had advanced money to her father, for the publishing of his work. You live in a country where such a sin would be ranked among the mortal ones. Baron Reviczki, so justly and honourably mentioned in your works, has been residing here for several years, as minister of the Court of Vienna: we have often made the wish that something could tempt you to take our part of the world in your way. If that should ever happen, I would consider it as a most agreeable circumstance for me, if you could be prevailed upon to accept of my house during your stay, and consider it as your own. I know what advantages we might reap from so useful and agreeable an intercourse, and would make it our business not to let time lay heavy upon your hands. I must (before I end) express to you the sense of pleasure which I felt as a Pole, in reading that passage of your preface which concerns our country; it bears the stamp of humanity and spirit. Now, after having repeated my excuses for having been so forward, and perhaps so tedious,

I am, with all possible regard, &c.

ADAM PRINCE CZARTORYSKI,
General of Podolia.

Mr. JONES to PRINCE ADAM CZARTORYSKI.

Lamb's Buildings, Temple, London, Feb. 17, 1779.

Nothing could be more honourable to me than your letter, nothing more flattering than the sentiments which you express in it; but

I am

I am so little used to converse or correspond with Princes, and have so long been accustomed to the plainness of the ancients, that I should address your Highness with more facility in Latin than in any modern idiom. Yet as you not only perfectly understand my native language, but even write it (I speak sincerely) with elegance, I will try to answer you in English, with Roman simplicity.

It gives me great pleasure, that my juvenile compositions have been at all useful or entertaining to you. What higher reward can a writer desire, than the approbation of such a reader? In supposing, however, that you interrupt my studious hours which I am consecrating to literature, allow me to say, that, unhappily for me, you are a little mistaken. My last four years have been spent in forensic labours, which, however arduous, are no less pleasing than reputable, and would be perfectly congenial with my temper and disposition, if they did not wholly preclude me from resuming my former studies. It is possible, however, that I may soon succeed to a high judicial office in Bengal, where the vacations will give me leisure to renew my acquaintance, which I now am obliged to intermit, with the Persian and Arabian classics. Should my appointment take place, I shall set a high value on your correspondence, and will not fail to send both your highness and my friend, Baron Reviczki, (to whom I will write very soon) some wreaths of flowers from the banks of the Ganges.

In

In answer to your questions, I must inform your Highness, that the project of reprinting Meninski here is entirely dropt; but Richardson is indefatigable, and advances as expeditiously as possible with the second part of his dictionary. How so many European words crept into the Persian language, I know not with certainty. Procopius, I think, mentions the great intercourse, both in war and peace, between the Persians and the nations in the North of Europe and Asia, whom the ancients knew by the general name of Scythians. Many learned investigators of antiquity are fully persuaded, that a very old and almost primæval language was in use among these northern nations, from which not only the Celtic dialects, but even the Greek and Latin are derived; in fact we find πατὴρ and μητὴρ in Persian, nor is θυγατὴρ so far removed from dockter, or even ὄνομα and nomen from nâm, as to make it ridiculous to suppose, that they sprang from the same root. We must confess that these researches are very obscure and uncertain; and you will allow, not so agreeable as an ode of Hafez, or an elegy of Amr'alkeis. How happy should I be, my dear Prince, if, on my return from India, I could visit Poland, accept the kind invitation of your Highness, and enjoy the promised pleasure of your conversation and friendship. My good genius forbids me wholly to despair of that happiness; and the sperata voluptas suavis amicitiæ, which enabled Lucretius to endure

any toil, and spend the starry nights, as he says, in contemplation, shall have a similar effect on, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

Dr. STUART to Mr. JONES.

MY DEAR SIR, *Feb.* 12, 1779.

I beg you to accept my new work, as a mark of my best observance. The subjects are very important, very curious, and very new, but the materials upon which I was to operate were very imperfect. Indeed, I fear much, that a propriety of intention is all my merit, and from that, I think, I am to draw little glory; for it is common to me with writers who are the weakest and most trifling. Yet, if your eye can trace any evidence in this trifle to oppose my apprehensions, I shall be very happy. All the humility of my doubts will go away. In two respects, I expose myself very much to censure. I have attacked the *nobile officium* of the court of session; and I have vindicated the freedom of the Scottish government from the misrepresentations of Dr. Robertson, the historiographer of Scotland. With a thousand people, these things are the greatest of all crimes. It is in England, and not in this country, that I am to find those readers who will be perfectly impartial. I entreat you to accept my most sincere wishes for your prosperity, and that you will believe me, with the most entire respect, my dear Sir, &c.

GILB. STUART.

Dr. STUART to Mr. JONES.

Dr. Stuart presents his best compliments to Mr. Jones.

I beg to have the pleasure to submit to your inspection a small Treatise, which I have published a few years ago, as an introduction to an extensive work on the laws and constitution of England, which I have long meditated, and have in part executed. If you like my ideas, I shall account myself extremely fortunate. If they do not strike you as of importance and interesting, I shall think that I have employed my leisure without advantage. Your line of study has led you to enquire into the history of English manners and jurisprudence. The little work which accompanies this note, is perfectly within this line; and, as I have the most entire confidence in your penetration and candour, I should be happy to know your opinion of it. I should then be in a state to form a resolution whether I ought to give order and method to the materials I have collected in the view of prosecuting a subject, which I may perhaps have undertaken without having properly consulted my forces. You will do me the favour to excuse this trouble.

*C. REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

Warsaw, March 17, 1779.

I lately received through Mr. ——— your two last learned publications; a most agreeable and convincing proof of your affectionate re-

*Appendix, No. 35.

membrance of me. The singular erudition with which your works abound, not only delighted me exceedingly, but almost excited my inclination to resume those studies which I had almost forgotten. Prince Adam Czartoryski, who has cultivated Oriental literature not unsuccessfully, had already afforded me an opportunity of perusing your life of Nadir Shah. He particularly pointed out the passages in the dissertation, in which you make such honourable mention of me, and for which I am indebted to your partiality alone. I regret the loss which the republic of letters must suffer from your desertion, and determination to devote yourself to the altar of Themis: but I trust that Melpomenè, under whose auspices you were born, will compel you to return to your allegiance. I am heartily tired with a residence of seven years on the banks of the Vistula: but the termination of the German war will, I hope, restore me to a more pleasing situation. How much more agreeable would it be to me if fortune would allow me to gratify my inclinations, by passing my days in England, near you! But to whatever place my destiny may lead me, my affection for you will continue unabated.—Farewell.

Mr. JONES to Lord ALTHORPE.

Temple, Feb. 4, 1780.

The public piety having given me this afternoon what I rarely can obtain, a short intermission of business; can I employ my leisure more

more agreeably than in writing to my friend? I shall send my letter at random, not knowing whether you are at Althorpe or at Buckingham, but persuading myself that it will find you without much delay. May I congratulate you and our country on your entrance upon the great career of public life? If there ever was a time when men of spirit, sense, and virtue, ought to stand forth, it is the present. I am informed, that you have attended some country meetings, and are on some committees. Did you find it necessary or convenient to speak on the state of the nation? It is a noble subject, and with your knowledge as well as judgment, you will easily acquire habits of eloquence; but *habits* they are, no less than playing on a musical instrument, or handling a pencil: and as the best musicians and finest painters began with playing sometimes out of tune and drawing out of proportion, so the greatest orators must begin with leaving some periods unfinished, and perhaps with sitting down in the middle of a sentence. It is only by continued use that a speaker learns to express his ideas with precision and soundness, and to provide at the beginning of a period, for the conclusion of it; but to this facility of speaking, the habit of writing rapidly contributes in a wonderful degree. I would particularly impress this truth upon your mind, my dear friend, because I am fully convinced that an Englishman's real importance in his country, will always be in a compound ratio of his virtue, his knowledge, and his eloquence; without

all

all of which qualities, little real utility can result from either of them apart: and I am no less persuaded, that a virtuous and knowing man, who has no natural impediment, may by habit acquire perfect eloquence, as certainly as a healthy man, who has the use of his muscles, may learn to swim or to scate. When shall we meet, and where, that we may talk over these and other matters? There are some topics which will be more properly discussed in conversation than upon paper, I mean on account of their copiousness; for, believe me, I should not be concerned, if all that I write were copied at the post-office, and read before the King in council. * * * * * * At the same time I solemnly declare, that I will not enlist under the banners of a party; a declaration which is I believe useless, because no party would receive a man, determined as I am to think for himself. To you alone, my friend, and to your interests, I am firmly attached, both from early habit and from mature reason, from ancient affection unchanged for a single moment, and from a full conviction that such affection was well placed. The views and wishes of all other men, I will analyze and weigh with that suspicion and slowness of belief, which my experience, such as it is, has taught me; and to be more particular, although I will be jealous of the *regal* part of our constitution, and always lend an arm towards restraining its proud waves within due limits, yet my most vigilant and strenuous efforts shall be directed against any oligarchy that may rise;

being

being convinced, that on the popular part of every government depends its real force, the obligation of its laws, its welfare, its security, its permanence. I have been led insensibly to write more seriously than I had intended; my letters shall not always be so dull; but with so many public causes of grief or of resentment, who can at all times be gay?

* * * * * *

In the memoirs of Mr. Jones, the year seventeen-hundred-and-eighty forms an interesting æra, in which his occupations were diversified, his prospects extended, and his hopes expanded, more than at any former period of his life. His professional practice had greatly increased, and suggested the fairest hopes of progressive enlargement, and augmented profit: but as his views were more particularly directed to the vacant seat on the bench of Fort William, in Bengal, and as, from the kindness of Lord North, he was authorized to expect the early attainment of it, he was less solicitous to procure an augmentation of business, which, in the event of success in his India pursuits, he must altogether abandon. In this state of suspense, the political events of the times received a more than ordinary share of his attention: he did not however enrol himself with any party; but, looking up to the constitution and liberty of his country, as the objects of his political adoration, he cultivated an extensive acquaintance with men of all parties, and of the first rank and talents, without any sacrifice of principle

principle or opinion. No man had ever more right to apply to himself the character of—"nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri." With respect to the American war, he early adopted sentiments upon it unfavourable to the justice of the British cause, and this opinion, once formed, would naturally acquire strength from the protraction of the contest, which he lamented with the feelings of a true patriot and friend to humanity. These reflections dictated a very animated and classical Ode to Liberty, which he composed in Latin, and printed in March; it strongly displays his genius, erudition, feelings, and political principles *.

Sir Roger Newdigate having declared his intention of vacating his seat in parliament, as representative of the University of Oxford, Mr. Jones was induced by a laudable ambition, and the encouragement of many respectable friends, to come forward as a candidate.—The following letters will explain his hopes, his conduct, and disappointment on this occasion.

Mr. CARTWRIGHT to Mr. JONES.

SIR;

May 8, 1780.

It is with pleasure I observe the public papers mention you as one of the candidates to represent the University of Oxford at the ensuing election. As a literary society, the rank you hold

* Works, vol. iv. p. 581.—This ode was published under the title of "Julii Melesigoni ad libertatem." The assumed name is formed by a transposition of the letters of Gulielmus Jonesius.

in

in the republic of letters ought certainly to point you out as one of the first objects of her choice.

But it is not merely upon this principle that I feel myself interested in your success; exclusive of that veneration with which I look up to superior talents, I have an additional motive (which indeed ought to supersede every other) in the very high opinion I have formed of your integrity. If in this opinion I should be mistaken, your own writings have greatly contributed to mislead me. You will perceive, Sir, my reason for troubling you with this letter is to desire that, when you make out a list of your friends upon this occasion, my name may be admitted into the number. I am, Sir, with truth, your very sincere well-wisher, &c. EDMUND CARTWRIGHT.

Mr. JONES to the Rev. E. CARTWRIGHT.

DEAR SIR; *Lamb's Buildings, Temple, May* 16, 1780.

Since my friends have declared me a candidate for the very honourable seat which Sir Roger Newdigate intends to vacate, I have received many flattering testimonies of regard from several respectable persons: but your letter, dated the 8th of May, which I did not receive till this morning, is, without a compliment, the fairest and most pleasing fruit of the competition in which I am engaged. The rule of the University, which is a very noble one, forbidding me to solicit votes for myself, I have not been at liberty even to apply to many persons whom it is both a

pleasure

pleasure and honour to know. Your unsolicited approbation is a great reward of my past toil in my literary career, and no small incentive to future exertions. As to my integrity, of which you are pleased to express a good opinion, it has not yet been tried by any very strong temptations: I hope it will resist them if any be thrown in my way. This only I may say, (and I think without a boast,) that my ambition was always very much bounded, and that my views are already attained by professional success adequate to my highest expectations. Perhaps I shall not be thought very unambitious, if I add, that my great object of imitation is Mr. Selden, and that, if I could obtain the same honour which was conferred on him, I should, like him, devote the rest of my life to the service of my constituents and my country; to the practice of an useful profession, and to the unremitted study of our English laws, history, and literature. To be approved by you, and such men as you (if many such could be found), would be a sufficient reward to, &c. W. Jones.

Permit me to add an ode printed (but not published) before the present competition, and at a time when I should have been certainly made a judge in India, by the kindness of Lord North, if any appointment had taken place. It proves sufficiently that no views or connections can prevent me from declaring my honest sentiments when I think they may be useful to my country.

Mr.

Mr. BURROWS to Mr. JONES.

SIR; *Hadley, near Barnet, May 23, 1780.*

For the first time I am sorry I did not take all my degrees. I should have been happy to have given the testimony of an individual to a merit, which I have long considered as the reproach, as well as ornament of this age and country: I must add, it would have given me particular pleasure to have expressed my gratitude to one who has so much contributed to my instruction and amusement.

* * * * * *

I most heartily wish you success, as the republic seems in great danger of taking some harm from the weakness of her friends, and the vigour of her foes, and never in any time of her life stood in more need of the attracting and repelling powers of men of ability. I must own too, I have an additional reason for wishing you seated in the British parliament, as I shall take great satisfaction in seeing the dull of all denominations convinced, that men of wit and learning are as capable of excelling in public business, as they call it, as the most illiterate of them all.

I am, &c. J. BURROWS.

Mr. JONES to Dr. MILMAN.

SIR; *May 30, 1780.*

Although I have not yet the honour, to which I have long aspired, of your acquaintance and friendship, yet I am persuaded that the bond

bond which ought, in this crisis, to unite all honest men is, *idem sentire de republicâ;* and my friend, Mr. Milles, having imparted to me the contents of your yesterday's note, I beg leave to assure you, that I never imagined it possible, in this metropolis, at the busiest time of the year, for professional men to attend a committee of canvassers, and never thought of soliciting the attendance or exertions of my friends, any farther than might be consistent with their engagements and avocations. Accept, Sir, my very warm and very sincere thanks (and when I have the honour of being known to you, you will find that my warmth and my sincerity are perfectly undissembled) for the sentiments which you express to Mr. Milles in regard to me. Whatever be the event of the competition in which I am engaged, I shall certainly reap the most pleasing fruit from the kindness of many excellent persons, by whom it is an high honour to be esteemed.

* * * * * *

This only I can say, that, my friends having nominated me, I have nothing to do but to *steer right onward,* as Milton says, to a poll. The voyage will probably last a twelvemonth at least; and though I began to sail after the Monsoon, yet I am by no means in despair of reaching the port with flying pennons, how unfavourably soever some few breezes may blow. Without an allegory; it will necessarily take up much time for my friends to canvass nine hundred voters, a great majo-

majority of whom is dispersed in various parts of the kingdom. As to my competitors, I know them both, and respect the benevolence of Sir W. Dolben as much as I admire the extensive erudition and fine taste of Dr. Scott: but their political principles are the reverse of mine.

* H. A. SCHULTENS to Mr. JONES.

Leyden, June 2, 1780.

Although increasing, and, at this particular time, incessant, occupation reluctantly compels me, in some measure, to forego the pleasure of corresponding with my friends, yet the subject of your last letter appears to me so important, that I am determined to hazard an immediate answer to it in three words, rather than, by waiting for a more favourable opportunity, run the risk of exciting a suspicion of any want of regard and affection for you, by an apparent inattention to your interest. I should be as happy to promote it as my own, although I am unfortunately deficient in the means of doing it.

The situation for which you are canvassing, my friend, is most honourable and important; and if it be attainable by merit, not favour, I know no person more worthy of it than yourself; none who has higher pretensions to genius; none who possesses a greater extent of useful knowledge, nor a more powerful and commanding eloquence; none who exceeds you in love for liberty and your

* Appendix, No. 36.

country;

country; none more capable of applying a remedy to the disastrous situation of affairs, by wise counsels, prudence, fortitude, and integrity; none therefore, to whose care our Alma Mater (allow me to evince my affection to the University by this expression) can more safely trust her interests and prosperity.

Have you, however, no apprehension that your enthusiasm for liberty, which is so generally known, may, in these unpropitious times, injure the success of your cause? Will those upon whose votes your election depends, allow the University to be represented in parliament by Julius Melesigonus? My countrymen have adopted an opinion, that, in the present situation of affairs, no man who publicly avows his attachment to Liberty, can be employed in the administration.

This you will say is no concern of mine: be that as it may, no exertions on my part shall be wanting to promote your success, and I wish you would inform me how they can be directed to your advantage. Have I the power of sending a vote in your favour? I much doubt it. Shall I apply to any of my friends at Oxford who are well disposed towards me; for instance, Messrs. Kennicot, White, and Winstanley? Write to me without delay, and inform me what I shall do, that I may convince you of my zeal and sincerity to serve you.

I am at present at Leyden, having succeeded my father, who died about six months ago, in the professor-

professorship of Oriental literature. I have much to say upon this subject, and hope shortly to write fully to you about it. I long to know how you are, as well as that best of women your mother, and your sister, (to whose friendship I am so much obliged). Present my affectionate regards to them. Farewell, and remember me.

Some catalogues of my father's library, which is to be sold in September, have been forwarded, I think, to Elmsley, and I have ordered one to be sent to you.

Mr. JONES to Dr. WHEELER.

MY DEAR SIR; *September* 2, 1780.

The parliament being suddenly dissolved, I must beg you, as one of my best and truest friends, to make it known in the University, that I decline giving the learned body any further trouble, and am heartily sorry for that which has already been given them. It is needless to add, what you well know, that I should never have been the first to have troubled them at all. I always thought a delegation to parliament from so respectable a society, a laudable object of true ambition; but I considered it as a distant object, as the reward of long labour and meritorious ser-
e in our country; and I conceived, that, had
a judge's seat in India, with the approba-
y countrymen, I might on my return
as a proper representative of the Uni-
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I should

I should no more have thought of standing now, than of asking for a peerage. As to principles in politics, if my success at Oxford, at any future time, depend upon a change of them, my cause is hopeless: I cannot alter or conceal them without abandoning either my reason or my integrity; the first of which is my only guide, and the second my chief comfort in this passage through life. Were I inclined to boast of any thing, I should certainly boast of making those principles my rule of conduct, which I learned from the best of men in ancient and modern times; and which, my reason tells me, are conducive to the happiness of mankind. As to *men*, I am certainly not hostile to the *ministers*, from whom I have received obligations; but I cannot in conscience approve their *measures*.

Mr. JONES to Mr. CARTWRIGHT.

DEAR SIR, *September* 4, 1780.

Permit me again to express (what I can never express too often, or too warmly) my very sincere thanks for your kind letter, dated May 8, and to assure you, as I may with the greatest truth, that I am just as much obliged to you as if your kindness had been attended with the most brilliant success; but as my strength in the great elective body of our University, (which strength, all circumstances considered, was very respectable,) lay chiefly among the non-resident voters, it would be unpardonably ungrateful in me

me were I to give my friends the trouble of taking long journeys, without a higher probability of success than my late enquiries have left me room to expect. I therefore decline giving any farther trouble to the learned body, and am heartily sorry for that which has already been given them, though not originally by me or my friends. I am perfectly conscious that had I been so fortunate as to succeed at Oxford, I should not have advanced, nor wished to advance, a single step in the career of ambition, but should cheerfully have sacrificed my repose and peace of mind to such a course as I conceived likely to promote the public good; and this consciousness cannot but prevent me from being in the least depressed by my failure of success. I should never repent of this little struggle, if it had produced no other fruit than the testimony of your approbation. The hurry of the general election to a professional man, has obliged me to suspend till another long vacation, two little works, which I hoped to finish in the remainder of this. The first is a treatise *On the Maritime Jurisprudence of the Athenians*, illustrated by five speeches of Demosthenes in *commercial* causes; and the second, a dissertation *On the Manners of the Arabians before the time of Mahomet*, illustrated by the seven poems, which were written in letters of gold, and suspended in the temple at Mecca, about the beginning of the sixth century. When they are printed, I shall be proud in submitting them to your judgment, as their excellence is well known.

Mr. JONES to Lord ALTHORPE.

Sept. 4, 1780.

The intelligence which you so kindly sent me, my dear Lord, and which was perfectly unexpected, has suspended for a short time my excursion to Passy; for though I have not received any positive retainers for election business, yet there will be some contests in Wales, where I may *possibly* be employed; and, though the whole system of election-laws, and of elections themselves, (I always except the Grenville judicature,) is quite repugnant to my ideas of the constitution, yet it would be thought unprofessional to be absent from England at such a time; nor ought indeed any Englishman to be absent when the question to be decided is, "Whether his country shall be free in form only, or in substance." I have therefore postponed my expedition for a fortnight at least, in which time all the borough elections will, I suppose, be over; and by that time, I shall be able to form a tolerable judgment of the counties. In the several counties through which I lately passed, I received (what I did not ask or desire) much praise from many worthy men for my plan to prevent the *necessity* of making a standing army *perpetual;* but the uniform objection which I heard was, "the plan is legal and constitutional, "but this is *not the time for it.*" Lord Mansfield himself thought otherwise, when he said in the House of Lords, that no time was to be lost in giving strength to the civil power; but let the objectors

objectors beware, lest by refusing to adopt such a plan while they are able, because they think the time improper, they should not, when the proper time shall come, be allowed to adopt it. We had some entertaining causes on the circuit, particularly a singular indictment for alarming a village on the coast of Pembrokeshire, with a report that a hostile ship of war was approaching. The prosecutors were two magistrates (one of whom was an Indian ———) who were angry at having been *made fools of*, a point however which they could not easily have proved, inasmuch as they were fools already made. I defended the prosecuted man with success, and mingled in my speech many bitter reflections on the state of this country at the time of the alarm, and on the attempt, because the English laws were not relished in India, to import the Indian laws into England, by imprisoning and indicting an honest man, who had done no more than his duty, and whose only fault was fear, of which both his prosecutors were equally guilty. On my return through Oxford, I was convinced by undoubted authority, that although I had been continually gaining ground, and had collected no fewer than ten or twelve votes on the circuit, yet I had no chance of success against Sir W. D., and any attempt to shake Mr. Page would have been not only consummate rashness, but even inconsistent with my repeated declarations.

Let me request you to give my very sincere

thanks to Dr. Preedy for his kind promise and assistance, assuring him (which is very true) that I am just as much obliged to him, as if his kindness had been attended with success, and desiring him to thank his friend Dr. Ruding in the same terms, and with the same sincerity. Must I add this trouble to that which you have already taken? I will make no apologies after a friendship of fifteen years, uninterrupted even for a single moment. How shall I conclude? by wishing you *prosperity* in the Greek, or *health* in the Roman form? No man, my dear Lord, wishes you both more ardently than I do.—Farewell.

Mr. JONES to Dr. WETHEREL.

SIR; *Sept.* 6, 1780.

It having been suggested to me by a most respectable friend, that it would be proper, and was in fact *the due form*, to apprise you and the Vice-Chancellor as soon as possible, of my being no longer a candidate for the University, I sent to the houses of those gentlemen who honoured me with forming my committee, thinking it more regular that they should make the declaration of my having declined a poll; but as they are out of town, I am necessitated to trouble you with this letter. If Dr. Scott should stand the poll, I am ready to perform my promise of giving him my vote, as I am no more his competitor. Since I have taken up my pen (which it was by no means my intention to do), I cannot help saying that

that the conduct of some of my friends in respect of me gives me surprise, and (for their sakes rather than my own) uneasiness. If I have not been able to *prove* my attachment to my fellow-collegiates, it is because they never called for my service; if they had, they should have found that no man would have exerted himself with more activity to serve them; nor was I deficient in zeal, I well remember, when you in particular required my exertions. I am conscious of having deserved very well of the college; and if any of its members are so unkind as to think otherwise, I will shew my sense of their unkindness by persisting till my last hour in deserving well of them. After this, I should little have expected, that my letters, couched in the most sincere and affectionate terms, and absolutely unexceptionable, if they had been fairly represented, would have been repeated by detached sentences (which might have made no small alteration in the sense) in several companies in the University. Still less should I have expected to find myself charged with *misrepresenting* (a serious word!) facts of which I would, if necessary, make a deposition, and with writing what it must have appeared from strong internal evidence, that I could not have written; because it contained a mistake as to the number of our lay-fellows, which I (who know and esteem Mr. *Ray*) could never have made. Least of all could I have expected to be accused of wishing to *overturn* a constitution, which I prize, because I understand it, and which I would

would sacrifice my life to *preserve*. All these charges, God and my conscience enable me to bear with the coolest indifference, and with little abatement of that respect with which I ever have been, &c.

Mr. JONES to Mr. CARTWRIGHT.

DEAR SIR, *Sept.* 8, 1780.

Your last favour I have this instant received, and am obliged to answer it in the greatest haste. I hope you have by this time received my letter, in which I informed you that I had declined a poll at Oxford, but was as much obliged to you and my other friends as if your kindness had been attended with the most brilliant success. I saw an advertisement in the paper, that Dr. Scott had declined.

* * * * * *

I have been told, that the very ode to which you are so indulgent, lost me near twenty votes; this, however, I am unwilling to believe. I am, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

The conduct of Mr. Jones, throughout the business of the election, displays his characteristical integrity and manly principles. To have succeeded, would have been most honourable to him; his failure was attended with no disgrace. From the letters written or received by him on this occasion, a much larger selection might have been made, and many persons of the first respectability named, as the unsolicited supporters of Mr. Jones. It was greatly to his credit, that, with no other influence

ence than that of his character and abilities, he should have been deemed worthy of being nominated a candidate to represent the University of Oxford, one of the most distinguished in the world for science and virtue. His affectionate attachment to this seat of learning, and his respectful veneration for it, were known and admitted, as well as the spirit of independence which at all times, and under all circumstances, marked his character. His opinion respecting the effect of his Ode to Liberty, on the disposition of some of the voters, countenances the suspicions of his friend Schultens; it is certain, however, that if he had succeeded in his election he would have employed all the superior talents which Schultens justly ascribes to him, with zeal and assiduity in discharging the duties of a senator. To obtain it was his highest ambition, and he would have cheerfully sacrificed to it (to repeat his own words) "not only an Indian Judgeship of six thousand a year, but a Nabobship with as many millions."

Notwithstanding the various occupations attending the Oxford election, Mr. Jones found time to publish a small pamphlet, intitled, *An Enquiry into the legal Mode of suppressing Riots, with a constitutional Plan of future Defence.* This publication was suggested by the unfortunate necessity of calling in military assistance to suppress the riots, which, from the second to the eight of June of that year, had desolated the capital. He had unhappily been, as he observes, a vigilant

vigilant and indignant spectator of those abominable enormities: he had also seen, with a mixed sensation of anguish and joy, the vigorous and triumphant exertions of the executive power; and though he admitted the necessity of those exertions, he deplored it.

Impressed with the fullest "conviction, that "the common and statute laws of the realm then "in force, give the civil state in every county a "power, which, if it were perfectly understood "and continually prepared, would effectually quell "any riot or insurrection, without assistance from "the military, and the modern Riot-Act," he undertook to demonstrate it; and the labour of less than a month, produced the occasional tract which he published in July.

Of the plan which he then proposed, it is sufficient to say, that during late years the *principle* of it has been advantageously adopted; and that, while the internal peace of the country has been preserved, its defence against external aggression has been no less consulted by the armed associations which, under different names, have been legally established in every county of Great Britain.

On the ninth of September of this year, Mr. Jones met the freeholders of Middlesex assembled for the purpose of nominating two representatives in the new parliament. The circumstances of the meeting afforded him no opportunity of addressing them on the general state of the nation; but he amused himself with drawing up a discourse, containing

taining the purport of what he would have spoken, if an opportunity for this purpose had occurred.

This speech is strikingly characteristic of his principles and feelings; he condemns in unqualified terms the American war, and the conduct of the late parliament in supporting it. He takes a summary review of the state of the nation, and delivers his opinion upon it without reserve, in that strong language which was so often heard in the parliamentary debates of 1780, and read in the petitions from the associated counties. I shall select from it two passages only, which have no reference to the political discussions of that period; one, in which Mr. Jones expresses his sentiments on the African slave-trade, and the second containing an honourable declaration of that conduct which he would have pursued, if good fortune had placed him in the House of Commons.

"I pass with haste by the coast of Africa, "whence my mind turns with indignation at the "abominable traffic in the human species, from "which a part of our countrymen dare to derive "their most inauspicious wealth. Sugar, it has "been said, would be dear if it were not worked by "*Blacks* in the Western islands; as if the most "laborious, the most dangerous works, were not "carried on in every country, but chiefly in Eng-"land, by *free* men; in fact they are so carried on "with infinitely more advantage, for there is an "alacrity in a consciousness of freedom, and a "gloomy sullen indolence in a consciousness of "slavery;

"slavery; but let sugar be as dear as it may, it is "better to eat none, to eat honey, if sweetness "only be palateable; better to eat aloes or colo- "quintida than violate a primary law of nature, "impressed on every heart not imbruted by ava- "rice, than rob one human creature of those "eternal rights, of which no law upon earth can "justly deprive him."

"Had it been my good or bad fortune, to have "delivered in the great assembly of representatives "the sentiments which this bosom contains, I am "sensible that my *public* course of speaking and "voting must have clashed, in a variety of instances, "with my private obligations; and the conflict "of interfering duties constitutes, in my opinion, "the nicest part of morality, on which however "I have completely formed my system, and trust "that no views of interest will ever prevent my "practice from coinciding with my theory."

Professions of this nature are sometimes made and forgotten, when the end, which they were meant to serve, has been attained; but sincerity was ever a prominent feature in the character of Mr. Jones, and he was more disposed to overstep the bounds of prudence by adhering to it, than to violate what he always deemed a primary law of morality.

In the autumn of this year, I find Mr. Jones at Paris. He had, in the preceding summer, made a short excursion to that capital; but the occurrences

occurrences of these journeys are not of sufficient importance to engage the reader's attention. I recollect to have heard him mention, in answer to a question which I once put to him, whether he had seen Monsieur du Perron at Paris, that this gentleman studiously avoided meeting him during his residence there.

The following letters written by Mr. Jones after his return to England, are interesting, as descriptive of his occupations and sentiments, and as announcing his intention of writing an important historical work, which he never found time to execute.

Mr. JONES to Lord ALTHORPE.

I thought myself peculiarly unfortunate last Friday in my way to London; at Chatham, where I had the pleasure indeed of seeing Lady Rothes restored to perfect health, I sought in vain for Mr. Langton among the new ravelines and counterscarps; and at Dartford I had the mortification to find that you, my dear Lord, were not in camp, where I was not without hope of passing an evening, which I am persuaded would have been equally agreeable to us both. After a very tedious and uncomfortable passage, I arrived at Margate on Wednesday night, having been out of England a month exactly, half of which time I spent at Paris. In this interval I have seen, not indeed so many men or so many cities as the hero of the Odyssey, but a sufficient number of both to have enlarged very considerably the sphere of my knowledge.

knowledge. I have heard much and thought more; but the result of all I have heard and thought is, that the war which I have invariably and deliberately condemned as no less unjust than impolitic, will continue very long to desolate the country of our brethren, and exhaust our own. The principal object of my late excursion has been completely answered; and I had more success than I at first expected in one or two subordinate pursuits, professional and literary. I attended some causes at the *palais*, and have brought with me the works of a most learned lawyer, whose name and merit I shall have the honour of making known to our countrymen. I obtained access also to a fine manuscript in the royal library, which has given me a more perfect acquaintance with the manners of the ancient Arabians; and how little soever I may value mere *philology*, considered apart from the knowledge to which it leads, yet I shall ever set a high price on those branches of learning, which make us acquainted with the human species in all its varieties. Paris itself, and all the roads to it, are so perfectly known to you, that an account of my journey would be superfluous; and as to politics, I would rather converse than write on a subject so very serious; not that I have any apprehensions, as you well know, of the least danger, or even inconvenience to myself; but many accidents happen to letters, and in times like these, the post is hardly to be trusted. This however I will say, that, as it is my fixed design, if I live to see a

peace,

peace, to write an impartial history of the war, I was desirous in France to be acquainted with as many of the American leaders as I could meet with; and the same desire would have carried me to Amsterdam, if the season had not been so far advanced. All the intelligence that I collected, and all the observations that I made, you should have heard on Friday evening had you been in camp, and shall hear in the course of conversation when we meet. I rejoice to hear, since my return, that Lord Spencer is much better.—Farewell, my dear Lord; you are more fully assured than formal words can express, how sincerely I am, &c.

Mr. JONES to Mr. CARTWRIGHT.

DEAR SIR, *Nov.* 12, 1780.

You have so fully proved the favourable opinion, which you do me the honour to entertain of me, that I am persuaded you acquit me of any culpable neglect in delaying for more than two months to answer your very obliging letter. The truth is, that I had but just received it when I found myself obliged to leave England on very pressing business; and I have not long been returned from Paris. The hurry of preparing myself for so long a journey at such a season, left me no time for giving you my hearty thanks, which I now most sincerely request you to accept, both for your kind letter, and for the very elegant sonnet, with which you have rewarded me abundantly for my humble labours in the field of literature. I give you my word,

word, that your letters and verses have greatly encouraged me in proceeding as expeditiously as I am able, to send abroad my *seven Arabian poets*; and I propose to spend next month at Cambridge, in order to finish my little work, and to make use of a rare manuscript in the library of Trinity College; my own manuscript, which was copied for me at Aleppo, is very beautiful, but unfortunately not very correct. You may depend on receiving a copy as soon as it can be printed.

How happy I shall be if I should be able to wait upon you in Leicestershire, or to see you in London, and assure you in person that I am,

With the greatest sincerity, &c. W. JONES.

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From the public occurrences in which Mr. Jones was engaged, I now turn to a domestic calamity, the death of his mother, which involved him in the deepest affliction. If, as a parent, she had the strongest claims upon the gratitude and affection of her son, the obligations of filial duty were never more cheerfully and zealously discharged than by Mr. Jones. To her able instruction he was indebted for the first rudiments of literature; she directed his early studies, formed his habits and his taste, and, by the closest attention to economy, was enabled to promote his progress in learning by supplying the funds for this purpose. From the period of his obtaining a fellowship, he had declined receiving any assistance from her purse: and as his professional profits increased, his own was ever at her

her disposal. During his residence at Oxford, the time which he did not employ in study or college duties, was devoted to her; his attention was equally the result of principle and affection. She was the confidant of his plans, hopes, and occupations, and he invariably consulted her on all occasions, where his more important interests were concerned. The kindness, as well as the sincerity of his affection, was shewn in numberless instances, which never failed to attract the observation of his friends and associates, although they are too minute to be particularized; and the satisfaction which he derived from the distinction to which his abilities had raised him, was redoubled from the consideration that his mother participated in it. I regret that none of his letters to his mother have been preserved, as they would have exhibited an amiable and striking part of his character*.

The

* I transcribe the following memorandum from the hand-writing of Mr. Jones:

Anno Ætat. 33.

Resolved to learn no more *rudiments* of any kind, but to *perfect* myself in,

First, 12 languages, as the *means* of acquiring accurate knowledge of the

I. HISTORY
of
1. Man. 2. Nature.

II. ARTS.
1. Rhetorick. 2. Poetry. 3. Painting. 4. Music.

III. SCIENCES.
1. Law. 2. Mathematics. 3. Dialectic.

N. B. Every species of *human* knowledge may be reduced to one or other of these divisions. Even *law* belongs partly to the History of Man, partly as a science, to dialectic.

The

The remaining correspondence of this year between Mr. Jones and his friends, is not important: I select from it only two letters, which cannot fail to please, although they may not be particularly interesting.

Mr. JONES to the Bishop of St. ASAPH.

MY LORD, *November 23*, 1780.

Had I not been prevented by particular business from writing to your Lordship on Tuesday evening and yesterday, I would have informed you before, that we had done ourselves the honour (and a very great one we shall ever esteem it) of electing your Lordship a member of our club*. The election was of course unanimous, and it was carried with the sincere approbation and eagerness of all present. I am sorry to add, that Lord Camden and the Bishop of Chester were re-

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The 12 languages are,

Greek,
Latin,
Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese,
Hebrew, Arabic,
Persian,
Turkish,
German, English.

1780.

*Generally known by the name of the *Turk's-Head Club*, held in Gerrard-street, Soho. The establishment of this club was first proposed by Sir Joshua Reynolds to Burke and Johnson, and the original members of it were the friends of these three. The number of members was gradually increased to forty, comprehending men of the most distinguished characters, and eminent for their learning, talents, and abilities.

jected.

jected. When Bishops and Chancellors honour us by offering to dine with us at a tavern, it seems very extraordinary that we should ever reject such an offer; but there is no reasoning on the caprice of men. Of our club I will only say, that there is no branch of human knowledge, on which some of our members are not capable of giving information, and I trust that as the honour will be ours, so your Lordship will receive some pleasure from the company once a fortnight, of some of our first writers and critics, as well as our most virtuous senators and accomplished men. I think myself highly honoured in having been a member of this society near ten years, and chiefly in having contributed to add such names to the number of our friends as those of your Lordship and Lord Althorpe. I spoke yesterday in Westminster-Hall for two hours and a half, on a knotty point of law, and this morning for above an hour, on a very interesting public question; to-morrow I must argue a great cause, and am therefore obliged to conclude with assuring your Lordship, that I am with the highest, &c. W. JONES.

The Bishop of St. ASAPH to Mr. JONES.

DEAR SIR, *November 27.*

You was prevented by Sir Joshua Reynolds in your kind intentions of giving me the earliest notice of the honour you have done me. I believe Mr. Fox will allow me to say, that the honour of being elected into the Turk's-Head Club is not inferior to that of being the representa-

tive of Westminster or Surry. The electors are certainly more disinterested, and I should say they were much better judges of merit, if they had not rejected Lord Camden and chosen me. I flatter myself with the hopes of great pleasure and improvement in such a society as you describe, which indeed is the only club of which I ever wished myself a member.

Though I am much flattered with hearing from you, I was delighted with the cause of your delaying to write. Your talents have found means, by their own weight, to open the way to public notice and employment, which could not long be shut against them. Your pleadings for the *nephew* against the *daughter* promise something very curious in the particulars of the case, which seems to call for great abilities to defend it.

I would not neglect the first opportunity of answering your very obliging letter, though, it being early post day, I am forced to write in a greater hurry than I could wish. I am, &c. J. St. A.

After an interval of six years, we find Mr. Jones retracing his favourite haunts with the Arabian muses. He devoted the leisure hours of the winter of 1780-1 to complete his translation of seven ancient poems of the highest repute in Arabia*.

Literature,

* At the beginning of the seventh century, the Arabic language was brought to a high degree of perfection, by a sort of poetical academy, that used to assemble at stated times in a place called Ocadh, where every poet produced his best composition, and was sure to meet with the applause that it deserved; the most excellent of these poems were transcribed

Literature, politics, professional studies and practice, all had a share of his attention; but the principal object of his hopes and ambition was the vacant seat on the bench in India, to which he looked forward with increasing anxiety. The marriage of Lord Althorpe with Miss Bingham, daughter of Lord Lucan, was too interesting an event to pass unnoticed by Mr. Jones; and he celebrated the nuptials of his friend in a very poetical ode, under the title of the *Muse Recalled**. This composition, the dictate of friendship, and offspring of genius, was written in the course of a few hours. His poetic talents were also exerted in

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transcribed in characters of gold upon Egyptian paper, and hung up in the Temple of Mecca, whence they were named Mozahebat, or *golden*, and Moallakat, or *suspended*: the poems of this sort were called Casseidas or Eclogues, seven of which are preserved in our libraries, and are considered as the finest that were written before the time of Mohammed.

Essay on the Poetry of the Eastern Nations.
Works, vol. xiv. p. 535.

It may be satisfactory to the reader who does not possess the works of Sir Wm. Jones, to read his metrical imitation of a passage in the 4th Eclogue.

But ah! thou knows't not in what youthful play,
Our nights, beguil'd with pleasure, swam away;
Gay songs, and cheerful tales, deceiv'd the time,
And circling goblets made a tuneful chime;
Sweet was the draught, and sweet the blooming maid,
Who touch'd her lyre beneath the fragrant shade;
We sipp'd till morning purpled every plain;
The damsels slumber'd, but we sipp'd again;
The waking birds that sung on every tree
Their early notes, were not so blythe as we.

* Works, vol. iv. p. 563.

a cause ever nearest to his heart, that of Liberty: he restrung the lyre of Alcæus, and produced a short ode* in the genuine spirit of the patriot and poet, whom he imitated. These were his amusements. The result of his professional studies was an Essay on the Law of Bailments. He divided and treated the subject under the distinct heads of analysis, history, and synthesis; and intimates an intention, if the method used in this tract should be approved, and on the supposition of future leisure, to discuss in the same form every branch of English law, civil and criminal, private and public; and he concludes the Essay with the following just and elegant reflections:

"The great system of jurisprudence, like that of "the Universe, consists of many subordinate "systems, all of which are connected by nice "links and beautiful dependencies; and each of "them, as I have fully persuaded myself, is redu- "cible to a few plain *elements*, either the wise "*maxims* of national policy and general conve- "nience, or the *positive* rules of our forefathers, "which are seldom deficient in wisdom or utility: "if LAW be a *science*, and really deserve so sublime "a name, it must be founded on principle, and "claim an exalted rank in the empire of *reason*; "but if it be *merely* an unconnected series of de- "crees and ordinances, its use may remain, though "its dignity be lessened; and he will become the "greatest lawyer, who has the strongest habitual,

* Works, vol. iv. p. 571.

"or

"or artificial *memory*. In practice, law certainly "employs *two* of the mental faculties; *reason* in "the primary investigation of points *entirely new*, "and *memory*, in transmitting the reason of sage "and learned men, to which our own ought inva- "riably to yield, if not from a becoming modesty, "at least from a just attention to that object, for "which all laws are framed, and all societies "instituted, THE GOOD OF MANKIND."

Nothing can more strongly evince the predilection of Mr. Jones for his professional studies, and his anxiety to acquire a knowledge of the general principles and practice of law, than a work which he undertook about this period, the translation of an Arabian poem on the Mohammedan law of succession to the property of intestates*. The subject of the original is dry, the diction obscure; it exhibits no rhetorical flowers, no poetical ornament; and even the partiality of Mr. Jones for Eastern literature could never have induced him to engage in a work of this nature, if he had not thought it connected with objects of information and utility. In the expectation of obtaining the situation of an Indian judge, this law tract probably recommended itself to his notice, as he could not but foresee that a knowledge of Mohammedan law would be essential to the performance of the duties of that station.

The reader will recollect how much the public attention was occupied in the year 1782, with the

* Works, vol. iii. p. 489.

attempts

attempts to procure, by constitutional means, a reformation of parliament. It would have been surprising if Mr. Jones had remained an idle spectator on an occasion, which of all others was most interesting to his feelings. Led by his professional studies to an enthusiastic veneration for the principles of the constitution of his country, he was anxious that the form of it should in all respects correspond with them: "but, as the form in a "course of years is apt to deviate widely from the "spirit, it became (in his opinion) expedient almost "every century to restore its genuine purity and "loveliness." These sentiments he expressed in a speech to the inhabitants of the counties of Middlesex and Surry, the cities of London and Westminster, and the borough of Southwark, assembled at the London Tavern, on the 28th of May, 1782, to consider on the means of procuring a reformation of parliament. The first resolution adopted by the meeting, and in which he expressed his most sincere concurrence, was, that petitions ought to be prepared for a more complete representation of the people; and the position which he endeavoured to impress upon the minds of his audience was this, that the spirit of our constitution requires a representation of the people nearly equal, and nearly universal. This speech has long been before the public, and I shall therefore only notice his declaration in the advertisement prefixed to it, that, "what offence the publication might give, either "in part, or in the whole, was the last and least of

"his

" his cares: his first and greatest was to speak on " all occasions what he conceived to be just and " true;" and the conclusion, in which he tells his audience, that " the people of England can only " expect to be happy, and most glorious, while " they are the freest; and can only become the " freest, when they shall be the most virtuous and " most enlightened of nations." It was about the same period that he composed a very spirited ode, in imitation of Callistratus, which has appeared in a variety of periodical publications, and is published in his works*.

In the summer of this year, Mr. Jones again visited France, in the intention of proceeding thence to America. The object of this journey was professional, to procure the restitution of a very large estate of a client and friend, which had been attached by an order of the States, who had threatened the confiscation of the property, unless the owner appeared in person to claim it. This object is mentioned by Mr. Jones in his correspondence, and his own evidence will be conclusive against some surmises and insinuations, which were propagated respecting the motives of his intended journey. The irresolution of his friend, increased by indisposition, prevented the execution of the plan; and Mr. Jones, after having procured a passport from Franklin, the American minister at the court of France, returned to England through Normandy and Holland.

* Vol. iv. p. 573.

For

For other details relating to his life, during the years 1781 and 1782, I refer to his correspondence.

Mr. JONES to Mr. CARTWRIGHT.

DEAR SIR, *May* 1, 1781.

I take the liberty to send you (as my *Arabian* poets are not yet ready to wait upon you) a paraphrase of a Greek fragment, which came into my head this spring in my way to Wales*. I make no

* In his journey through life, Mr. Jones seldom overlooked the opportunities of gathering the flowers which chance presented, or of displaying for the entertainment of his friends, the stores which he had collected. A variety of poetical compositions was produced by him during his circuits, to enliven the intervals of legal labour. Of these a few have been preserved, and amongst them the following elegant song, the offspring of genius and innocent gaiety. It was written by Mr. Jones, some years before the period of his life at which I am now arrived, when he was a very young man, during one of his first circuits, for the express purpose of being sung at a kind of fête champêtre, which the barristers held on the banks of the Wye.

Fair Tivy, how sweet are thy waves gently flowing,
Thy wild oaken woods, and green eglantine bow'rs,
Thy banks with the blush-rose and amaranth glowing,
While friendship and mirth claim these labourless hours!
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure which *prospects* can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How sweet is the odour of jasmine and roses,
That Zephyr around us so lavishly flings!
Perhaps for Bleanpant * fresh perfume he composes,
Or tidings from Bronwith† auspiciously brings;
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure which *odours* can give:
Come,

* The seat of W. Brigstocke, Esq.
† The seat of Thos. Lloyd, Esq.

no doubt of your continuing to cultivate the Muses, by whom you are so highly favoured, and hope

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Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How sweet was the strain that enliven'd the spirit,
And cheer'd us with numbers so frolic and free!
The poet is absent; be just to his merit;
Ah! may he in love be more happy than we!
For weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure the *Muses* can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How gay is the circle of friends round a table,
Where stately Kilgarran* o'erhangs the brown dale;
Where none are unwilling, and few are unable,
To sing a wild song, or repeat a wild tale!
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *friendship* can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

No longer then pore over dark Gothic pages,
To cull a rude gibberish from Neatham or Brooke;
Leave year-books and parchments to grey-bearded sages;
Be nature and love, and fair woman, our book;
For weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *learning* can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live

Admit that our labours were crown'd with full measure,
And gold were the fruit of rhetorical flow'rs,
That India supplied us with long-hoarded treasure,
That Dinevor†, Slebeck‡, and Coidsmore‖ were ours;

Yet

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* A ruin of a castle on the banks of the Tivey.
† Seat of Lord Dinevor's, near Llandelo, in Carmarthen.
‡ Seat of —— Philips, Esq. near Haverford-West.
‖ Seat of Thomas Lloyd, Esq. near Cardigan.

hope you will from time to time transmit the fruit of their favours to, &c. WILLIAM JONES.

From the Bishop of St. ASAPH to Mr. JONES.

DEAR SIR, *May* 28, 1781.

You have my best and earliest thanks for your ode in the true Grecian taste and spirit. I remember to have seen a fragment of Alcæus, but I cannot find it in Aristides, of whom I have only Cantern's small edition. The seed you found there you have quickened by the warmth of true genius into a noble production. I cannot help observing that Alcæus, like other good poets and patriots, was condemned for life to be in the minority.

I am, &c. J. ST. ASAPH.

I hope you will not forget, that when you have leisure, your friends at Twyford will be very happy to see you.

Mr. BURKE to Mr. JONES.

I do not know how I can justify myself in the liberty I take with you, but con-

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Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *riches* can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

Or say, that, preferring fair Thames to fair Tivy,
We gain'd the bright ermine robes, purple and red,
And peep'd thro' long perukes, like owlets thro' ivy,
Or say, that bright coronets blaz'd on our head;
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *honours* can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

fiding

fiding in your humanity and condescension, I beg, if you have leisure for it, that you would be so kind as to breakfast with me, and assist me with your opinion and advice on the conduct of the Bengal Bill. The natives of the East to whose literature you have done so much justice, are particularly under your protection for their rights. I have the honour to be, with the highest esteem and regard, dear Sir,

Your most faithful and obedient humble servant,

EDMUND BURKE.

Mr. JONES to Mr. GIBBON.

DEAR SIR; *Lamb's Buildings, June 30, 1781.*

I have more than once sought, without having been so fortunate as to obtain, a proper opportunity of thanking you very sincerely for the elegant compliment which you pay me, in a work abounding in elegance of all kinds.

My SEVEN ARABIAN POETS will see the light before next winter, and be proud to wait upon you in their English dress. Their wild productions will, I flatter myself, be thought interesting, and not venerable merely on account of their antiquity.

In the mean while, let me request you to honour me with accepting a copy of a Law Tract, which is not yet published: the subject is so generally important, that I make no apology for sending you a professional work.

You must pardon my inveterate hatred of C. Octavianus, basely surnamed Augustus. I feel myself unable to forgive the death of Cicero, which,

if

if he did not promote, he might have prevented. Besides, even Mecænas knew the cruelty of his disposition, and ventured to reproach him with it. In short, I have not *Christian* charity for him.

With regard to Asiatic letters, a necessary attention to my profession will compel me wholly and eternally to abandon them, unless *Lord North* (to whom I am already under no small obligation) should think me worthy to concur in the improved administration of justice in *Bengal*, and should appoint me to supply the vacancy on the India Bench. Were that appointment to take place this year, I should probably travel, for speed, through part of Egypt and Arabia, and should be able, in my way, to procure many Eastern tracts of literature and jurisprudence. I might become a good *Mohammedan* lawyer before I reached Calcutta, and, in my vacations, should find leisure to explain, in my native language, whatever the Arabs, Persians, and Turks, have written on science, history, and the fine arts.

My happiness by no means depends on obtaining this appointment, as I am in easy circumstances without my profession, and have flattering prospects in it; but if the present summer and the ensuing autumn elapse without my receiving any answer, favourable or unfavourable, I shall be forced to consider that silence as a polite refusal, and, having given sincere thanks for past favours, shall entirely drop all thoughts of *Asia*, and, "deep as ever plummet sounded, shall drown my

"*Persian*

"*Persian* books." If my politics have given offence, it would be manly in ministers to tell me so. I shall never be personally hostile to them, nor enlist under party banners of any colour; but I will never resign my opinions for *interest* though I would cheerfully abandon them on *conviction*. My reason, such as it is, can only be controlled by better reason, to which I am ever open. As to my freedom of thought, speech, and action, I shall ever say, what Charles XII. wrote under the map of Riga, "Dieu me l'a donné; le diable ne me "l'otera pas." But the fair answer to this objection is, that my system is purely speculative, and has no relation to my seat on the bench in India, where I should hardly think of instructing the Gentoos in the maxims of the Athenians. I believe I should not have troubled you with this letter, if I did not fear that your attendance in Parliament might deprive me of the pleasure of meeting you at the club next Tuesday; and I shall go to Oxford a few days after. At all times, and in all places I shall ever be, with undissembled regard, dear Sir,

Your much obliged and faithful servant,

W. JONES.

*Mr. JONES to H. A. SCHULTENS.

June 1781.

You are not ignorant of my sentiments on this most abominable war; the inclosed imitation of an ode of Alcæus will clearly

* Appendix, No. 37.

prove

prove my detestation of tyranny, my zeal and exertions in the cause of liberty. Literature, which is, and ought to be, ever connected with humanity, will never, I trust, be degraded by a fratricidal war between the learned, particularly those who pursue the same studies. Do you therefore, though a native of Holland, preserve that affection for me, which I, an Englishman, have, and shall ever retain for you.

I have translated into English, without the omission of a single line, the seven *suspended* poems of our Arabs, and mean to publish the whole with notes, and a dissertation on the ancient monuments of Arabia, in the next summer vacation.

I possess the Commentary of Tabrizi; and I have been obligingly furnished from Trinity College, Cambridge, with the Paraphrase of Zouzini, and his short and excellent notes. At Oxford, we have the notes and Persic version of Sadi, the Scholia of Ansari, and the fine edition of Obeidolla; but I am anxious to inspect all editions and commentaries. Your illustrious grandfather, for whose memory, as in duty bound, I preserve the greatest respect, pronounces these poems worthy of immortality, and says, if I do not mistake, that he transcribed the manuscript of Nahasi, at Leyden, for his own use. I also observed in the copious catalogue of the Schultensian library, (one copy of which I delivered to my friend Hunter) these words: "6990. The seven Moallakat Arabic, "most beautifully written." Has this been purchased

chased by any one? at what price will it be disposed of? I lament that I did not buy it, but being *tied up* at that time myself, by various important occupations, I could not bestow a thought on the *suspended* poems.

Assist me, I beseech you, in the name of the Muses, with materials for perfecting my work; collect from your stores any notes, or various readings which you may possess, and communicate them to me. I have mentioned in my preliminary discourse, your Philarabic family*, and have more to say about it both true and honourable. I wish particularly to know whether any of the seven poems, excepting those of Amr'olkais and Tarafa, will be published in Holland. You shall receive my book, which will be elegantly bound by Baumgarten.

* Albert Schultens the grandfather, and J. J. Schultens, the father of the person to whom this letter is addressed, were both distinguished for their knowledge of Oriental, particularly Arabic, literature. The former was a German divine, born at Groningen, and taught Hebrew and the Oriental languages at Leyden, with great reputation for many years before his death, which happened in 1741. He composed many works which shew profound learning and just criticism. *Biog. Brit.* He translated and explained the fifty dissertations of Hariri, although he sent abroad but few of them; and published Ancient Memorials of Arabia, which Sir William Jones notices in an anniversary discourse delivered before the Asiatic Society, in Calcutta, as the most pleasing of all his works. Of J. J. Schultens his son, I have little information. In Reiske's correspondence, published by his widow, there is one leter from him, dated Herborn, 1748, which manifests no ordinary zeal in the writer for the promotion of Arabic literature. I have no account of any publications by him, excepting two academical dissertations. The learning and labours of H. A. Schultens, are sufficiently apparent from his own letters and those of Mr. Jones.

My

My mother, whom I most tenderly loved, was ever in my opinion the best of women; I trust she is now the happiest. But my affliction for her loss is inconsolable. I shall be most happy to hear that you and your wife are well, and the early gratification of my wishes will be an additional pleasure.

The Bishop of ST. ASAPH to Mr. JONES.

DEAR SIR, *Nov.* 3, 1781.

A letter from you is always welcome, come sooner or later; yet I cannot help rejoicing at that ceaseless hurry of business, which occasioned your delay in writing, and made me lose a very valuable visit. Riches and reputation, after shewing a little coyness at first, are now making their advances at a very great rate, and will soon be as lavish of their charms as you could wish; yet I know you think too liberally, to let either your friends or your liberty suffer by engrossing you too much.

I thank you for the nuptial ode, which, notwithstanding its incorrectness, which you need not complain of, is the most genuine imitation of Pindar I have ever seen. I don't know whether I can assent to your criticism on the word *replete*, that it is never used in a good sense. Were it left to me, I would use it in no sense. It has but little meaning. It was never naturalized in conversation, or in prose, and I think makes no figure in verse.

I have

I have another present of value to thank you for,—your essay on the Law of Bailments. To own the truth, your name to the advertisement made me impatient, and I had sent for it and read it before. It appears to me to be clear, just, and accurate, I mean as clear as the subject will permit. My want of law language, and perhaps of a legal understanding, made me feel great difficulty in following you through your very ingenious distinctions and consequences, of which I thought I could perceive the solidity. I foretell that this will be your last work. For the future your business and the public will allow you to write no more.

Though I fear it will not be consistent with your employment in Westminster-Hall, I cannot help telling you, that for as many days as you can spare between this time and the meeting of parliament, you will find a warm bed, and a hearty welcome at Chilbolton. Mrs. Shipley and her daughters desire their compliments, and join in the invitation.—I am, &c. J. St. Asaph.

Mr. JONES to Mr. CARTWRIGHT.

Dear Sir; *Dec. 20, 1781.*

Since I received your obliging letter, an interval of six months has elapsed; but in all that interval, I have either been deeply engaged in professional labours, or confined by illness: I have enjoyed no rest. At this moment I am slowly recovering from a severe inflammatory

disorder; yet your letter and your fine sonnets have remained constantly on my mind, and I now take up my pen to thank you most warmly for the pleasure which they have given me. I hope my friend Watson has seen the noble wreath of laurel which your animated muse has woven for him. I entreat you to send me the two others, which I long to see. The few copies which were printed of the Latin ode are so dispersed, that I have not one for myself, and would print a few more, if a learned friend of mine had not engaged to publish it with notes, historical and critical, for want of which, it is in some parts obscure. You may depend on receiving one of the first copies that can see the light, and my seven *Arabian* poets will wait upon you as soon as the European dresses are finished. I take the liberty to enclose an ode composed without preparation, and almost without any premeditation: it is the work of a few hours. In truth, when I attended the wedding, I had no thought of writing, but the young ladies would not hear of an excuse: you must therefore make all due allowance for poetry by compulsion.

I am, &c.

Mr. JONES to Lord ALTHORPE.

January 5, 1782.

O la bella cosa il far niente! This was my exclamation, my dear Lord, on the 12th of last month, when I found myself, as I thought, at liberty to be a rambler, or an idler, or any thing I pleased: but my *mal di gola* took ample revenge for

for my abuse and contempt of it, when I wrote to you, by confining me twelve days with a fever and quinsey: and I am now so cramped by the approaching session at Oxford, that I cannot make any long excursion. I inclose my tragical song of "a shepherdess going," with Mazzanti's music, of which my opinion at present is, that the modulation is very artificial, and the harmony good, but that Pergolesi (whom the modern Italians are such puppies as to undervalue) would have made it more pathetic and *heart-rending*, if I may compose such a word. I long to hear it sung by Mrs. Poyntz. Pray present the inclosed, in my name, to Lady Althorpe. I hope that I shall in a short time be able to think of you, when I read these charming lines of Catullus*:

> And soon to be completely blest,
> Soon may a young Torquatus rise;
> Who, hanging on his mother's breast,
> To his known sire shall turn his eyes,
> Out-stretch his infant arms awhile,
> Half ope his little lips and smile.—*(Printed Translation.)*

What a beautiful picture! can Dominichino equal it? How weak are all arts in comparison of poetry and rhetoric! Instead however of *Torquatus*, I would read Spencerus. Do you not think

* The original is quoted by Mr. Jones:—
> Torquatus volo parvulus,
> Matris è gremio suæ
> Porrigens teneras manus,
> Dulce rideat ad patrem,
> Semi-hiante labello.

that I have discovered the true use of the fine arts, namely, in relaxing the mind after toil? Man was born for *labour;* his configuration, his passions, his restlessness, all prove it; but labour would wear him out, and the purpose of it be defeated, if he had not intervals of *pleasure;* and unless that pleasure be *innocent*, both he and society must suffer. Now, what pleasures are more harmless, if they be nothing else, than those afforded by polite arts and polite literature? Love was given us by the Author of our being as the reward of virtue, and the solace of care; but the base and sordid forms of *artificial* (which I oppose to *natural)* society in which we live, have encircled that heavenly rose with so many thorns, that the wealthy alone can gather it with prudence. On the other hand, mere pleasure, to which the idle are not justly entitled, soon satiates, and leaves a vacuity in the mind more unpleasant than actual pain. A just mixture, or interchange of labour and pleasures, appears alone conducive to such happiness as this life affords.—Farewell. I have no room to add my useless name, and still more useless professions of friendship.

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The sentiments expressed in this letter do credit to the heart and understanding of Mr. Jones; they exhibit the pure feelings of an uncorrupted mind; but in giving them to the public, I deem it a duty to observe, that though a just mixture

of

of labours and pleasures, (such innocent pleasures as Mr. Jones describes, and such only as he ever enjoyed,) is greatly conducive to the happiness of this life, the true foundation of real happiness must be sought in a higher source. In the unpremeditated effusions of friendly correspondence, expressions are not to be scrupulously weighed, nor rigorously criticised; but I feel a confidence, which the reader, if he peruses the whole of these Memoirs, will participate with me, that Mr. Jones would have himself approved the observation which I have made upon his letter.

In March of this year, a proposal was made to Mr. Jones, to become a member of the society for constitutional information, and it appears from a letter which he wrote to the secretary of the society, in reply, that he readily accepted it. To prove that he was not regardless of the objects of the society's institution, a short time afterwards he addressed a second letter to the secretary, for the express purpose of confuting some doctrines in the writings of the celebrated Fielding, which he thought dangerous to the constitution of England. I insert both from a periodical publication of 1787, in which they have been preserved.

Mr. JONES to Mr. THOMAS YEATES.

SIR; *Lamb's Buildings, April 25*, 1782.

It was not till within these very few days that I received, on my return from the circuit, your obliging letter, dated the 18th of March, which had I been so fortunate as to receive

ceive earlier, I should have made a point of answering immediately. The society for constitutional information, by electing me one of their members, will confer upon me an honour, which I am wholly unconscious of deserving, but which is so flattering to me, that I accept of their offer with pleasure and gratitude. I should indeed long ago have testified my regard for so useful an institution by an offer of my humble service in promoting it, if I had not really despaired in my present situation of being able to attend your meetings as often as I should ardently wish.

My future life shall certainly be devoted to the support of that excellent constitution, which it is the object of your society to unfold and elucidate; and from this resolution, long and deliberately made, no prospects, no connections, no station here or abroad, no fear of danger, or hope of advantage to myself, shall ever deter or allure me.

A form of government so apparently conducive to the true happiness of the Community, must be admired as soon as it is understood, and if reason and virtue have any influence in human breasts, ought to be preserved by any exertions, and at any hazard. Care must now be taken, lest by reducing the regal power to its just level, we raise the aristocratical to a dangerous height; since it is from the people that we can deduce the obligation of our laws, and the authority of magistrates.

On the people depend the welfare, the security, and the permanence of every legal government;

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in the people must reside all substantial power; and to the people must all those, in whose ability and knowledge we sometimes wisely, often imprudently confide, be always accountable for the due exercise of that power with which they are for a time entrusted.

If the properties of all good government be considered as duly distributed in the different parts of our limited republic, goodness ought to be the distinguished attribute of the crown, wisdom of the aristocracy, but power and fortitude of the people.

May justice and humanity prevail in them all!

I am, Sir, your very faithful
and obedient servant, W. JONES.

Mr. JONES to Mr. THOMAS YEATES.

SIR, *Lamb's Buildings, Temple, June 7, 1782.*

I lately met with some dangerous doctrine concerning the constitution of England, in the works of an admired English writer; the doctrine is so dangerous, that an immediate confutation of it seems highly necessary, and the writer so admired, that his opinions, good or bad, must naturally have a very general influence. It was the opinion, in short, of the late ingenious Henry Fielding, that "the constitution of this island was nothing fixed, "but just as variable as its weather," and he treats the contrary notion as a ridiculous error: now, if this doctrine be well founded, our society will soon, I imagine, think it wise to dissolve themselves,

selves, since it is hardly consistent with the gravity of sensible men to collect and impart information like the makers of almanacks, upon any thing so uncertain as the weather; if, on the other hand, the error be palpably on the side of Mr. Fielding, you will not only proceed with assiduity in your laudable design of rendering our constitution universally known, but will be at least equal in usefulness and true dignity to any society that ever was formed. His words are these, in the preface to his tract, 'On the Increase of Robberies,' dedicated to Lord Chancellor Hardwicke: "There is no-"thing so much talked of and so little understood "in this country, as the constitution. It is a "word in the mouth of every man: and yet when "we come to discourse of the matter, there is no "subject on which our ideas are more confused and "perplexed. Some, when they speak of the con-"stitution, confine their notions to the law; others, "to the legislature; others, again, to the governing "or executive part; and many there are who jumble "all these together in one idea. One error however "is common to them all: for all seem to have the "conception of something uniform and permanent, "as if the constitution of England partook rather "of the nature of the soil than of the climate, "and was as fixed and constant as the former, not "as changing and variable as the latter. Now "in this word, the Constitution, are included the "original and fundamental law of the kingdom, "from whence all powers are derived, and by

"which

" which they are circumscribed; all legislative and " executive authority, all those municipal provi- " sions, which are commonly called laws; and lastly, " the customs, manners, and habits of the people. " These joined together do, I apprehend, form the " political, as the several members of the body, the " animal economy, with the humours and habit, " compose that which is called the natural con- " stitution."

He adds a paragraph or two of elegant but idle allusions to the Platonic philosophy, as if we lived under the polity of Plato, not in the days of William the Norman. Now, of all words easy to be comprehended, the easiest, in my humble opinion, is the word constitution; it is the great system of public in contra-distinction to private and criminal law, and comprises all those articles which Blackstone arranges in his first volume, under the rights of persons, and of which he gives a perspicuous analysis. Whatever then relates to the rights of persons, either absolute rights, as the enjoyment of liberty, security, and property, or relative, that is, in the public relations of magistrates and people, makes a part of that majestic whole, which we properly call the Constitution. Of those magistrates, some are subordinate, and some supreme; as the legislative or parliament, which ought to consist of delegates from every independent voice in the nation; and the executive or the king, whose legal rights for the general good are called prerogative. The people are the

the aggregate body or community, and are in an ecclesiastical, civil, military, or maritime state.

This constitutional or public law is partly unwritten, and grounded upon immemorial usage, and partly written or enacted by the legislative power: but the unwritten or common law contains the true spirit of our constitution; the written has often most unjustifiably altered the form of it: the common law is the collected wisdom of many centuries, having been used and approved by successive generations, but the statutes frequently contain the whims of a few leading men; and sometimes of the mere individuals employed to draw them; lastly, the unwritten law is eminently favourable, and the written generally hostile to the absolute rights of persons.

But though this inestimable law be called unwritten, yet the only evidence of it is in writing preserved in the public records, judicial, official, and parliamentary, and explained in works of acknowledged authority. Positive acts of the legislature may indeed change the form of the constitution; but as in the system of private law, the narrowness or rigour of our forensic rules may be enlarged or softened by the interposition of parliament, (for, our courts of equity are wholly of a different nature,) so all legislative provisions, which oppose the spirit of the constitution, may be corrected agreeably to that very spirit, by the people or nation at large, who form as it were, the high court of appeal in cases of constitutional equity;

equity; and their sense must be collected from the petitions which they present, expressed with moderation and respect, yet with all the firmness which their cause justifies, and all the dignity which truly becomes them. I am, Sir,

Your very faithful humble servant,

W. JONES.

Mr. JONES to the Bishop of ST. ASAPH.

MY LORD, *Wimbledon Park, Sept.* 13, 1782.

If your Lordship received my letter from Calais, you will not be much surprized to see the date of this, and the place where I now am writing, while Lady Spencer is making morning visits. Mr. and Mrs. Poyntz have this instant left us. Lord Althorpe being in Northamptonshire, I must give myself some consolation for my disappointment in missing him, by scribbling a few lines to him, as soon as I have finished these with which I now trouble your Lordship. My excursion to the United *Provinces* (which has been the substitute for my intended expedition to the United *States*) was extremely pleasing and improving to me. I returned last Monday, and finding all my friends dispersed in various parts of England, am going for a few days into Buckinghamshire, whence I shall go to Oxford, and must continue there till the Sessions. Should your Lordship be in Hampshire any time in October, and should it be in all respects convenient to you, I will accept, this year, with great pleasure, the obliging invi-

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tation to Chilbolton, which I was unfortunately prevented from accepting last year. I lament the unhappy dissensions among our great men, and clearly see the vanity of my anxious wish, that they would have played in tune some time longer in the political concert.

The delays about the India judgeship have, it is true, greatly injured me; but with my patience and assiduity, I could easily recover my lost ground. I must however take the liberty here to allude to a most obliging letter of your Lordship from Chilbolton, which I received so long ago as last November, but was prevented from answering till you came to town. It was inexpressibly flattering to me, but my intimate knowledge of the nature of my profession, obliges me to assure you, that it requires the *whole man*, and admits of no concurrent pursuits: that, consequently, I must either give it up, or it will engross me so much, that I shall not for some years be *able to enjoy the society of my friends, or the sweets of liberty.* Whether it be a wise part to live uncomfortably, in order to die wealthy, is another question; but this I know by experience, and have heard old practitioners make the same observation, that a lawyer who is in earnest, must be chained to his chambers and the bar for ten or twelve years together. In regard to your Lordship's indulgent and flattering prediction, that my Essay on Bailment would be my last work, and that for the future, business and the public would allow me to write no more, I doubt whether

ther it will be accomplished, whatever may be my practice or situation: for I have already prepared many tracts on jurisprudence; and when I see the volumes written by Lord Coke, whose annual gains were twelve or fourteen thousand pounds, by Lord Bacon, Sir Matthew Hale, and a number of judges and chancellors, I cannot think that I should be hurt in my professional career, by publishing now and then a law tract upon some interesting branch of the science; and the science itself is indeed so complex, that, without *writing*, which is *the chain of memory*, it is impossible to remember a thousandth part of what we read or hear. Since it is my wish therefore to become in time as great a lawyer as Sulpicius. I shall probably leave as many volumes of my works, as he is said to have written. As to politics, I begin to think, that the natural propensity of men to dissent from one another, will prevent them, in a corrupt age, from uniting in any laudable design; and at present I have nothing to do but to *rest on my oars*, which the Greek philosophers, I believe, called ἐπέχειν, a word which Cicero applies, in one of his letters, to the same subject.

My best respects to the ladies; for whom I would certainly have brought some Virginian nightingales, if my western expedition had taken place, since I was informed by the captain, with whom I should have sailed, that they might have been kept in the cabin without any danger.

Mr.

Mr. JONES to Mr. Baron EYRE.

DEAR SIR, *Oct. 2, 1782.*

I have been in England about a fortnight, and was made happy by learning in John-Street, that you had long been restored to health from the illness which confined you, to my inexpressible concern, at the time when I set out for the Continent. The cause of my return is, in few words, this; I ought to have foreseen, what I nevertheless did not expect, that the same timidity or imbecility, which made my unhappy friend declare, that he neither could nor would go to Virginia without me, would make him declare, when he saw the sails and the waves, that he neither would nor could go at all. A dread of some imaginary danger so enervated him, that he kept his bed, and wrote me word, that if he staid a week longer at Nantes, he should loose his reason or his life. My expostulations had some little effect, but there was no dependence, I found, on a man who had none, he confessed, upon himself; and when I discovered, that no ship, with even tolerable accommodation, would sail till September, so that I could not keep my word with my friends in England, by returning from America before the new year, I came back through Normandy about the middle of August, and having a few weeks to spare, made a very pleasant and improving excursion into Holland, which I traversed from South to North. The detail of my expedition may not perhaps be unentertaining to you, when

I have

I have the pleasure of conversing with you at your leisure; and I am not without hope of enjoying that pleasure, if you continue at Ruscombe, before the Term begins. I stay here till the Sessions are over, and would immediately after take my chance of finding you in Berkshire, but am called upon to keep an old promise of visiting the Bishop of St. Asaph near Andover, and must spend a day or two with my friend Poyntz. I can easily conceive how little time you can have to write letters, yet if you could find a moment to let me know how long you propose to remain in the country, I would not be in your neighbourhood without paying my respects to you, and I would indeed have taken Ruscombe in my way to Oxford, if I had not been engaged to make a visit in Buckinghamshire. As to myself, I find such distraction among my political friends, that I should be glad (if I had no other motive) to be fixed in India, at the distance of 16,000 miles from all their animosities, but I am unhappily more unsettled than ever; for * * * * writes me word, that he has nothing more at heart than *to open some* situation for me in India. What this means I know not, but it looks like some new plan, which may probably hang undecided from session to session. On the whole, I greatly fear that it would have been happy for me, and perhaps for millions, if India had never existed, or if we had known as little of it as of Japan.

Mr.

Mr. JONES to Lord ALTHORPE.

MY DEAR LORD, *Oct. 5, 1782.*

Your friendly letter caught me in Buckinghamshire, before I came to college, where I have been for some days sole governor, and almost sole inhabitant of Alfred's peaceful mansion, till Mr. Windham surprised me agreeably, by coming with a design of passing some time in this academical retreat. You, in the mean while, are taking healthful and pleasing exercise in Norfolk, where Mr. Fox, I understand, is also shooting partridges; and you are both ready, no doubt, to turn your firelocks against the Dutch, should they make their appearance in your fields: when I was in Zealand they expected us, and if they stand upon the ceremony of the first visit, we shall not, I imagine, meet very soon.

In regard to my expectation of seeing a little good attained for our miserable country, I am not apt to be sanguine, but rather inclined to fear the worst than to expect the best. I rejoice, however, at the *distrust* conceived by many honest men of those now in power; my opinion is, that, *power* should always be *distrusted*, in whatever hands it is placed. As to America, I know what * * * * * thinks: but this I know, that the sturdy transatlantic yeomanry will neither be dragooned nor bamboozled out of their liberty. His principles in regard to our internal government are, unless I am deluded by his professions, such as my reason approves, and, which is better, such as I know to

be

be approved in clear terms by our *recorded* constitution. The friends of * * * * * were too monarchical, and those of * * * * far too aristocratical for me; and if it were possible to see an administration too democratical, I should equally dislike it. There must be a mixture of all the powers, in due proportions weighed and measured by the laws, or the nation cannot exist without misery or shame. I may write all this consistently with good manners and with friendship, because I know the excellence of your understanding and soundness of your principles; and independently of my presumption that all your actions must be wise and just, I see and applaud the motive which must have induced you to resign an office, which you were not at first much inclined to accept. I am confident also, that you would as little endure a Swedish *monarchy*, as a Venetian *aristocracy*. I inclose a little *jeu d'esprit** which I wrote at Paris. It was printed here by a society, who, if they will steer clear of party, will do more good to Britain, than all the philosophers and antiquaries of Somerset House. But to speak the truth, I greatly

* The *jeu d'esprit* mentioned here, is the Dialogue between a Farmer and Country Gentleman on the Principles of Government. In Dr. Towers' Tract on the Rights of Juries, the following passage relating to it occurs:

"After a Bill of Indictment had been found against the Dean of "St. Asaph, for the publication of the edition which was printed in "Wales, Sir William Jones sent a letter to Lord Kenyon, then Chief "Justice of Chester, in which he avowed himself to be the author of "the dialogue, and maintained that every position in it was strictly "conformable to the laws and constitution of England." p. 117.

doubt

doubt, whether they, or any other men in this country, can do it substantial good. The nation, as Demosthenes said, will be fed like a consumptive patient, with chicken-broth and panada, which will neither suffer him to expire, nor keep him wholly alive. As to myself, if my friends are resolved to assail one another, instead of concurring in any great and laudable effort for the general safety, I have no course left, but to act and speak rightly to the best of my understanding; but I have an additional motive for wishing to obtain an office in India, where I might have some prospect of contributing to the happiness of millions, or at least of alleviating their misery, and serving my country essentially, whilst I benefited my fellow-creatures.

When the sessions are over, I shall hasten to Chilbolton, and perform an old promise of passing a few days with the best of Bishops; after which I shall take Midgham, and Baron Eyre's at Ruscombe, in my way to London, where I must be at the beginning of the Term. A Persian book is just printed here, said to have been composed by Tamerlane, who confesses, that he governed men by four great arts, bribing, dividing, *amusing*, and *keeping in suspense*. How far it may be an object with modern Tamerlanes, or sultans of India, to govern me, I cannot tell; but as I cannot be *bribed*, without losing my senses, nor divided, without losing my life, I will neither be *amused*, nor *kept* long *in suspense;* and, indeed,

I have

I have so high an opinion of Lord Ashburton, who never professes more than he means, that I do not suspect any artifice in that business.

Mr. JONES to Lady SPENCER.

MADAM, *Chilbolton, Oct. 21, 1782.*

Though I wrote so lately to your Ladyship, and cannot hope by any thing I can now say to make amends for the dulness of my last letter; yet, as some of the ladies here are this moment writing to St. James's Place, I cannot prevail on myself to decline joining so agreeable a party, especially as the very favourable accounts which were last night received of Lord Spencer's health have given me spirits, and made me eager to offer my sincere congratulations. Yes; I rejoice with the truest sincerity, that his Lordship's health is so likely to be re-established, for I cannot name a man of rank in the nation, in whose health the public and all mankind, as well as his family and friends, are more truly interested. I have passed my time at Chilbolton so agreeably, that ten days have appeared like one; and it gives me concern that the near approach of the Term will oblige me to leave so charming and improving a society at the end of this week: after which I shall hope to find my friends at Midgham in perfect health; and then farewell, a long farewell to all my rational and interesting pleasures, which must be succeeded by the drudgery of drawing bills in equity, the toil of answering cases, the

squabbles of the bar, and the more vexatious dissentions and conflicts of the political world, which I vainly deprecated, and now as vainly deplore. How happy would it be, if statesmen had more *music in their souls*, and could bring themselves to consider, that what harmony is in a concert, such is union in a state; but in the great orchestra of politics, I find so many musicians out of humour, and instruments out of tune, that I am more tormented by such dissonance than the man in Hogarth's print, and am more desirous than ever of being transported to the distance of five thousand leagues from all this fatal discord. Without a metaphor, I lament with anguish the bitterness and animosity with which some of my friends have been assailing others; as if empty altercation could be the means of procuring any good to this afflicted country. I find myself in more instances than one, like poor Petrarch, wishing to pass my days

> Fra' magnanimi pochi; à chi 'l ben piace,
> Di lor chi m' assecura?
> Io vo gridando *pace, pace, pace.*

—but I shall not be heard, and must console myself with the pleasing hope, that your Ladyship, and the few friends of virtue and humanity, will agree in this sentiment with, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

From

From the Duchess of DEVONSHIRE to Mr. JONES.

MY DEAR MR. JONES; *Plimton, Oct. 28, 1782.*

I am very happy that the fear of losing a privilege, which you are so good as to say is precious to you, has induced you to write to me, for I assure you, that your letters give me very great pleasure, and that they, as well as the few times in which we meet, make me regret very much, that the turn of your public engagements takes you so much from societies where you are wished for.

I agree with you, that the political world is strangely torn. If you had been in parliament at this crisis, you would have felt yourself in an uncomfortable situation, I confess; but I cannot think, that with the good Whig principles you are blessed with, private friendships or connections would have prevailed on you to remain silent or inactive.

Chi vuol Catone amico,
Facilmente l'avrà: Sia fido a Roma.

This I think would have been the test of your political friendship.

I am rejoiced that there is a chance of your returning to poetry. I had a very valuable present made me by Dr. Blagden, physician to the camp, of your ode in imitation of Callistratus. I wish I understood Greek, that I might read something Mr. Paradise has written at the top of it. I will attempt to copy it; and after the various

rious characters I have, *in days of yore*, seen you decipher, I will not despair of your making out Greek, though written by me.

Αἱ Χαρίτες, τέμενός τι λαβεῖν ὅπερ ἀεί ποσείη
Ζητοῦσαι, ψυχὴν εὗρον Ἰωνίονος. *

I shall expect to see the poem something sooner than the rest of your friends; and I assure you, the having so seldom the pleasure of meeting you, does not diminish the sincerity, with which I shall ever retain that title.—If you are still at Chilbolton, pray give my love to the family there, and tell Miss Shipley to write to me.

My seal is a talisman, which if you can send me the explanation of, I shall be much obliged to you. * * * * * *

In the beginning of 1783, Mr. Jones published his translation of the seven Arabian poems, which he had finished in 1781. It was his intention to have prefixed to this work, a discourse on the antiquity of the Arabian language and characters, on the manners of the Arabs in the age immediately preceding that of Mohammed, and other interesting information respecting the poems, and the lives of the authors, with a critical history of their works; but he could not command sufficient leisure for the execution of it. Some of the subjects intended for this dissertation, appeared in a discourse on the Arabs, which he composed some

* The Graces, seeking a shrine that would never decay, found the soul of Jones.

years

years afterwards, and from the manner in which it was written, it is impossible not to regret the irrecoverable loss of the larger discussion which he originally proposed. The poems present us with a curious specimen of the manners of the natives of Arabia, and on this account, must be particularly interesting to those, who consider the study of human nature in all its varieties, as an instructive subject of contemplation. "They ex-"hibit (to use the words of Mr. Jones) an exact "picture of the virtues and vices of the Arabs in "the age of the seven poets, their wisdom and "their folly, and shew what may be constantly "expected from men of open hearts, and boiling "passions, with no law to control, and little reli-"gion to restrain them."

The period was now arrived, when Mr. Jones had the happiness to gain the accomplishment of his most anxious wishes. In March 1783, during the administration of Lord Shelburne, he was appointed a judge of the supreme court of judicature at Fortwilliam at Bengal, on which occasion the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him; and, in the April following, he married Anna Maria Shipley, the eldest daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph. I have remarked the early impression made upon the affections of Sir William Jones by this lady, and the honourable determination which he formed upon that occasion; and if I should have succeeded in imparting to my readers any portion of that interest, which I

feel

feel in his personal concerns, they will see him with pleasure receiving the rewards of principle and affection.

The Bishop of St. Asaph, of whose respectable character and high literary reputation it is unnecessary to remind the public, possessed too enlightened an understanding not to appreciate the early distinguished talents and virtues of Sir William Jones, and their friendship was cemented by an union of political principles, and the zealous admiration each felt for the constitution of their country. The Bishop, in the choice of a son-in-law, had every reason to indulge the pleasing hope that he had consulted, as far as human foresight can extend, the happiness of his beloved daughter; nor were his expectations disappointed.

For his appointment to India, Mr. Jones was indebted to the friendship of Lord Ashburton: in October 1782, I find a letter from his Lordship to Mr. Jones, with the following words: "You will "give me credit for not being indifferent about "the important stake still left in India, or your "particular interest in it, in which I consider that "of the public so materially involved." The intelligence of his success was communicated to Mr. Jones, in the following letter of congratulation; to which I subjoin one from the celebrated Franklin on the same occasion.

MY DEAR SIR, *March* 3, 1783.

It is with little less satisfaction to myself than it can give you, that I send you the inclosed,

closed, and I do assure you there are few events, in which I could have felt so sensible a mortification, as in that of your finally missing this favourite object. The weather suggests to me as no slight topic of congratulation, your being relieved from such a journey and under such circumstances, as your last favour intimates you had in contemplation for Wednesday; but when I consider this appointment as securing to you at once, two of the first objects of human pursuit, those of ambition and love, I feel it a subject of very serious and cordial congratulation, which I desire you to accept, and to convey accordingly.

I am, with every good wish, dear Sir, your faithful humble servant, ASHBURTON.

DEAR FRIEND; *Passy, March* 17, 1783.

I duly received your obliging letter of Nov. 15. You will have since learnt how much I was then and have been continually engaged in public affairs, and your goodness will excuse my not having answered it sooner. You announced your intended marriage with my much respected friend Miss Anna Maria, which I assure you gave me great pleasure, as I cannot conceive a match more likely to be happy, from the amiable qualities each of you possess so plentifully. You mention its taking place as soon as a prudent attention to worldly interests would permit. I just now learn from Mr. Hodgson, that you are appointed to an honourable and profitable place in the

the Indies; so I expect now soon to hear of the wedding, and to receive the profile. With the good Bishop's permission, I will join my blessing with his; adding my wishes that you may return from that corrupting country, with a great deal of money honestly acquired, and with full as much virtue as you carry out with you.

The engraving of my medal, which you know was projected before the peace, is but just finished. None are yet struck in hard metal, but will in a few days. In the mean time, having this good opportunity by Mr. Penn, I find you one of the Épreuves. You will see that I have profited by some of your ideas, and adopted the mottos you were so kind as to furnish.

I am at present quite recovered from my late illness, and flatter myself that I may in the ensuing summer be able to undertake a trip to England, for the pleasure of seeing once more my dear friends there, among whom the Bishop and his family stand foremost in my estimation and affection.

I thank you for your good wishes respecting me. Mine for your welfare and prosperity are not less earnest and sincere; being with great truth, dear Sir, your affectionate friend, and most obedient servant, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

* * * * * *

I have mentioned the literary productions of Sir William Jones in the order in which they were published. I observe however two compositions which

which had escaped my attention; an abridged History of the Life of Nadir Shah, in English, and a History of the Persian Language, intended to be prefixed to the first edition of his Persian Grammar*.

A long list might be formed of works which he meditated at different periods. He had projected a Treatise on Maritime Contracts; and with a view to the completion of this work, he commissioned a friend to purchase for him the Collections of Heineccius, containing the Dissertations of Stypman and Kerrick, with any other works that could be procured on the same subject. It was also his intention to republish Lyttleton's Treatise on Tenures, from the first edition of 1482, with a new translation, explanatory notes, and a commentary; and to prefix an Introductory Dis-

* The reader will peruse with pleasure the following lines from the Arabic, written by Sir William Jones, in 1783, and addressed to Lady Jones:

While sad suspense and chill delay
Bereave my wounded soul of rest,
New hopes, new fears, from day to day,
By turns assail my lab'ring breast.

My heart, which ardent love consumes,
Throbs with each agonizing thought;
So flutters with entangled plumes,
The lark in wily meshes caught.

There she, with unavailing strain,
Pours thro' the night her warbled grief;
The gloom retires, but not her pain;
The dawn appears, but not relief.

Two younglings wait the parent bird,
Their thrilling sorrows to appease:
She comes—ah! no: the sound they heard
Was but a whisper of the breeze.

course

course on the Laws of England. He had made a considerable progress towards the completion of this work, which still exists, but not in a sufficient degree of advancement for publication.

I have remarked the extraordinary avidity with which he availed himself of every opportunity to acquire knowledge: but I have omitted to mention his attendance during a course of anatomical lectures, by the celebrated Hunter: and amongst other sciences which he diligently and successfully cultivated, I have still to mention the Mathematics, in which he had advanced so far, as to read and understand Newton's Principia.

The review of the various acquisitions of Sir William Jones in science and literature, will be introduced in another place; and having brought to a close that portion of his life, which was passed in England, I must now prepare the reader to transport himself with him to Hindustan.

Sir William Jones embarked for India in the Crocodile frigate; and in April 1783, left his native country, to which he was never to return, with the unavailing regret and affectionate wishes of his numerous friends and admirers.

As to himself, the melancholy impressions which he could not but feel on such an occasion, were alleviated by various considerations. The expectations of five years were now accomplished in the attainment of his wishes; he anticipated the utility of his official labours to the public, and the occupation

pation so peculiarly delightful to him, of investigating unexplored mines of literature. Sir William Jones was now in his thirty-seventh year, in the full vigour of his faculties, and he looked forward with ardour to the pleasures and advantages arising from his situation in India, without any apprehension that the climate of that country would prove hostile to his constitution. A difference of opinion on great political questions, without diminishing his regard for his friends, had narrowed his habits of intercourse with some whom he sincerely esteemed, and he felt therefore the less regret in quitting those whose principles he wished to approve, but from whom, an adherence to his own frequently compelled him to dissent. He reflected with pleasure on the independency of his station, that the line of duty, which it prescribed, was strait and defined, and in leaving his native country, for which he retained the warmest affection, he was not sorry to abandon all political cares and discussions. But his greatest consolation and enjoyment were derived from the society of Lady Jones.

To those who are destitute of internal resources, whose habits have led them to seek for amusement in the miscellaneous occurrences and topics of the day only, a sea voyage is a period of fatigue, languor, and anxiety. To Sir William Jones every new scene was interesting, and his mind, exercised by incessant study and reflection, possessed an inexhaustible fund of subjects; which he could at

pleasure

pleasure select and apply to the purposes of recreation and improvement, but his application during his voyage was more particularly directed to those studies, by which he was to enlarge the requisite qualifications for discharging the duties of his public station, with satisfaction to himself and benefit to the community*.

The

*The following memorandum was written by Sir William Jones during his voyage:

Objects of Enquiry during my residence in Asia.

1. The Laws of the Hindûs and Mohammedans.
2. The History of the *Ancient* World.
3. Proofs and Illustrations of Scripture.
4. Traditions concerning the Deluge, &c.
5. Modern politics and Geography of Hindustan.
6. Best mode of governing Bengal.
7. Arithmetic and Geometry, and mixed Sciences of the Asiatics.
8. Medicine, Chemistry, Surgery, and Anatomy of the Indians.
9. Natural Productions of India.
10. Poetry, Rhetoric, and Morality of Asia.
11. Music of the Eastern Nations.
12. The Shi-King, or 300 Chinese Odes.
13. The best accounts of Tibet and Cashmir.
14. Trade, Manufactures, Agriculture, and Commerce of India.
15. Mogul Constitution, contained in the Defteri Alemghiri, and Ayein Acbari.
16. Mahratta Constitution.

To print and publish the *Gospel* of St. Luke in Arabic.

To publish Law Tracts in Persian or Arabic.

To print and publish the *Psalms* of *David* in Persian verse.

To compose, if God grant me life,

1. Elements of the Laws of England.

Model—The Essay on Bailment—Aristotle.

2. The History of the *American* War.

Model—Thucydides and Polybius.

3. Britain Discovered, an Heroic Poem on the Constitution of England. Machinery. Hindu Gods.

Model—Homer.

4. Speeches,

The following short letter to Lord Ashburton, written a few weeks after his embarkation, may not be unacceptable to the reader:

Sir WILLIAM JONES to Lord ASHBURTON.

April 27, 1783.

Your kind letter found me on board the Crocodile: I should have been very unhappy had it missed me, since I have long habituated myself to set the highest value on every word you speak, and every line you write. Of the two inclosed letters to our friends, Impey and Chambers, I will take the greatest care, and will punctually follow your directions as to the first of them. My departure was sudden indeed; but the Admiralty were so anxious for the sailing of this frigate, and their orders were so peremptory, that it was impossible to wait for any thing but a breeze. Our voyage has hitherto been tolerably pleasant, and, since we left the Channel, very quick. We begin to see albicores about the ship, and to perceive an agreeable change of climate. Our days, though short, give me ample time for study, recreation, and exercise; but my joy and delight proceed from the surprising health and spirits of Anna Maria, who joins me in affectionate remembrance to Lady Ashburton. As to you, my dear Lord, we con-

4. Speeches, Political, and Forensic.
Model—Demosthenes.
5. Dialogues, Philosophical and Historical.
Model—Plato.
6. Letters. *Model*—Demosthenes and Plato.
12th July, 1783. Crocodile Frigate.

sider

sider you as the spring and fountain of our happiness, as the author and parent, (a Roman would have added, what the coldness of our northern language will hardly admit) the *god* of our fortunes. It is possible indeed, that by incessant labour and irksome attendance at the bar, I might in due time have attained all that my very limited ambition could aspire to; but in no other station than that which I owe to your friendship, could I have gratified at once my boundless curiosity concerning the people of the East, continued the exercise of my profession, in which I sincerely delight, and enjoyed at the same time the comforts of domestic life. The grand jury of Denbighshire, have found, I understand, the bill against the Dean of St. Asaph, for publishing my dialogue; but as an indictment for a theoretical essay on government was I believe never before known, I have no apprehension for the consequences. As to the doctrines in the tract, though I shall certainly not preach them to the Indians, who must and will be governed by absolute power, yet I shall go through life with a persuasion, that they are just and rational, that substantial freedom is both the daughter and parent of virtue, and that virtue is the only source of public and private felicity.—Farewell.

* * * * * *

In the course of the voyage he stopped at Madeira, and in ten additional weeks of prosperous sailing from the rugged islands of Cape Verd, arrived at Hinzuan or Joanna. Of this island, where

where he remained a few days only, he has published an interesting and amusing description. He expatiates with rapture on his approach to it, delineates with the skill of an artist the beauties of the scenery, and sketches with the discriminating pen of a philosopher, the characters and manners of the unpolished but hospitable natives. The novelty of the scene was attractive, and its impression upon his mind is strongly marked by the following just and elegant reflection, which in substance is more than once repeated in his writings: —"If life were not too short for the complete discharge of all our respective duties, public and private, and for the acquisition even of necessary knowledge in any degree of perfection, with how much pleasure and improvement might a great part of it be spent in admiring the beauties of this wonderful orb, and contemplating the nature of man in all its varieties!"*

But it would be injustice to his memory, to pass over without particular notice, the sensible and dignified rebuke, with which he repelled the rude attack of Mussulman bigotry on the divinity of our Saviour. During a visit which he made to a native of the island, a Coran was produced for his inspection, and his attention was pointedly directed to a passage in a commentary, accusing the Christians of blasphemy, in calling our Saviour the Son of God. "The commentator (he replied) was

*Sir William Jones's Works, vol. iv. p. 488.

"much to blame for passing so indiscriminate and "hasty a censure; the title which gave your "legislator, and which gives you such offence, "was often applied in *Judea* by a bold figure, "agreeably to the *Hebrew* idiom, though unusual "in *Arabic*, to *angels*, to *holy men*, and even to *all* "*mankind*, who are commanded to call God their "father; and in this large sense, the Apostle to the "Romans calls the elect the *children* of God, and "the Messiah the *first-born among many brethren;* "but the words *only begotten* are applied tran- "scendantly and incomparably to Him alone; and "as for me, who believe the Scriptures which you "also profess to believe, though you assert with- "out proof that we have altered them, I cannot "refuse Him an appellation, though far surpass- "ing our reason, by which He is distinguished in "the Gospel; and the believers in Mohammed, "who expressly names Him the Messiah, and pro- "nounces Him to have been born of a virgin "(which alone might fully justify the phrase con- "demned by this author) are themselves condem- "nable, for cavilling at words, when they cannot "object to the substance of our faith, consistently "with their own*."

This quotation affords a decisive proof of the belief of Sir William Jones, in the sublime doctrines of the Christian religion. Had he been an infidel, he would have smiled at the scoffs of

*Sir William Jones's Works, vol. i. p. 485.

Mussulman

Mussulman bigotry; and had he been indifferent to his faith, he would have been silent on an occasion, where he could expect neither candour nor concessions from his antagonists. Indeed he was well aware, that a religious dispute with those zealots, would have been fruitless and unseasonable, and might have been dangerous; but, as it was inconsistent with his principles to disavow or conceal what he firmly believed and professed, he could not suffer the attack to pass without reprehension, and he grounded it on premises, which his opponents could not dispute, nor did they venture to answer.

From Hinzuan to the Ganges, nothing material occurred, and he landed at Calcutta, in September 1783. His reputation had preceded his arrival, which was anxiously expected, and he had the happiness to find, that his appointment had diffused a general satisfaction, which his presence now rendered complete. The students of the Oriental languages were eager to welcome a scholar, whose erudition in that branch of literature was unrivalled, and whose labours and genius had assisted their progress; while the public rejoiced in the possession of a magistrate, whose probity and independence were no less acknowledged than his abilities.

With what rapture he himself contemplated his new situation, may be more easily conceived than described. As a magistrate of the supreme court of judicature, he had now that opportunity, which

he ever ardently desired, of devoting his talents to the service of his native country, and for promoting the happiness of the community in which he resided; while the history, antiquities, natural productions, arts, sciences, and literature of Asia, opened an extensive and almost boundless field to his enquiries. He was now placed amidst a people, whose pretensions to antiquity had hitherto eluded research, and whose manners, religion, and customs, still retained the same characteristical peculiarities, by which they were originally distinguished. Time, who spreads the veil of oblivion over the opinions and works of mankind, who annihilates empires and the records of their existence, had spared the doctrines and language of the followers of Brama, and, amidst the ravages of conquest and oppressions of tyranny, seemed to protect with parental care some of the earliest monuments of his reign. The Hindoos in fact presented to the observation of Sir William Jones, a living picture of antiquity: and although the colouring might be somewhat faded and obscured, the lineaments of the original character were still discernible by the most superficial observer, whilst he remarked them with discrimination and rapture.

In December 1783, he entered upon his judicial functions, and at the opening of the sessions, delivered his first charge to the grand jury. The public had formed a high estimate of his oratorical powers, nor were they disappointed. His address

was

was elegant, concise, and appropriate; the exposition of his sentiments and principles was equally manly and conciliatory, and calculated to inspire general satisfaction, as the known sincerity of his character was a test of his adherence to his professions. In glancing at dissentions, which, at no remote period, had unfortunately prevailed between the supreme executive and judicial powers in Bengal, he shewed that they might and ought to be avoided, that the functions of both were distinct, and could be exercised without danger of collision, in promoting what should be the object of both, the public good.

In the intervals of leisure from his professional duties, he directed his attention to scientific objects; he soon saw that the field of research in India was of an extent to baffle the industry of any individual; and that whatever success might attend his own indefatigable labours, it could only be explored by the united efforts of many. With these ideas, he devised the institution of a society in Calcutta, on the plan of those established in the principal cities of Europe, as best calculated to excite and facilitate the enquiries of the ingenious, as affording the means of preserving the numerous little tracts and essays, which otherwise would be lost to the public, and of concentrating all the valuable knowledge, which might be obtained in Asia. The suggestion was received with the greatest satisfaction by several gentlemen to whom he communicated it, and the members of the new

association,

association, assembled for the first time in January 1784.

The repetition of a narrative, which has already appeared in several publications*, may be deemed superfluous; but a detail of the circumstances attending the formation of an Institution, of which Sir William Jones was not only the founder, but the brightest ornament, cannot with propriety be omitted in the Memoirs of his Life.

It had been resolved to follow, as nearly as possible, the plan of the Royal Society in London, of which the King is the patron; and at the first meeting, it was therefore agreed to address the Governor-General and Council of Bengal, explaining the objects of the society, and soliciting the honour of their patronage, which was granted in the most flattering terms of approbation. The members next proceeded to the nomination of a president: and as Warren Hastings, Esquire, then Governor-General of India, had distinguished himself as the first liberal promoter of useful knowledge in Bengal, and especially as the great encourager of Persian and Sanscrit literature, they deemed him entitled to every mark of distinction, which it was in their power to offer: and although they were aware, that the numerous and important duties of his public station, might prove an insurmountable objection to his acquiescence, they nevertheless determined to solicit his acceptance of the honorary

* Asiatic Researches, vol. i. Introduction.—The account is omitted in the Works of Sir William Jones.

title

title of President of the society, as a just tribute of respect, which the occasion seemed to demand, and which could not have been omitted, without an appearance of inattention to his distinguished merit.

The application was received with the acknowledgement due to the motives which dictated it: but Mr. Hastings, for the reasons which had been anticipated, declined his acceptance of the proffered title, and "begged leave to resign his pretensions to the gentleman, whose genius had planned the institution, and was most capable of conducting it, to the attainment of the great and splendid purposes of its formation." Sir William Jones, upon the receipt of this answer, was immediately and unanimously requested to accept the presidency of the society. On this occasion, he addressed the following letter to Mr. Hastings:

MY DEAR SIR;

Independently of my general presumption, that whatever you determine is right, I cannot but admit the solidity of the reasons, which induce you to decline that precedence, to which, if our society were in its full vigour instead of being in its cradle, you would have a title paramount to all, who have been, are, or will be in this country. Every part of your letter (except that which your kind indulgence makes so honourable to me) carries with it the clearest conviction. Your first reason (namely, an unwillingness to accept an honorary trust, and want of leisure for

one

one that may require an active part) must appear satisfactory to all. I trust, you will consider our act as proceeding solely from our anxiety to give you that distinction, which justice obliged us to give. As to myself, I could never have been satisfied, if, in traversing the sea of knowledge, I had fallen in with a ship of your rate and station, without striking my flag. One thing more, my dear Sir, I must assure you of, that in whatever manner your objections had been stated, I should have thought them just and wise; and if it were not for the pleasure, which your friendly communication of them has given me, I should repent of the trouble which our intended homage has occasioned.

I return Mr. Turner's letters, with many thanks for the entertainment which Lady J. and myself have received from them. I promise myself much delight and instruction from his conversation, and hope that when he shall think proper to communicate a relation of his travels*, he will prefer our society to that of London. I will pay my respects to you in the evening, and am concerned, from a selfish motive, that the place where I now write, will so soon lose one of its greatest advantages. Believe me to be, with unfeigned regard, dear Sir,

Your faithful and obedient servant,

WILLIAM JONES.

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* This relation was published in 1800, under the title of "An Account of an Embassy to the Court of Teshoo Lama in Tibet;" &c., by Captain Samuel Turner. It is exceedingly curious and interesting.

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To this public and private record of the merit of Mr. Hastings, in promoting and encouraging the pursuits of literature in Asia, the addition of any further testimony must be superfluous; yet I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of stating briefly the grounds of his claims to that distinction, which excited the acknowledgements and prompted the solicitation of the society.

Mr. Hastings entered into the service of the East-India Company, with all the advantages of a regular classical education, and with a mind strongly impressed with the pleasures of literature. The common dialects of Bengal, after his arrival in that country, soon became familiar to him; and at a period when the use and importance of the Persian language were scarcely suspected, and when the want of that grammatical and philological assistance, which has facilitated the labours of succeeding students, rendered the attainment of it a task of peculiar difficulty, he acquired a proficiency in it. His success not only contributed to make known the advantages of the acquisition, but proved an inducement to others to follow his example, and the general knowledge of the Persian language, which has been since attained by the servants of the East-India Company, has conspired to produce political effects of the greatest national importance, by promoting and accelerating the improvements,

The author, whose amiable manners and good qualities had endeared him to his friends, was seized with an apoplexy as he was walking the streets of London, and died within two days.

which

which have taken place in the system of internal administration in Bengal.

If Mr. Hastings cannot claim the merit of having himself explored the mine of Sanscrit literature, he is eminently entitled to the praise of having invited and liberally encouraged the researches of others. But he has a claim to commendations of a higher nature; for a conduct no less favourable to the cause of literature, than to the advancement of the British influence in India, by removing that reserve and distrust in the professors of the Braminical Faith, which had taught them to view with suspicion all attempts to investigate their code, and to apprehend the infringement of its ordinances, in our political rule. The importance of his success will be readily acknowledged by those, whose observation qualifies them to form a due estimate of it; and to those who have not had the advantages of local experience, the communication of my own may not be unsatisfactory.

The spirit of the Mohammedan religion is adverse to every appearance of idolatry, and the conquest of Hindustan by the Mussulmans, was prosecuted with the zeal of a religious crusade. The rage of proselytism was united with the ambition of dominion, and the subversion of the Hindu superstition was always considered a religious obligation, the discharge of which might indeed be suspended by political considerations, but could never be renounced: and, notwithstanding occasional marks of toleration in some of the emperors

perors of Hindustan or their viceroys, their Hindu subjects were ever beheld by them, in the contemptuous light of infidels and idolaters. They were of course naturally disposed to apprehend the effects of a similar bigotry and intolerance in their European governors, so widely discriminated from themselves in manners, language, and religion. The Bramins, too, (who had the feelings common to the bulk of the people,) deemed themselves precluded by laws, in their opinion of sacred and eternal obligation, from any development of their secret doctrines to a race of people, who could only be ranked in the lowest of the four classes of mankind, and to whom, with little exception, their secrecy and reserve had hitherto proved impenetrable. To surmount these obstacles, to subdue the jealousy and prejudices of the Bramins, and to diminish the apprehensions of the people at large, required a conduct regulated by the most liberal and equitable principles, and the influence of personal intercourse and conciliation. The compilation of a code of laws by Pundits, convened by the invitation of Mr. Hastings, the Persian version of it, made under their immediate inspection, and the translation of the Bagvhat Geeta, a work containing all the grand mysteries of the Braminical Faith, are incontrovertible proofs of the success of his efforts, to inspire confidence in minds where distrust was habitual, while a variety of useful publications, undertaken at his suggestion, demonstrate

strate the beneficial effects of his patronage and encouragement of Oriental literature.

Amongst the original members of the society, who subscribed the address to the Governor-General and Council, proposing the institution, will be found the names of several who have distinguished themselves by their proficiency in Oriental learning; of Mr. William Chambers, whose knowledge of the dialects on the coast of Coromandel, as well as of Persian and Arabic literature, was critical and extensive, and his least praise; of Mr. Francis Gladwyn, the author of many works calculated to assist the students of the Persian language, the translator of various Oriental manuscripts, and particularly of the Institutes of Akbar, the wisest, greatest, and most tolerant monarch, that ever swayed the sceptre of India*; of Captain Charles Hamilton, who published

* The toleration of Akbar, and his curiosity to investigate the religious tenets of other nations, have exposed him to the charge of heresy amongst the Mohammedans in general. In a collection of his letters, published by his learned minister Ab-ul-fuzl, there is one addressed to the King of Portugal, in which he censures in the strongest terms, the slavish propensity of mankind, to adopt the religious principles of their fathers, and those amongst whom they have been brought up, without evidence or investigation; he avows his own pleasure and profit, in conversing with the learned professors of different persuasions, and desires that some person of that character, conversant in the Oriental and European languages, may be sent to him. He also requests translations of the *heavenly books*, the Pentateuch, Psalms, and Gospels, or of any others of general utility.

In a code of instructions, specifically addressed to the officers of his empire, I find the two following passages:

"Do

published a translation of the Hedaya, a code of Mohammedan laws, which has been found of great use in the administration of justice in Bengal; and of Charles Wilkins, Esquire, the first Englishman who acquired a critical knowledge of the language of the Bramins, and who, by the application of rare talents and industry, by his own personal exertions, invented and cast types of the Debnagree, Persic, and Bengalese characters, in such perfection, that no succeeding attempts have exhibited any improvement upon his labours. Of these names, two only survive.

The loss of Mr. Chambers must be particularly lamented, by all who feel an interest in communicating a knowledge of the doctrines of Salvation, to the natives of India. In an early period of life he saw and felt the truth and importance of the Christian Religion, and while his own conduct exhibited the strength of his conviction, he thought it a duty to employ his talents and acquire-

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"Do not molest mankind on account of their religious principles. "If in the affairs of this world, which are transitory and perishable, a "prudent man is guided by a regard to his interest; still less, in spi- "ritual concerns, which are eternal, whilst he retains his senses, will "he adopt what is pernicious. If truth be on his side, do not oppose "it and molest him; but if it be with you, and he from want of under- "standing should have imbibed erroneous notions, ignorance is his "malady, and he is to be considered an object of your compassion "and assistance, not of molestation and severity. Keep on good terms "with the upright and virtuous *of all persuasions.*"

"The best adoration, which man in this world can pay to his Maker, "is duly to administer the affairs of his creatures, discarding passion "and affection, and without distinction of friend or foe, relation or "stranger."

ments

ments in disseminating amongst the untaught natives a knowledge of that faith, which he regarded of supreme and universal importance. In this view, he determined to undertake a translation of the New Testament into Persian, and devoted all his leisure to the performance of this task, with the most zealous solicitude to make it accurate; but he had not completed half the Gospel of St. Matthew, when it pleased Providence to call him out of this life.

Such, amongst others, were the original members of the society formed at Calcutta, for enquiring into the history, antiquities, the natural productions, arts, sciences, and literature of Asia, under the patronage of Sir William Jones, who at the first meeting after the institution was completed, in his capacity of president, unfolded, in an elegant and appropriate address, the objects proposed for their researches, and concluded with a promise, which he amply discharged, of communicating the result of his own studies and enquiries.

That he might be qualified to perform this promise, in a manner worthy his high reputation, as well as from more commanding motives, he determined to commence without loss of time the study of the Sanscrit. His reflection had before suggested, that a knowledge of this ancient tongue would be of the greatest utility, in enabling him to discharge with confidence and satisfaction to himself, the duties of a judge; and he soon discovered,

covered, what subsequent experience fully confirmed, that no reliance could be placed on the opinions or interpretations of the professors of the Hindu law, unless he were qualified to examine their authorities and quotations, and detect their errors and misrepresentations. On the other hand, he knew that all attempts to explore the religion or literature of India, through any other medium than a knowledge of the Sanscrit, must be imperfect and unsatisfactory; it was evident, that the most erroneous and discordant opinions on these subjects, had been circulated by the ignorance of those who had collected their information from oral communications only, and that the pictures exhibited in Europe, of the religion and literature of India, could only be compared to the maps constructed by the natives, in which every position is distorted, and all proportion violated. As a lawyer, he knew the value and importance of original documents and records, and as a scholar and man of science, he disdained the idea of amusing the learned world with secondary information on subjects which had greatly interested their curiosity, when he had the means of access to the original sources. He was also aware, that much was expected by the literati in Europe, from his superior abilities and learning, and he felt the strongest inclination to gratify their expectations in the fullest possible extent.

Of his time he had early learned to be a rigid economist, and he frequently regretted the sacrifices

crifices of it, which custom or ceremony extorted*. An adherence to this principle, while it restrained in some degree his habits of social intercourse, necessarily limited his correspondence with his friends.—From the few letters which he wrote, I shall now select such, as describe his feelings, thoughts, and occupations, a few months only after his arrival in Bengal.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to Mr. Justice HYDE.

DEAR SIR; *Friday Evening, at the Chambers, Jan.* 1784.

Ramlochund has raised my curiosity by telling me, that when you had occasion to receive the evidence of some *Mugs*, they produced a book in strange square characters, which they called *Zuboor*. Now, *Zuboor* is the name by which the *Psalms of David* are known in Asia. May not this book be the Psalms in old Hebrew or Samaritan, and the people a sect of Jews? Can you give me any information on this head?

* As a proof of the strict regularity of Sir William Jones in the application of his time, the reader is presented with a transcript of a card in his own writing. It contains, indeed, the occupations which he had prescribed to himself in a period of the following year; but may serve as a sample of the manner in which he devoted his leisure hours at all times.

DAILY STUDIES
for the
Long Vacation of 1785:

Morning.....One letter.
Ten chapters of the Bible.
Sanscrit Grammar.
Hindu law, &c.
Afternoon.....Indian Geography.
Evening.....Roman History.
Chess. Ariosto.

Sir

Sir WILLIAM JONES to Mr. Justice HYDE.

Garden, May 14, 1784.

Many thanks, my dear Sir, for your kind concern and attention. I was on the bridge by Col. Tolly's house in the midst of the storm, my horses mad with the fear of the lightning, and my carriage every moment in danger of being overset by the wind; I was wet to the skin, and saved from worse inconvenience by the diligence of my servants, who took off the horses and drew the carriage to a place of safety. I am nevertheless in good health; but Lady Jones is not quite recovered from a severe cold and rheumatism, attended with a fever.

Remember that I am always ready to relieve you at the chambers in the Loll Bazar*, and will cheerfully take the labouring oar next month if you please; especially, as I propose to spend the long vacation in a floating house, and to leave Calcutta as soon as the session is over; but I shall return dead or alive before the 22d of *October*. I am inexpressibly amused by a Persian translation of an old Sanscrit book, called Siry Bha'gwat, which comprises almost the whole of the *Hindu* religion, and contains the life and achievements of *Crishen;* it is by far the most entertaining book, on account of its novelty and wildness, that I ever read.—Farewell, and believe me, dear Sir, ever affectionately yours,

WILLIAM JONES.

* A house in Calcutta, where the puisné judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature attended by rotation in the evening, as justices of the peace.

Sir *William Jones* to Dr. *Patrick Russel.*

Calcutta, March 10, 1784.

You would readily excuse my delay in answering your obliging letter, if you could form an idea of the incessant hurry and confusion, in which I have been kept ever since my arrival in Bengal, by necessary business, or necessary formalities, and by the difficulty of settling myself to my mind, in a country so different from that which I have left. I am indeed, at best, but a bad correspondent; for I never write by candle-light, and find so much Arabic or Persian to read, that all my leisure in a morning, is hardly sufficient for a thousandth part of the reading that would be highly agreeable and useful to me; and as I purpose to spend the long vacation up the country, I wish to be a match in conversation with the learned natives, whom I may happen to meet.

I rejoice that you are so near, but lament that you are not nearer, and am not without hope, that you may one day be tempted to visit Bengal, where I flatter myself you will give me as much of your company as possible.

Many thanks for your kind hints in regard to my health. As to me, I do not expect, as long as I stay in India, to be free from a bad digestion, the *morbus literatorum*, for which there is hardly any remedy, but abstinence from too much food, literary and culinary. I rise before the sun, and bathe after a gentle ride; my diet is light and sparing, and I go early to rest; yet the activity

of

of my mind is too strong for my constitution, though naturally not infirm, and I must be satisfied with a valetudinarian state of health. If you should meet with any curiosities on the coast, either in your botanical rambles or in reading, and will communicate them to our society, lately instituted for enquiring into the history, civil and natural, the antiquities, arts, sciences, and literature of Asia, we shall give you our hearty thanks. There is an Abyssinian here, who knew Mr. Bruce at Gwender. I have examined him, and he confirms Bruce's account. Every day supplies me with something new in Oriental learning, and if I were to stay here half a century, I should be continually amused.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to ————

April 13, 1784.

* * * * * *

I am discouraged from writing to you as copiously as I wish, by the fear that my letter may never reach you. I inclose however a hymn to the Indian Cupid, which is here said to be the only correct specimen of Hindu mythology that has appeared; it is certainly new and quite original, except the form of the stanza, which is Milton's. I add the character of Lord Ashburton, which my zeal for his fame prompted me to publish*.

Had

* Lord Ashburton died on the 18th of August 1783. His character, written by Sir William Jones, is published in vol. iv. of his Works,

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Had I dreamt that the dialogue would have made such a stir, I should certainly have taken more pains with it. I will never cease to avow and justify the doctrine comprised in it. I meant it merely as an imitation of one of Plato's, where a boy wholly ignorant of geometry, is made by a few simple questions to demonstrate a proposition, and I intended to inculcate, that the principles of government were so obvious and intelligible, that a clown might be brought to understand them. As to raising sedition, I as much thought of raising a church.

My dialogue contains my system, which I have ever avowed, and ever will avow; but I perfectly agree, (and no man of sound intellect can disagree) that such a system is wholly inapplicable to this country, where millions of men are so wedded

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page 577. I transcribe from it the last paragraph, as a proof of the gratitude and sensibility of the writer.

"For some months before his death, the nursery had been his chief "delight, and gave him more pleasure than the cabinet could have "afforded: but this parental affection, which had been a source of so "much felicity, was probably a cause of his fatal illness. He had lost "one son, and expected to lose another, when the author of this "painful tribute to his memory, parted from him, with tears in his "eyes, little hoping to see him again in a perishable state. As he "perceives, without affectation, that his tears now steal from him, "and begin to moisten the paper on which he writes, he reluctantly "leaves a subject, which he could not soon have exhausted; and "when he also shall resign his life to the great Giver of it, he desires "no other decoration of his humble grave-stone, than this honourable "truth:

"With none to flatter, none to recommend,
"DUNNING approv'd, and mark'd him as a friend."

to

to inveterate prejudices and habits, that if liberty could be forced upon them by Britain, it would make them as miserable as the cruelest despotism.

Pray remember me affectionately to all my friends at the Bar, whom I have not time to enumerate, and assure my academical and professional friends, that I will write to them all when I have leisure.—Farewell, &c.

Sir *William Jones* to *Charles Chapman*, Esq.

Gardens, near Allipore, April 26, 1784.

Allow me, dear Sir, to give you the warmest thanks in my own name, and in that of our infant society, for the pleasure which we have received from your interesting account of Cochinchina, with considerable extracts from which we have been favoured by our patrons. Our meetings are well attended, and the society may really be said, considering the recent time of its establishment, to flourish.

We have been rather indisposed, the weather being such as we had no idea of in England, excessive heat at noon, and an incessant high wind from morning to night; at this moment it blows a hurricane, and my study reminds me of my cabin at sea. Our way of life however is quite pastoral in this retired spot; as my prime favourites, among all our pets, are two large English sheep, which came with us from Spithead, and, having narrowly escaped the knife, are to live as long and as happily with us as they can; they follow

us

us for bread, and are perfectly domestic. We are literally lulled to sleep by Persian nightingales, and cease to wonder, that the Bulbul, with a *thousand tales*, makes such a figure in Oriental poetry. Since I am resolved to sit regularly in court as long as I am well, not knowing how soon I may be forced to remit my attention to business, I shall not be at liberty to enter my budgerow till near the end of July, and must be again in Calcutta on the 22d of October, so that my time will be very limited; and I shall wish if possible to see Benares.

* * * * * *

The principal object of his meditated excursion was to open sources of information, on topics entirely new in the republic of letters. The indisposition which he mentions, not without apprehensions of its continuance, had not altogether left him when he commenced his journey, and during the progress of it returned with a severity, which long held the public in anxious suspense, before any hopes could be entertained of its favourable termination.

The author of these Memoirs saw him in August 1784, at the house of a friend in the vicinity of Moorshedabad, languid, exhausted, and emaciated, in a state of very doubtful convalescence; but his mind had suffered no depression, and exhibited all its habitual fervour. In his conversation he spoke with rapture of the country, of the novel and interesting sources opened to his researches,

searches, and seemed to lament his sufferings, only as impediments to the prosecution of them. From Moorshedabad he proceeded to Jungipore, at the distance of a day's journey only, and from this place continued his correspondence, which describes his condition.

Sir *William Jones* to *Charles Chapman*, Esq.

August 30, 1784.

Nothing but a series of severe attacks of illness could have prevented my replying long ago to your friendly letter. After resisting them by temperance and exercise for some time, I was quite overpowered by a fever, which has confined me ten weeks to my couch, but is now almost entirely abated, though it has left me in a state of extreme weakness. I had a relapse at Raugamutty, which obliged me to stay three weeks at Afzalbang, where the judgment and attention of Dr. Glas, prevented perhaps serious consequences. I have spent two days at this place, and I find myself so much better, that I propose to continue my voyage this evening: whether I shall be able to go farther than Patna, (I long to see Benares,) is very uncertain. This is only the second attempt I have made to write since my illness; and as I hold my pen with some difficulty, I will say no more than that I am, with great esteem, &c.

P. S. I cannot help adding, that your proposal of extracting such parts of your very interesting narrative concerning Cochin-china, as you may think

think proper to deposit among the archives of our society, is the very thing I wished, and I really think it will be one of our most valuable tracts *.

But his thoughts and attention were not confined to the perishable concerns of this world only; and what was the subject of his meditations in health, was more forcibly impressed upon his mind during illness. He knew the duty of resignation to the will of his Maker, and of dependence on the merits of a Redeemer; and I find these sentiments expressed in a short prayer, which he composed during his indisposition in September 1784, and which I here insert:

"O Thou Bestower of all good! if it please "Thee to continue my easy tasks in this life, grant "me strength to perform them as a faithful ser- "vant: but if thy wisdom hath willed to end "them by this thy visitation, admit me, not "weighing my unworthiness, but through thy "mercy declared in CHRIST, into thy heavenly "mansions, that I may continually advance in

* The extracts alluded to, have not yet appeared in the Asiatic Researches. The voyage which led to that narrative, was undertaken on the following occasion: Two Mandarins of Cochin-china, had been accidentally brought to Calcutta, in 1778; the Governor-General of India, Warren Hastings, Esq., from motives of humanity and policy, furnished the means of their return to their native country, and Charles Chapman, Esq., at his own request, was appointed to accompany them with a public commission, with instructions to establish, if practicable, a commercial intercourse between the Company's settlements in India and Cochin-china, and to procure such privileges and advantages for English vessels resorting thither, as the government of that country might be disposed to grant.

"happiness,

"happiness, by advancing in true knowledge and "aweful love of Thee. Thy will be done!"

I quote, with particular satisfaction, this short but decisive testimony of the religious principles of Sir William Jones.—Among many additional proofs, which might be given of them, is the following short prayer, composed on waking, July 27, 1783, at sea, also copied from his own writing:

"Graciously accept our thanks, Thou Giver of "all good, for having preserved us another night, "and bestowed on us another day. O, grant that "on this day, we may meditate on thy Law with "joyful veneration, and keep it in all our actions "with firm obedience!"

Minute circumstances frequently tend to mark and develop character. As a farther instance of this observation, however trifling it may appear, the application, by Sir William Jones to himself, of two lines of Milton in his own writing under a card with his printed name, in addition to more substantial proofs, may be quoted in evidence of his habitual frame of mind:

Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him to a land unknown.

On another scrap of paper, the following lines appear; they were written by him in India, but at what period is not known, nor indeed of any consequence:

Sir EDWARD COKE:

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer,—the rest on nature fix:

RATHER,

RATHER,

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and *all* to Heaven.

If we sometimes suffer the humiliation, of seeing great talents and extensive erudition prostituted to infidelity, and employed in propagating misery by endeavouring to subvert the basis of our temporal and eternal welfare, we cannot but feel a more than common gratification, at the salutary union of true genius and piety. Learning, that wantons in irreligion, may, like the Sirius of Homer, flash its strong light upon us; but though brilliant, it is baneful, and, while it dazzles, makes us tremble for our safety. Science therefore, without piety, whatever admiration it may excite, will never be entitled to an equal degree of respect and esteem, with the humble knowledge, which makes us wise unto Salvation. The belief of Sir William Jones in Revelation, is openly and distinctly declared in his works: but the unostentatious effusions of sequestered adoration, whilst they prove the sincerity of his conviction, give an additional weight to his avowed opinions. More might be added on this subject, but it will be communicated in another place.

His next stage was Bhagilpoor, the residence of the friend, to whom the preceding letters were addressed, and here he was long detained by illness and debility. The vigour of his mind however still continued unimpaired, and except during the severe paroxysms of disorder, his researches

searches for information were never suspended, nor would he suffer himself to be debarred from any intercourse by which they could be promoted. It was at this place, during the hours of convalescence when he was confined to his couch, that he applied himself to the study of botany; a science for which he had early entertained a great partiality, and which he pronounces the most lovely and fascinating branch of natural knowledge. With the works of Linnæus before him, he procured the plants of the country to be brought to him, and comparing the productions of nature, with the descriptions and arrangements of the Swedish philosopher, he beguiled the hours of languor and disease, and laid the solid foundation of that botanical knowledge, which he ever afterwards cultivated with increasing ardour and delight.

From Bhagilpoor he pursued his journey to Patna, where he was again attacked with a severe indisposition. It did not however prevent him from proceeding by land to Guyah, famous as the birth-place of Boudh, the author of a system of philosophy which labours under the imputation of atheism; but more famous for the annual resort of Hindu pilgrims from all parts of India, who repair to the holy city for the purpose of making prescribed oblations to their deceased ancestors, and of obtaining absolution from all their sins.

The city of Benares was his next stage, and the limits of his excursion. He had here an opportunity

nity of seeing the professors of the Hindu religion, at the most celebrated and ancient university of India, and had only to regret, that his knowledge of their language was insufficient to enable him to converse with them without the assistance of an interpreter. After a short residence, which his sense of duty would not allow him to protract unnecessarily, he returned by the Ganges to Bhagilpoor *, where, as he observes, he had

* From a note written by Sir William Jones, on Major Rennel's account of Butan and Tibet, I extract the following passage. It is endorsed, as having been intended for the Researches of the Asiatic Society, but is not published in them.

"Just after sun-set, on the 5th of October 1784, I had a distinct "view, from Bhagilpoor, of CHUMALURY peak, and the adjoining "mountains of TIBET, which are very clearly seen from *Perneia*, and "were perfectly recollected by a learned member of our society, one "of the latest travellers to that interesting country, who had obli- "gingly communicated to me a correct note of the bearings and "courses observed in his journey from *Rengpur* to *Tassisudden*, and "thence through *Paradgong* to *Chumalury*. The peak bore very "nearly due north to the room, from which it was seen, in the house "of Mr. Chapman; and from the most accurate calculations that I "could make, the horizontal distance at which it was distinctly vi- "sible, must be at least 244 *British miles*: there was a strong glare "from the setting sun on the snows of its more western side, and it "might assuredly have been discerned at a much greater distance. "By an observation of Mr. Davis, at Rengpur, and another at Tassi- "sudden, the difference of latitude between the place last mentioned "and Bhagilpoor, is 163 *geographical*, or 188 and a fraction, *British* "*miles*: now although the road from *Buxadewar* in Butan, the latitude "of which was found to be 26° 53′, consisted of rough mountains "and deep valleys, yet the way between Paradgong and Chumalury, "especially from Chesacamba, the frontier of Tibet, was very level; "and the accuracy of our travellers gives us reason to believe, that "their *computed* miles from Tassisudden were but little above the "standard;

had already found so much health, pleasure, and instruction for two months.

In his journey from this place to Calcutta, he visited Gour, once the residence of the sovereigns of Bengal. This place still exhibits architectural remains of royal magnificence, which the traveller is obliged to explore at some personal risk amidst forests, the exclusive haunts of wild beasts; for nature has here resumed her dominion, and triumphs over the short-lived pride of man. In a letter to a friend*, written after his arrival in Calcutta, he has briefly described some parts of his journey.—"The Mahanada was beautiful, and "the banks of some rivers in the Sunderbunds "were magnificent; we passed within two yards "of a fine tiger, who gazed on us with indiffer- "ence; but we took care, for several reasons, to "avoid the narrow passes at night. As we ap- "proached Calcutta, we perceived the difference "of climate, and thought of Bhagilpoor with "pleasure and regret.

"standard; so that, having measured the northern sides of the two "triangles, formed by their courses WNW. and NNW. we could "not be far from the truth."

"The mountains of Chumalury, are the second or third ridge de- "scribed in the Memoir. The Major justly considers the mountains "of Himola, for so they are named by the natives from a word signi- "fying *snow*, as equal in elevation to any in the old hemisphere; and "an observation of Mr. *Saunders* at *Perneia*, added to a remark of "Mr. Smith on the appearance of *Chumalury* from *Moreng*, gives "abundant reason to think, that we saw from *Bhagilpoor*, the highest "mountains in the world, without excepting the ANDES."

* Charles Chapman, Esq.

"I find

"I find Calcutta greatly changed; the loss "of Mr. Hastings and Shore *, I feel very sen- "sibly, and cannot but fear that the pleasure, "which I derive from other friendships formed in "India, will be followed by the pain of losing "my friends next season. This was a great evil "at the university, and abates not a little the "happiness I expected in this country.

"Will you have the goodness to ask Mahesa "pundit, whether the university of Tyrhoot is "still supported, and confers degrees in Hindu "law? One of our pundits is dead, and we have "thoughts of requesting recommendations from "the universities of Hindustan, particularly from "Benares, and Tyrhoot, if it exists; so that the "new pundit may be universally approved, and "the Hindûs may be convinced, that we decide "on their law from the best information we can "procure †."

"I am just returned," (thus he writes to another correspondent, Dr. P. Russel, March 2, 1785,) "as it were from the brink of another world, ha- "ving been absent near seven months, and re- "duced to a skeleton by fevers of every denomi- "nation, with an obstinate bilious flux at their "heels. My health is tolerably restored by a "long ramble through South Behar, and the

* Warren Hastings, Esq., and Mr. Shore, embarked in February 1785, for England.

† The pundits are the expounders of the Hindu law; in which capacity, two constantly attended the supreme court of judicature, at Fortwilliam.

"district

" district of Benares, of which if I were to write " an account, I must fill a volume."

They who have perused the description of Joanna, by Sir William Jones, will regret that this volume was never written. The objects presented to his inspection during his journey, afforded ample scope for his observation, which was equally qualified to explore the beauties of nature, the works of art, the discriminations of character, and the productions of learning and science. Many of the remarks and reflections which he made in this tour, are transfused through his various compositions, two of which were actually written, during the course of his journey.

The little elegant tale in verse, under the title of *The Enchanted Fruit*, or *Hindu Wife*, was composed during his residence in Beyhar, and affords a proof of the success of his enquiries, as well as of his skill in the happy application of the intelligence obtained by them.

The other production was a Treatise on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India, which he afterwards revised, and presented to the society. The design of this essay was to point out a resemblance, too strong to have been accidental, between the popular worship of the old Greeks and Italians, and that of the Hindûs, and between their strange religion and that of Egypt, China, Persia, Phrygia, Phœnicia, and Syria, and even remoter nations. The proof of such resemblance, if satisfactorily established, would, as he remarks, authorize

thorize an inference of a general union and affinity between the most distinguished inhabitants of the primitive world, at the time when they deviated, as they did too early deviate, from the rational adoration of the only true God.

To this journey, under Providence, he was in all probability indebted for the preservation of his life, which, without it, might have fallen a sacrifice to the accumulation of disease: after his arrival in Calcutta, his health was completely restored.

He now resumed his functions in the supreme court of judicature, and renewed the meetings of the society, which had been interrupted by his absence. In his second anniversary discourse, which was delivered in February 1785, he notices with pleasure and surprise the successful progress of the institution, and the variety of subjects which had been discussed by the members of it: and as in his first address, he had confined himself to the exhibition of a distant prospect only of the vast career on which the society was entering; in the second, he delineates a slight but masterly sketch of the various discoveries in history, science, and art, which might justly be expected to result from its researches into the literature of Asia. He mentions his satisfaction at having had an opportunity of visiting two ancient seats of Hindu religion and literature, and notices the impediments opposed by illness to the prosecution of his proposed enquiries, and the necessity of leaving them, as Æneas is feigned to have left the shades,

shades, when his guide made him recollect *the swift flight of irrevocable time*, with a curiosity raised to the height, and a regret not easy to be described.

I now return to the correspondence of Sir William Jones, which, in this year, consists of few letters, and those chiefly addressed to * John Macpherson, Esq. who, in February 1785, succeeded to the station of Governor-General of India, on the departure of Mr. Hastings. If, in these letters, Sir William adverts to topics not familiar to his readers, they are such as naturally arise out of his situation and connections. Removed, at a distance of a quarter of the circumference of the globe, from the scene of politics, in which he had taken a deep interest, his attention is transferred to new objects and new duties. The sentiments which flow from his pen, in the confidential intercourse of friendship, display his mind more clearly than any narrative; and they are often such as could not be omitted without injury to his character. Some passages in the letters, which, as less generally interesting, could be suppressed without this effect, have not been transcribed.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Macpherson*, Esq.

March 12, 1785.

I always thought, before I left England, that a regard for the public good required the most cordial union between the executive and

* The present Sir John Macpherson, Bart.

judicial powers in this country; and I lamented the mischief occasioned by former divisions. Since I have no view of happiness on this side of the grave, but in a faithful discharge of my duty, I shall spare no pains to preserve that cordiality which subsists, I trust, and will subsist, between the government and the judges.

Lord Bacon, if I remember right, advises every statesman to relieve his mind from the fatigues of business by a poem, or a prospect, or any thing that raises agreeable images: now, as your own gardens afford you the finest prospects, and I should only offer you a view of paddy-fields *, I send you for your amusement, what has amused me in the composition, a poem † on the old philosophy and religion of this country, and you may depend on its orthodoxy. The time approaches when I must leave these recreations, and return to my desk in court, where however a knowledge of the Hindu manners and prejudices may not be useless.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Macpherson*, Esq.

May 17, 1785.

I have so many things, my dear Sir, to thank you for, that I scarcely know where to begin. To follow the order of time, I must in the first place give you my hearty thanks for your kind and pleasing letter of last week, which shews that your mind can grasp the whole field of litera-

* Rice-fields.

† The Enchanted Fruit; or, Hindu Wife. Works, vol. vi. p. 177.

ture

ture and criticism, as well as that of politics, and that, in the manner of ancient rulers in Asia, particularly Cicero, the governor of Cilicia, you unite the character of the statesman and the scholar. Next for the news, which has on the whole given me pleasure, and in particular, what both pleases and surprizes me, that Lord Camden has accepted the post of president of the council. You know the opinion which I early formed of Pitt; and that opinion will be raised still higher, if he has shewn himself (not merely indifferent, but) anxious that the reins of this government may long continue in the hands which now hold them, and which, though mortals, as Addison says, cannot command success, will certainly deserve it. I anxiously wish, for the sake of the public, that not only the operations of the law, but the cordial assent of those on whom it depends, have already secured your seat, as long as it may be consistent with your happiness to fill it.—

* * * * * *

I will not fail to talk with Mr. Chambers on the college, and beg you to assure yourself that I shall ever be happy in my sphere to give my humble assistance whenever you may require it.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Macpherson*, Esq.

May 22, 1785.

It was my intention to present to you, in the author's name, the books which I now send. The poet Zainudeen was recommended to

me soon after I came to India, as a worthy ingenious old man. I inclose his verses to you, with a hasty translation* on the back of the paper, of the best couplets. The smaller volume contains part

* This translation, as a specimen of the *taste* and adulatory style of modern Persian poets, is inserted for the reader's entertainment.—

"Macpherson, exalted as the sky, prosperous in thy undertakings, who like the sun receivest even atoms in thy beams! Thou art the just one of this age; and in thy name, that of Nushirovan revives. With the aid of JESUS, (blessed be his name!) the government acquires its stability from thy mind. I have composed a poem in words of truth, beginning with a panegyric on the company. It contains a recital of the wars of the *English*, described with an animated pen. By the command of *Hastings*, entitled to reverence, I began a book on the victory of *Benares;* but before the completion of my task, that honourable man returned to his country. In thy government has my work been completed, and with thy name have I adorned its opening, in hope, that thou wilt send me fresh materials, to decorate with golden verses the cheeks of my book. If I compose a Shahnameh, on the glorious name of the King of England, the book will fly over Iran and Turan, and the deeds of thy nation will blaze like the sun; if I sing the achievements of the English, the name of Parveiz will be no more mentioned: If I open a chapter of their conquests, Afrasiab will tremble under the earth; the rapid motion of my dark reed will make Rustem halt and droop. Hear my strains with discernment, and my pen shall soar with the wings of a falcon. Favour me, as Sultan Mahmoud shewed kindness to Ferdosi, that we may be a pair of tuneful nightingales.

"The actions of all nations are commemorated; let those of the English be celebrated under thy auspices. May thy orders be resistless as the sea, the head of the contumacious be in thy power, and the seal of government bear thy name!"

On the names mentioned in this translation, it may be sufficient to observe that Ferdosi is the Homer of Persia, who composed an heroic poem under the title of Shahnameh; that the name of Nushirovan, is proverbial for justice; that Iran and Turan, are Persia and Tartary; and that the other persons introduced were kings or heroes of those countries.

of

of the epic poem, which is written with enthusiasm; and the other volume is filled with odes and elegies, all in the old man's writing. He is *married to immortal verse*, and his highest ambition is, to be *an atom in one of your sunbeams*.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Macpherson*, Esq.

May 1785.

The ornament of the faith, (for that is the bard's name) *Zainudeen* will wait upon you on Wednesday; his style of compliments is moderate in comparison of most Oriental compositions; other poets of this country would have entreated you not to ride on horseback, lest you should cause an earthquake in India when you mounted. This was actually said to a prince at Delhi, who pleasantly bade the poet comfort himself, and assured him, that he would ever after go in a palanquin.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Macpherson*, Esq.

May 26, 1785.

The regulation which you made concerning the Madrissa*, is so salutary, that few things

* The passages in these letters relating to the Madrissa, or college, as an establishment of national importance, merits a more particular explanation. Mr. Hastings, whilst he held the office of governor-general, with a view to promote the knowledge of Mohammedan law, as essential to the due administration of justice to the natives of India, had established a college at Calcutta, in which, native students were admitted and taught at the public expence. This institution was dictated by a wise policy; it was calculated to conciliate the affections of the Mussulmans, and to ensure a succession of men properly qualified by education to expound the law of the Koran, and to fill the important offices of magistrates in the courts of justice. The president of this college had been selected with

every

things would grieve me more than to see it frustrated. Your predecessor has often mentioned to me, the high opinion which he had formed of the rector, but (I know not for what reason) he is very unpopular. Perhaps it is only faction, too common in most colleges at our universities, of the students against the head.

It is a remark of Johnson's*, that as spiders would make silk, if they could agree together, so men of letters would be useful to the public, if they were not perpetually at variance. Besides my approbation as a good citizen, of your regulations, I have a particular interest in the conduct of Mujduddeen, who is Maulavy† of the court, and as such ought to be *omni exceptione major*. I believe from my conversation with him, that he is not a man of deep learning; but his manners are not unpleasing. The proposal which you make, cannot but produce good effects; but I hardly know any member of our society, who answers your description for a *visitor* under *your directions*, except Mr. Chambers, and his report might be depended on. I will, if you please, propose it on Thursday. The students brought a complaint before me last term, which I dismissed as not being within my cognizance, that their allowances were taken by

every attention to his character and ability; but, some representations having been made to his disadvantage, the succeeding governor-general, J. Macpherson, Esq. consulted Sir William Jones, on the regulations proper to be established for promoting the laudable objects of the institution, and controlling its conduct.

* Originally Reaumur's. † Expounder of the Mohammedan law.

the

the head, who left them without subsistence; but whether this be true or false, it will not be amiss for the Maulavy to know, that he is subject to visitation from time to time.

If the best intentions can ensure safety, you have nothing to apprehend; but alas! my friend, if you can be *safe only* in fixed unanimous opinions of *statute law*, you can seldom, I fear, act with perfect confidence. Such is the imperfection of human language, that few written laws are free from ambiguity; and it rarely happens that many minds are united in the same interpretation of them.

A statesman told Lord Coke, that he meant to consult him on a point of law. "If it be common "law," said Coke, "I should be ashamed if I "could not give you a ready answer; but if it be "statute-law, I should be equally ashamed if I "answered you immediately."

I will here only set down a few rules of interpretation which the wisdom of ages has established, where the sense of the words is at all ambiguous.

1. The intention of the writer must be sought, and prevail over the literal sense of terms; but penal laws must be strictly expounded against offenders, and liberally against the offence.

2. All clauses, preceding or subsequent, must be taken together to explain any one doubtful clause.

3. When a case is expressed to remove any doubt, whether it was included or not, the extent of the clause, with regard to cases not so expressed, is by no means restrained.

4. The

4. The conclusion of a phrase is not confined to the words *immediately* preceding, but usually extended to the whole antecedent phrase.

These are copious maxims, and, with half a dozen more, are the stars by which we steer in the construction of all public and private writings.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Macpherson*, Esq.

Court House, July.

We have just convicted a low Hindu of a foul conspiracy, which would have ended in perjury, and (as his own law-giver says) in every cause of damnation. If richer men were of the plot, I hope our court will escape the reproach of the satirist, that "laws resemble cobwebs, which "catch flies and let the wasps break through."

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Macpherson*, Esq.

August 14, 1785.

I give you my hearty thanks, my dear Sir, for the history of the Roman Republic, which I read with particular pleasure.

Looking over my shelves the other day, I laid my hand on the annexed little book ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh; it is, like most posthumous works, incorrect, but contains, with some rubbish, a number of wise aphorisms and pertinent examples; it is rather the common-place book of some statesman, than a well-digested treatise, but it has amused me on a second reading, and I hope it will amuse a few of your leisure moments.

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The

The society of Sir William Jones was too attractive to allow him to employ his leisure hours in those studies, which he so eagerly desired to cultivate, and although no man was more happy in the conversation of his friends, he soon found that the unrestrained enjoyment of this gratification was incompatible with his attention to literary pursuits. He determined therefore to seek some retirement, at no great distance from Calcutta, where he might have the benefit of air and exercise, and prosecute his studies without interruption, during the vacations of the supreme court. For this purpose, he made choice of a residence at Crishnagur, which had a particular attraction for him, from its vicinity to a Hindu college; and from this spot he writes to his friends.

Sir *William Jones* to Dr. *Patrick Russel.*

Sept. 5, 1785.

Your two kind letters found me overwhelmed with the business of a severe sessions and term, which lasted two months, and fatigued me so much, that I was forced to hasten from Calcutta as fast as winds and oars could carry me. I am now at the ancient university of Nadeya, where I hope to learn the rudiments of that venerable and interesting language which was once vernacular in all India, and in both the peninsulas with their islands. Your pursuits must be delightful, and I shall be impatient to see the fruit of your learned labours. Our society goes on slowly; and

hot-bed

hot-bed fruits are not so good to my taste as those which ripen naturally.

* * * * * *

Dr. Kœnig's loss will be severely felt; he was a valuable man, with as much simplicity as nature herself, whose works he studied. Do you know when his books are to be disposed of? I should wish to purchase his Linnæus.

Sir *William Jones* to *Charles Chapman*, Esq.

Sept. 28, 1785.

I am proceeding slowly, but surely, in this retired place, in the study of Sanscrit; for I can no longer bear to be at the mercy of our pundits, who deal out Hindu law as they please, and make it at reasonable rates, when they cannot find it ready made. I annex the form adopted by us for the oaths of Mussulmans; you will in your discretion adopt or reject it, and if you can collect from Mahesa pundit, who seemed a worthy honest man, how Hindu witnesses ought to be examined, and whether the Bramins can give absolution (I think they call it pryarchitt) for perjury, and in what case, you will greatly oblige me, and contribute to the advancement of justice.

* * * * * *

The conclusion of this letter expresses a sentiment, which, as a judge in Bengal and friend of human nature, he always considered an object of the first importance.

The period of his residence at his country cottage,

tage, was necessarily limited by the duty of attending the supreme court: on his return to Calcutta, in October, he writes to John Macpherson, Esq.; "Lady Jones, and myself, received much benefit "from the dry soil and pure air of Crishnagur; "how long my health will continue in this town, "with constant attendance in court every morning, and the irksome business of justice of peace "in the afternoon, I cannot foresee. If temperance and composure of mind will avail, I shall "be well; but I would rather be a valetudinarian "all my life, than leave unexplored the Sanscrit "mine which I have just opened.

"I have brought with me the father of the "university of Nadeya, who, though not a Brahmin, "has taught grammar and ethics to the most "learned Brahmins, and has no priestly pride, "with which his pupils in general abound."

In the year 1785, a periodical work was undertaken at Calcutta, under the title of the Asiatic Miscellany, which has been ignorantly ascribed to the Asiatic Society, with whose researches it had no connection. The title of the work indicates the nature of its contents, which consisted chiefly of extracts from books published in Europe, relating to India, of translations from Oriental Authors, and of poems and essays. The editor was occasionally assisted by the literary talents of gentlemen in India, and we find in the two first volumes, which were published in the years 1785 and 86, the following compositions of Sir William Jones,

Jones, who never neglected any opportunity of contributing to the advancement of Oriental literature: The tale of the Enchanted Fruit, which has already been mentioned, six hymns* addressed to as many Hindu deities, a literal translation of twenty tales and fables of Nizami, expressly intended to assist the students of the Persian language, besides other smaller pieces; from which I quote with pleasure, the following beautiful tetrastick, which is a literal translation from the Persian:

On parent knees, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smil'd:
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, when all around thee weep.

The hymns, which are original compositions, are descriptive of the Hindu deities, to whom they were addressed, and a short introductory explanation accompanies each. The mythological allusions and Sanscrit names, with which they abound, are not sufficiently familiar to the English reader, to enable him to derive that pleasure from them, which those who are acquainted with the manners and mythology of the Hindûs feel in the perusal of these hymns; but whilst they mark the taste

*In his hymn to Surya, or the Sun, Sir William Jones alludes to himself, in the following beautiful lines:

And, if they ask what mortal pours the strain?
Say, (for thou seest earth, air, and main,)
Say, "From the bosom of yon silver isle,
Where skies more softly smile,
He came; and lisping our celestial tongue,
Though not from Brahma sprung,
Draws orient knowledge from its fountains pure,
Through caves obstructed long, and paths too long obscure."

and

and genius of the author, they supply a fund of information, equally novel and curious. We contemplate with delight and surprise the admirer of the Grecian bards, and the pupil of the Grecian sages, led by his enthusiasm from the banks of the Ilyssus to the streams of the Ganges, celebrating, in strains not unworthy of Pindar, the fabulous divinities of India, and exploring the sources of the Egyptian and Persian theology, and of the tenets of the Iönic and Italic schools of philosophy. These compositions were the elegant amusements of hours of leisure and relaxation, which he never suffered to interfere with his public duties. They prove the versatility of those intellectual powers, which could immediately turn from the investigation of legal causes or the solution of abstruse mathematical problems, to explain and adorn the mythological fictions of the Hindûs, in odes which the Brahmins would have approved and admired. The variety of measures adopted in the composition of these hymns is remarkable; each of the nine* has a different form of versification, and if they are not all equally harmonious, they are all regular. The opening and conclusion of the Hymn to Narayon are very sublime.

On the second of February 1786, Sir William Jones delivered to the society his third annual discourse, in which he proposed to fill up the outlines delineated in his two former addresses, and promised, if the state of his health should permit

* He wrote three more hymns afterwards.

him

him to continue long enough in India, to prepare for the annual meetings of the society, a series of short dissertations unconnected in their titles, but all leading to one common point, of no small importance, in the pursuit of interesting truths. He exhibits, in this discourse, a proof of the successful application of his time to the study of Sanscrit, and speaks with increased confidence of the result of his new attainments. The conclusion expresses his regret, at the departure for Europe of the very ingenious member who first opened the mine of Sanscrit literature, an honourable tribute to the merit of Mr. Charles Wilkins.

Sir William had long proposed making an excursion to Chatigan, the eastern limits of the British dominions in Bengal. Exclusively of his anxiety to acquire, from local observation, a knowledge of the state of the country, and of the manners and characters of the natives, a prudent attention to the re-establishment of his health, which had suffered from an unremitted application to his public duties as a judge and magistrate, as well as a regard for that of Lady Jones, now rendered the journey expedient. In the beginning of the year 1786, after the recess of the court, he had an opportunity of executing his plan, and repaired to Chatigan, by sea, in February.

A short time before his departure, a discussion had taken place between the judges of the supreme court of judicature, and the executive government of Bengal, respecting a resolution adopted by the latter,

latter, altering the mode in which the salaries of the judges had been paid. They remonstrated against the resolution, and the letter written by Sir William Jones to Sir J. Macpherson on the occasion, is so strongly characteristic of that independent spirit which he always possessed, that on this account it merits insertion. The remainder of his correspondence of this year, as far as it is proper to lay it before the public, follows in the order of its dates.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Macpherson*, Bart.

MY DEAR SIR, *Phœnix Sloop, Feb.* 5, 1786.

Had I known where Captain Light* lived in Calcutta, I would not have troubled you with the annexed letter, but I must request you to forward it to him. It is in answer to an excellent letter from him, which I received near a twelvemonth ago. I anxiously hope he has completed (what no other European could begin) a version of the Siamese code.

My voyage to the eastern coast will, I trust, be very pleasant, and I hope we shall make our part good against the scoundrel Peguers; though if we descry a fleet of boats, I believe it will be wiser to retreat on the wings of the Phœnix; for I am not poet enough to believe, that another will rise from her ashes.

I lament that our respective engagements have

* Captain Light was appointed superintendant of a new settlement at Penang, or Prince of Wales's Island. He was thoroughly conversant in the Malay dialect.

pre-

prevented our meeting often, since the end of the rains; but six or seven hours in the morning, and two or three in the evening, spent in unremitted labour for the last three months, fatigued me so much that I had no leisure for society, scarcely any for natural repose. My last act was to sign our letter to your board on the subject of our salaries, and I would have called upon you to expostulate amicably on the measure you had pursued, if I had not wished to spare you the pain of defending indefensible steps, and the difficulty of finding reasons to support the most unreasonable conduct. Many passages in the letter were softened by my brethren, for I, who have long been habituated to ancient simplicity, am ever inclined both to write and speak as I think and feel; and I should certainly have asked, if we had conversed on this matter, whether distressing and pinching the judges, and making them contemptible in the eyes of the natives, and of their own servants, was, as you expressed yourself last summer, assisting them with heart and hand; or whether forming resolutions, as the sub-treasurer wrote me word three weeks ago concerning them, of which they were the last men in the settlement to hear, was intended as a return for that perfect cordiality, as far as honesty permitted, which I had assured you and Mr. Stables, to be one of the golden rules which I had early resolved to pursue in my judicial character.

In a word, the measure is so totally indefensible, that

that it would have given me as much pain as yourself, to have discussed it. I have marked the progress of this business from the morning, when I received Mr. M.'s note; and I am well persuaded, that the invasion of our property, was not an idea conceived or approved by you, but forced on you by some financier, who was himself deluded by a conceit of impartiality, not considering that the cases were by no means parallel; under this persuasion, I beg you to believe, that the measure has not yet made any change in the sincere esteem, with which I am, dear Sir,

Your faithful humble servant, WILLIAM JONES.

Sir *William Jones* to *Thomas Caldicott*, Esq.

Chatigan, Feb. 21, 1786.

I have been so loaded with business, that I deferred writing to you, till it was too late to write much; and when the Term ended, was obliged, for the sake of my wife's health and my own, to spend a few weeks in this Indian Montpelier, where the hillocks are covered with pepper vines, and sparkle with the blossoms of the coffee tree; but the description of the place would fill a volume, and I can only write a short letter to say, *si vales, bene est: valeo.*

Sir *William Jones* to *George Hardynge*, Esq.

Feb. 22, 1786.

A word to you; no! though you have more of wisdom *(et verbum sapienti,* &c.) than I have, or wish to have of popularity, yet

I would not send you one word, but millions and trillions of words, if I were not obliged to reserve them for conversation. The immeasurable field, that lies before me in the study of Sanscrit and of Hindu jurisprudence, (the Arabic laws are familiar to me) compels me for the present, to suspend my intention of corresponding regularly with those I love*.—

Sir *William Jones* to Sir *J. Macpherson*, Bart.

Jafferabad, Feb. 27, 1786.

I cannot express, my dear Sir, the pleasure which I have just received from that part of the Board's letter to us, in which they set us right in our misconception of their preceding letter.

I rejoice that we were mistaken, and have just signed our reply: it will, I persuade myself, restore the harmony of our concert, which, if worldly affairs have any analogy to music, will rather be

* The following sonnet, written some years before the date of Sir William Jones's letter, was addressed by him to his friend:

To G. HARDYNGE, Esq.

HARDYNGE, whom Camden's voice, and Camden's fame,
To noble thoughts, and high attempts excite;
Whom thy learn'd sire's well-polish'd lays invite,
To kindle in thy breast, Phœbéan flame;
O, rise! O, emulate their lives, and claim
The glorious meed of many a studious night,
And many a day spent in asserting right,
Repressing wrong, and bringing fraud to shame!
Nor let the glare of wealth, or pleasure's bow'rs
Allure thy fancy.—Think how Tully shone;
Think how Demosthenes with heav'nly fire
Shook Philip's throne, and lighten'd o'er his tow'rs.
What gave them strength? Not *eloquence* alone,
But minds elate above each low desire. W. J.

improved

improved than spoiled by a short dissonant interval. You, who are a musician, will feel the tone of this metaphor; as to my harsher notes, *quicquid asperius dictum est, indictum esto.* In fact (you could not know it, but) I never had been so pinched in my life, for the last three months; having bought Company's bonds, (which nothing but extreme necessity could have made me sell at 30 per cent. discount,) I was unable to pay my physician, or my munshis, and was forced to borrow (for the first time in my life) for my daily rice; what was worse, I was forced to borrow of a black man, and it was like touching a snake or the South-American eel; in short, if our apprehensions had been well grounded, two of us had resolved to go home next season. But your letter dispersed all clouds, and made my mind as clear as the air of this fine climate, where I expect to escape the heats, and all the ills they produce in a constitution like mine. I confess, I wish you had accepted our offer; for half my salary is enough for me, and I would have received the remainder cheerfully on any terms, as I have hitherto done: but as it is, we are all satisfied, and your offers were so equal, that either would have been satisfactory to me.

You must know better than I can, though I am so much nearer the place on the frontiers where Major Ellerker is now encamped. I can hardly persuade myself that Myun Gachim Fera*, with all his

* A general in the service of the king of Ava, who appeared on the frontiers

his bravery in words, will venture to pass the Nâf: the whole story is curious, and as I am on the spot, I wish to write it with all the gravity of an historian, especially as I can pick out some part of the Pegu general's original letter, the characters of which are little more than the *nagarî* letters inverted and rounded.

I now sit opposite to the seas, which wafted us gently hither in the Phœnix; and our voyage was well-timed, for, had we staid two days longer, we should have been in a north-wester. A beautiful vale lies between the hillock on which the house is built, and the beach; on all the other sides are hills finely diversified with groves; the walks are scented with blossoms of the *champac** and nagasar†; and the plantations of pepper and coffee are equally new and pleasing.—My wife, who desires her best remembrance, amuses herself with drawing, and I with botany. If (which I trust will not be the case) you should be indisposed, this is the Montpelier which will restore you to health.

Sir *William Jones* to Mr. Justice *Hyde*.

Jaferabad, April 30, 1786.

I delayed, my dear Sir, to answer your kind letter of the 10th, until I could give you an accurate account of my motions towards Calcutta. We shall not stay here a whole week longer, but proceed, as soon as we can make prepa-

frontiers of Chatigan with an army. The Nâf is the boundary river between Chatigan and Aracan.

* Lin. Michelia. † Lin. Mesua.

rations

rations for our journey, to the burning well*, and thence through Tipera to Dacca: an old engagement will oblige us to deviate a little out of our way to Comarcaly; and if the Jellingy be navigable, we shall soon be in Calcutta; if not, we must pass a second time through the Sundarbans; in all events, nothing I think can hinder my being in court on the 15th of June. Suffer me now to thank you, as I do most heartily, for the very useful information which you give me concerning money matters. The ancients said (not very properly) of their imaginary gods, "carior est divis

* The burning well is situated about twenty-two miles from Chatigan, at the termination of a valley surrounded by hills. I visited it in 1778, and, from *recollection*, am enabled to give the following account of it:—The shape of the well, or rather reservoir, is oblong, about six feet by four, and the depth does not exceed twelve feet. The water, which is always cold, is supplied by a spring, and there is a conduit for carrying off the superfluity; a part of the surface of the well, about a fourth, is covered with brick work, which is nearly ignited by the flames, which flash without intermission, from the surface of the water. It would appear that an inflammable vapour escapes through the water, which takes fire on contact with the external air; the perpetuity of the flame is occasioned by the ignited brick-work, as, without this, much of the vapour would escape without conflagration. This was proved by taking away the covering of brick-work after the extinction of the heat, by throwing upon it the water of the well. The flames still continued to burst forth from the surface, but with momentary intermissions, and the vapour was always immediately kindled by holding a candle at a small distance from the surface of the water. A piece of silver placed in the conduit for carrying off the superfluous water, was discoloured in a few minutes, and an infusion of tea gave a dark tinge to the water.

On the side of a hill distant about three miles from the burning well, there is a spot of ground of a few feet only in dimensions, from which, flashes of fire burst on stamping strongly with the foot. The appearance of this spot resembled that of earth, on which a fire had been kindled. I do not recollect whether it was hot to the touch.

homo,

homo, quàm sibi :" but I may truly say, " carior est amicis, quàm sibi," speaking of myself and of your friendly attentions to me.

Sir *William Jones* to Sir *J. Macpherson*, Bart.

May 6, 1786.

I delayed from day to day, and from week to week the pleasure of answering your acceptable letter, which I received, I am afraid, so long ago as the middle of March. I wished to send you something interesting; but my days flowed on in the same equable and uniform tenour, and were only to be distinguished by the advances I made in my Persian, Indian, and botanical pursuits. In short, as it sometimes happens, by intending to write much, I had written nothing; and was preparing to give you some account of my motions towards the presidency, when I had the very great satisfaction of receiving your packet full of matter, full of pleasing accounts, and full of just observations. * * * * * * * * * * * I read with pleasure, while I was at breakfast, Mr. Forster's lively little tract, and having finished my daily task of Persian reading with a learned Parsi of Yezd, who accompanied me hither, I allot the rest of the morning to you.

The approbation given at home to your seasonable exertions here, was but natural; it could not have been otherwise, and therefore it gives me great pleasure, but no surprise. Be assured that general applause ever has resulted, and ever will result from good actions and salutary measures, as certainly

certainly as an echo, in rocky places, follows the voice. You will readily believe me, when I assure you that I have few things more at heart than that you may enjoy as much as you can desire of that echo, and receive no pain or injury from the rocks; for rocks abound, my friend, in the sea of life.

The Scripture speaks of nations overturning their *judges in stoney places;* and ambitious judges ought to be overturned, but as I do not aspire, I can never fall from an eminence.

The state of parties in England, still makes me rejoice, that I am not in London. My friendships would lead me naturally to wish the rise of the ———— while my conscience and my humble judgement oblige me to prefer . . . . . system as far as I know it. God grant he may adopt the best measures for this country, and give them effect by the best means without disarranging your measures, since the wheel of continual changes cannot but have a bad effect in the minds of the governed:—but I sat down to write a letter, not a treatise.

By the way, I have read a second time here your friend's Treatise on the History of Civil Society, and am extremely pleased with it, especially his chapter on the relaxation of national spirit.

* * * * * *

Your communications about the Lama will be truly interesting. I have read, since I left Calcutta, 800 pages in quarto, concerning the Mythology and History, both civil and natural, of Tibet.

The

The work was printed with every advantage of new types and curious engravings at Rome, about ten years ago, and was compiled from the papers of an Italian father, named Orazio, who had lived thirty years in that country and Napal, where he died. On my return, I purpose, with the permission of the society, to send a treatise* to the press, which ought to stand first in our collections, as it will be a key to many other papers. I have caused six or seven plates to be engraved for it.

Always excepting my own imperfect essays, I may venture to foretell, that the learned in Europe will not be disappointed by our first volume. But my great object, at which I have long been labouring, is to give our country a complete digest of Hindu and Mussulman law. I have enabled myself, by excessive care, to read the oldest Sanscrit law-books with the help of a loose Persian paraphrase; and I have begun a translation of Menu into English; the best Arabian law-tract, I translated last year. What I can possibly perform alone, I will by God's blessing perform; and I would write on the subject to the Minister, Chancellor, the Board of Controul, and the Directors, if I were not apprehensive that they who know the world, but do not fully know me, would think that I expected some advantage either of fame or patronage, by purposing to be made the Justinian of India, whereas I am conscious of desiring no advantage,

* A Dissertation on the Orthography of Asiatic Words in Roman Letters. Works, vol. i. page 175.

but

but the pleasure of doing general good. I shall consequently proceed in the work by my own strength, and will print my digest by degrees at my own expense, giving copies of it where I know they will be useful. One point I have already attained; I made the pundit of our court read and correct a copy of Halhed's* book in the original Sanscrit, and I then obliged him to attest it as good law, so that he never now can give corrupt opinions, without certain detection.

May your commercial blossom arrive at maturity with all the vigour of Indian vegetation!

My soul expands, like your blossom, at the idea of improved commerce; no subject is to me more animating.

I have a commercial idea for you, not a blossom, but as yet a germ only. What if Persia should now flourish! and what if the present king, Jaffier Khan, be really as great a man as represented! Persia wants many manufactures of India, and her king would be a valuable ally. * * * * * * * * I have already thanked you for your kind attentions to Emin, and I beg to repeat them: many in England will be equally thankful. He is a fine fellow, and if active service should be required, he would seek nothing so much, as to be placed in the most perilous edge of the battle.

In this letter, we see the unabated activity of a

* A translation by N. B. Halhed, Esq. of the code compiled by pundits, by the direction of Mr. Hastings.

vigorous

vigorous mind, uniting recreation with improvement, and collecting in its progress through the gardens of literature, the flowers of every soil.—A detailed account of the daily studies of Sir William Jones would surprize the most indefatigable, and it may not be impertinent to mention in proof of this observation, that he found time during his short residence at Chatigan, in addition to the occupations which he has described, to peruse twice the heroic poem of Ferdosi, the Homer of Persia, supposed to contain sixty thousand couplets. Of the sentiments expressed in his correspondence, it is sufficient to remark in general, that they do no less honour to his heart than to his judgement. I cannot but wish that he had found time to write the ample description which he mentions.

Few persons have passed through a greater variety of hardships, and perilous adventures, than the person mentioned by Sir William Jones under the name of Emin.—Born at Hamadan, in Persia, of Armenian parents, and exposed during his infancy to uncommon disasters, while a mere youth he followed his father and ruined family to Calcutta. He had there an opportunity of observing the superiority of Europeans, in arms, arts, and sciences, over the Asiatics; and the impression which he received from it, inspired an invincible desire in Emin to acquire the knowledge which they possessed. For this purpose, he determined, at all hazards, to visit England, and after a long opposition from his father, having obtained his

reluctant

reluctant assent, he adopted the only means left for the accomplishment of his purpose, by working his passage as a common sailor in one of the ships belonging to the East-India Company. After his arrival in England, he lost no time in beginning to acquire the instruction which he so anxiously desired, but his progress was retarded by the narrowness of his circumstances, and he was compelled to submit to menial occupations, and laborious employments, to procure a subsistence. Fortune favoured his perseverance, and in a moment of despair he was accidentally introduced to the notice of the Duke of Northumberland, and afterwards to that of many gentlemen of rank and fortune, by whose assistance his views were promoted*.

The

* Previous to his introduction to the Duke of Northumberland, Emin had become acquainted with Edmund Burke, whom he accidentally met in the Park.—After some conversation, Mr. Burke invited Emin to his apartments, up two pair of stairs, at the sign of Pope's Head, at a bookseller's near the Temple. Emin, ignorant of the name of the gentleman who had treated him with so much courtesy, begged to be favoured with it, and Mr. Burke politely answered: "Sir, my name is Edmund Burke at your service; I am a run-away "son from a father, as you are." He then presented half-a-guinea to Emin, saying, "Upon my honour, this is what I have at present, please "to accept it."

Mr. Burke the next day visited Emin, and assisted him with his advice as to the books which he should read. He introduced him to his relation, Mr. William Burke; and for thirty years, Emin acknowledges that he was treated with unceasing kindness by both.

At the period of the commencement of his acquaintance with Mr. Burke, Emin had little left for his maintenance, and the prospect of accomplishing the purpose of his voyage to England became daily more gloomy.—"Had not Mr. Burke consoled him now and then, (to use the words of Emin,) he might have been lost for ever through "despair;

The great object of Emin, was to obtain a knowledge of military tactics, in the hopes of employing it successfully, in rescuing the liberty and religion of the country of his ancestors from the despotism of the Turks and Persians. After serving with the Prussian and English armies in Germany, he procured the means of transporting himself into the mountains of Armenia, in the view of offering his services to Heraclius, the reigning prince of Georgia, and of rousing the religious zeal and martial spirit of his countrymen. He had there the mortification to find his resources inadequate to the magnitude of the enterprise, and he was compelled to return disappointed to England. After some time spent in solicitation, he was enabled by the assistance of his patrons to proceed with recommendations to Russia, and thence, after various fatigues and impediments, which his fortitude and perseverance surmounted, he reached Tefflis, the capital of Georgia. After eight years of wandering, perils, and distresses, through the mountains of that country and Armenia, he was obliged to abandon his visionary project, and returned to his father in Calcutta. Still anxious for the accomplishment of his plans, and no ways intimidated by the experience of past dangers and difficulties, he

"despair; but his friend always advised him to put his trust in God, "and he never missed a day without seeing Emin. He was writing "books at the time, and desired the author (i. e. Emin) to copy them; "the first was an Imitation of the late Lord Bolingbroke's Letter; the "second, The Treatise of Sublime and Beautiful." Life of Emin, London edition, p. 93.

made

made a third attempt for the execution of them, and proceeded to Persia. This proved equally unsuccessful, and he again returned to Calcutta. In Emin we see the same man, who was a sailor, a porter, a menial servant, and subsisting by charity, the companion of nobles, and patronized by princes and monarchs, ever preserving, in his deepest distresses, a sense of honour, a spirit of integrity, a reliance upon Providence, and a firm adherence to the principles of Christianity, in which he had been educated. During his residence in Calcutta, he published an account of his eventful life, which Sir William Jones condescended to revise, so far only as to correct orthographical errors, but without any amendment of the style.

From Chatigan, Sir William Jones returned to Calcutta, and after the recess of the court, again visited his retirement at Chrishna-nagur, where he occupied himself as usual in his favourite studies, an account of which, as well as of his journey to the presidency, I shall supply by extracts from his familiar letters.

Sir *William Jones* to Mr. Justice *Hyde*.

Comarcaly, June 15, 1786.

I find that, in this country, travellers are perfect slaves to the seasons and elements. It was my resolution, when I left Dacca, to push on as expeditiously as possible to Calcutta; but, in our passage of eight days, last year, through the Tulsi creek and the Artai river, our boat was hotter,

ter, day and night, than ever I felt a vapour-bath; till then, as much as I had reason to dread an Indian sun, I had not a complete idea of it. This affected both Lady Jones and me so much, that it would have been madness to have passed the Sundarbans in such weather; and, Mr. Redfearn having promised to send me word, when the Jelinga becomes navigable, (which is usually about the middle of this month,) I expect every day to receive that intelligence; after which, I shall be in Calcutta in eight days. I am principally vexed at this delay, because, from your having taken the charge when it was Sir R. Chambers' turn, I fear he must be ill, and consequently that you must have a great deal of trouble:—give my affectionate remembrance to him. I am, &c.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to Miss E. SHIPLEY.

On the Ganges, Sept. 7, 1786.

You do too much honour, my dear Madam, to my compositions; they amuse me in the few hours of leisure that my business allows, and if they amuse my friends, I am amply rewarded.

Mà si 'l Latino e'l Greco
Parlan di me dopo la morte, è un vento;
Ond' io, perche pavento
Adunar sempre quel ch'un' ora sgombre,
Vorrei 'l vero abbraciar lassando l'ombre.

We talk of the year 1790, as the happy limit of our residence in this unpropitious climate: but this must be a family secret, lest applications should be made for my place, and I should be shoved

showed out before my resignation. God grant, that the bad state of my Anna's health may not compel her to leave India before me! I should remain like a man with a dead palsy on one of his sides: but it were better to lose one side for a time than both for ever. I do not mean that she has been, or is likely to be, in danger from her complaints. I have proposed a visit to her friend Lady Campbell, and she seemed to receive the proposal with pleasure; the sea air, and change of scene at a proper season, may do more than all the Faculty, with all their prescriptions.—As to politics and ministers, let me whisper another secret in your ear;—

Io non credo piu àl *nero* ch' all' *azzurro*:—

and, as to coalitions, if the *nero* be mixed with the *azzurro*, they will only make a dirtier colour. India is yet secure, and improveable beyond imagination; it is not however in such a state of security, but that wise politicians may, with strong well-timed exertions and well-applied address, contrive to lose it. The discharge of my duty, and the study of Indian laws in their original languages, (which is no inconsiderable part of my duty,) are an excuse for my neglect of writing letters; and indeed I find by experience, that I can take up my pen for that purpose but once a year, and I have a hundred unanswered letters now lying before me; but my Anna, who is my secretary of state, and first or rather *sole* lady of the treasury, has written volumes. Loves and regards

gards to all who love and regard us: as to compliments, they are unmeaning things, and neither become me to send, nor you to convey.

I am, with great regard, dear Madam, your faithful and affectionate servant,

WILLIAM JONES.

Sir *William Jones* to Dr. *Patrick Russel.*

Crishna-nagur, Sept. 28, 1786.

Various causes contribute to render me a bad correspondent, particularly the discharge of my public duty, and the studies which are connected with that duty, such as the Indian and Arabic laws in their several difficult languages, one of which has occupied most of my leisure for the last twelvemonth, excepting when I travelled to Islamabad, for the benefit of the sea-air and verdant hillocks, during the hot season. It is only in such a retirement as the cottage, where I am passing a short vacation, that I can write to literary friends, or even think much on literary subjects; and it was long after I left this solitude last autumn, that I had the pleasure of receiving your most agreeable letter.

I am tolerably strong in *Sanscrit*, and hope to prove my strength soon by translating a law tract of great intrinsic merit, and extremely curious, which the Hindûs believe to be almost as old as the Creation. It is ascribed to Menu, the Minos of India, and, like him, the son of Jove. My present study is the original of Bidpa's fables, called

called Hitopadesa*, which is a charming book, and wonderfully useful to a learner of the language. I congratulate you on the completion of your two works, but exhort you to publish them. Think how much fame Kœnig lost by delaying his publications. God knows whether any use, honourable to his memory, will be made of his manuscripts. Think of Mr. D'Herbelot, whose posthumous work, like most others, had the fate of being incorrectly published. Printing is dear at Calcutta; but if government would print your works (as they ought), I could cheerfully superintend commas and colons. I am delighted with your botanical pursuits. They talk of a public garden on the banks of the river near Calcutta. How I wish, for our sakes, you could be allured from the Sircars! I long to visit them, however, and to view your collections; though I must be so honest as to own, that *accurate* botanical descriptions give me more pleasure than an herbal, I mean where the fresh plants can be examined. For this reason I have not begun to collect specimens, but describe as well as I can; and for brevity, in coarse Latin. Lady Jones assists me by her accuracy in drawing and colouring.

The province of Chatigan (vulgarly Chitigong) is a noble field for a naturalist. It is so called, I believe, from the *chatag*, which is the most beautiful little bird I ever saw. The hills and woods abound with uncommon plants and animals; in-

* Translated by Sir William Jones, and published in his Works, vol. vi.

deed

deed the whole Eastern peninsula would be a new world to a philosopher. I wish poor Kœnig had left his papers to you; Banks has too much of his own to employ him, and Macpherson, who loved the sage, would, I dare say, have persuaded Lord Cornwallis to raise the best monument to his memory,—a good edition of his works. I have carefully examined a plant, which Kœnig mentioned to me, and called *pentapethès protea*, from the singular variety of leaves on the same tree. The natives call it *Mascamchand;* and one of its fragrant fleshy blossoms, infused for a night in a glass of water, forms a mucilage of a very cooling quality. The *pentapethès phœnicia*, which now beautifies this plain, produces a similar mucilage, which might answer the same purposes as that of the Arabian gum, if not other and more important purposes. But I mention this plant, because Kœnig told me, that Linnæus had inverted nature in his description of it, by assigning to it *five* castrated filaments, to each of which were annexed three prolific ones; whereas, said he, (I am sure I did not mistake him,) the flower has fifteen castrated, and five prolific; so that in truth it would have been *pentandrian*. Now I have examined all the flowers of this species that I could get, and I find the description of Linnæus to be correct; but there is no accounting for the variety of a protean plant.

Many thanks for your offer of Mr. D'Hancarville; but I have the book, though, like you, I have

have not read it. I wish to be firm in Sanscrit, before I read systems of mythology. We have sent the first papers of our transactions to the press, and shall go on as fast as Mr. G.'s compositor will let us.—Farewell, my dear Sir.—*Vivere, valere, et philosophari cum paucis*, is what I wish for you, as much as for your, &c.

Sir *William Jones* to *William Shipley* *, Esq.

Crishna-nagur, Oct. 5, 1786.

I blush, my dear Sir, in reading, a second or third time, with increasing delight, your excellent letters from Maidstone, when I compare the dates of them with that of my answer. Various, however, are the causes which oblige me to be an indifferent and slow correspondent; first, illness, which had confined me three months to my couch, where your first letter found me on the great river; next, the discharge of an important duty, which falls peculiarly heavy on the Indian judges, who are forced to act as justices of the peace in a populous country, where the police is deplorably bad; then, the difficult study of Hindu and Mohammedan laws, in two copious

* William Shipley, Esq. brother to the late Bishop of St. Asaph, and now in his 89th year.—He suggested the idea of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Commerce, &c., which was established in 1753, and in the following year, a gold medal was voted to him by the society, with an inscription:—

To William Shipley,
whose public Spirit
gave rise to this
Society.

languages,

languages, Sanscrit and Arabic, which studies are inseparably connected with my public duty, and may tend to establish by degrees, among ten millions of our black subjects, that security of descendable property, a want of which, as you justly observe, has prevented the people of Asia from improving their agriculture and mechanical arts; lastly, I may add (though rather an amusement than a duty) my pursuit of general literature, which I have here an opportunity of doing from the fountain head, an opportunity which, if lost, may never be recovered. When I accept therefore with gratitude the honour offered me by your young Hercules, the Maidstone Society, of being one of their corresponding members, I cannot indulge a hope of being a diligent or useful correspondent, unless any discovery should be made by our Indian Society, which I may think likely to be of use in our common country. Your various papers I have distributed among those, who seemed the likeliest to avail themselves of the rules and hints which they contain. The rapidity of the Ganges, makes it extremely difficult to rescue the unhappy persons who are overset in boats, especially at the time of the *bore* *, when

* The *bore*, is an expression applied to a peculiar swell in the Hughli river, occasioned by the rapid influx of the tide; it breaks in shallow water along the shore, and no boat can resist its violence. The noise of its approach is heard at a distance of some miles, and the boats, to avoid it, are rowed into deep water, where the agitation is considerable, but not dangerous. The *bores* are highest about the equinoxes, and at the middle periods between them cease altogether.

such

such accidents most usually happen; but I am confident that the methods prescribed in the little work which you sent me, will often be salutary even here. Dr. Johnson's tract I have now lent to a medical friend of great ability; and I am particularly interested in the security of our prisons from infection, to which indeed they are less liable in this climate, from our practice of sleeping in a draught of air whenever it can be had. Without this habit, to which I am now enured, we should never be free from putrid disorders.

* * * * * * *

Should your society be so extended as to admit all Kent, you will, I trust, have an excellent member in one of my oldest college friends, Doctor Breton, of Broughton, near Ashford, who has left no path of science or literature unexplored. We shall print our transactions with all speed consistent with accuracy; as all our members, including even our printer, are men of business, in commerce, revenue, or judicature, we cannot proceed very rapidly, either in giving the public the tracts we have already collected, or in adding to our collection.

Sir *William Jones* to Sir *J. Macpherson*, Bart.

Calcutta, Nov. 1786.

The society heard with pleasure, the curious account of the Lama's inauguration; and the first sheet of their transactions is printed.

* * * * * *

Be assured, that I will ever remember the con-

tents of your own letter; and accept my thanks for the pleasure which I have received from that of Mr. Adam Ferguson to you. One sentence of it is so wise, and so well expressed, that I read it till I had it by heart; "Justice to the stranger," &c.

I am correcting proofs of our Transactions, which will, I hope, satisfy Mr. Ferguson as to the theology of the Hindûs. By rising before the sun, I allot an hour every day to Sanscrit, and am charmed with knowing so beautiful a sister of Latin and Greek. * * * *

Magnum vectigal est parsimonia, is an aphorism which I learned early from Cicero. The public, if they are grateful, must wish that you had attended as vigilantly to your own vectigal, as you have wisely and successfully to theirs.

In September, Lord Cornwallis arrived at Fort-William, with the appointment of Governor-General; and the Writer of these sheets, who accompanied him to India, had the happiness of renewing his personal intimacy with Sir William Jones.

The uniformity which marked the remaining period of his allotted existence, admits of little variety of delineation. The largest portion of each year was devoted to his professional duties and studies; and all the time that could be saved from these important avocations, was dedicated to the cultivation of science and literature. Some periods were chequered by illness, the consequence of intense application; and others were embittered by

by the frequent and severe indisposition of the partner of his cares and object of his affections. —"The climate of India" (as he had already found occasion to remark in a letter to a friend) "had been unpropitious to the delicate constitu-"tion of his beloved wife;" and so apprehensive was he of the consequences, that he intended, "unless some favourable alteration should take "place, to urge her return to her native country; "preferring the pang of separation for five or six "years, to the anguish, which he should hardly "survive, of losing her."

While business required the daily attendance of Sir William Jones, in Calcutta, his usual residence was on the banks of the Ganges, at the distance of five miles from the court: to this spot he returned every evening after sun-set, and in the morning rose so early as to reach his apartments in town by walking, at the first appearance of the dawn. Having severely suffered from the heat of the sun, he ever afterwards dreaded and avoided an exposure to it; and his hymn to Surya, he alludes to its effect upon him, and to his moon-light rambles, in the following lines:

Then roves thy poet free,
Who, with no borrow'd art,
Dares hymn thy pow'r, and durst provoke thy blaze,
But felt the thrilling dart;
And now on lowly knee
From Him, who gave the wound, the balsam prays.

The intervening period of each morning until the opening of the court, was regularly allotted and

and applied to distinct studies. He passed the months of vacation at his retirement at Crishnanagur, in his usual pursuits. Some of the literary productions of his retirement will be noticed; and I shall now continue my extracts from his familiar correspondence.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to J. SHORE, Esq.

Gardens, near Calcutta, March 25, 1787.

I am charmed, my dear Sir, with the short but comprehensive work of Rhadacaunt, your pundit, the title of which I see is Puráuarthupracusam, or the meaning of the Purans displayed. It contains pedigrees, or lists of kings, from the earliest times to the decline of the Indian empire; but the proper names are so murdered, or so strangely disguised in Persian letters, that I am only tantalized with a thirst for more accurate information. If the pundit, at your request, will lend me the original, my *Marhatta* writer shall copy it elegantly, with spaces between the lines for a literal English translation, which may perhaps be agreeable, with your consent, to our Society.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to J. SHORE, Esq.

May 11, 1787.

I return, with many thanks, my dear Sir, the letter of his High Mightiness Tatbu Arnu (king of Ava*). When I began it, I feared it was

* If the reader has a curiosity to see this singular letter, he may gratify it. The perusal may perhaps recall to his recollection, the ollowing lines:

——— Here's a large mouth indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas!

Official

was hostile, but am glad to find it so amicable. *Dulce mihi nomen pacis!* If he is at peace with the

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Official Translation of a Letter from the Rajah, or Principal, of the Burmas to the Collector of Chittagong.

I am lord of a whole people, and of 101 countries, and my titles are Rajah Chatterdary (*i. e.* sitting under a canopy), and Rajah Surey Bunkshee (*i. e.* descendant of the Sun). Sitting on the throne with a splendid canopy of gold, I hold in subjection to my authority many Rajahs; gold, silver, and jewels, are the produce of my country, and in my hand is the instrument of war, that, as the lightning of Heaven, humbles and subdues my enemies; my troops require neither injunctions nor commands, and my elephants and horses are without number. In my service are ten pundits learned in the Shaster, and 104 priests, whose wisdom is not to be equalled; agreeably to whose learning and intelligence, I execute and distribute justice among my people, so that my mandates, like the lightning, suffer no resistance nor control. My subjects are endowed with virtue and the principles of justice, and refrain from all immoral practices, and I am, as the Sun, blessed with the light of wisdom to discover the secret designs of men; whoever is worthy of being called a Rajah, is merciful and just towards his people; thieves, robbers, and disturbers of the peace, have at length received the punishment due to their crimes; and now the word of my mouth is dreaded as the lightning from Heaven. I am as a great sea, among 2000 rivers, and many rivulets, and as the mountain Shumeroo, surrounded by 40,000 hills, and like unto these is my authority, extending itself over 101 Rajahs; further, 10,000 Rajahs pay daily attendance at my Durbar, and my country excels every country of the world; my palace as the heavens, studded with gold and precious stones, is revered more than any other palace in the universe. My occupations resemble the business of the chief of the angels, and I have written unto all the provinces of Arracan, with orders to forward this letter in safety to Chittagong, formerly subject to the Rajah Sery Tamah Chucka, by whom the country was cultivated and populated; and he erected 2400 places of public worship, and made 24 tanks.

Previous to his accession, the country was subject to other Rajahs, whose title was Chatterdary, who erected places of worship, and appointed priests to administer the rites of religion to people of every denomination;

the Siamese, he may be a good neighbour, and we may be gainers by his gold and ivory; but I have

denomination; but at that period the country was ill governed, previous to the accession of Rajah Sery Tamah Chucka to the government of the countries of Rutunpoor, Dootinady, Arracan, Dooraputty, Ramputty, Chagdoye, Mahadaye, Mawong, in whose time the country was governed with justice and ability, and his wisdom was as the lightning; and the people were happy under his administration. He was also favoured with the friendship of the religious men of the age, one of whom, by name Budder, resorting to his place of residence, was solicited by the Rajah to appoint some one for the purpose of instructing him in religious rites, and Shawhmany was accordingly appointed agreeably to the Rajah's requisition; at this time it rained from Heaven, gold, silver, and precious stones, which were buried under ground in charge of the above priest, whose house was of gold and silver workmanship, to which the people resort, and worship the deities; and the Rajah kept a large establishment of servants, and of slaves at the temple, for the service of travellers and passengers; and his time was engaged in the studying of the five books, and he always refrained from immoral practices and deeds interdicted by his religion; and the priests, &c. abstained from the flesh of geese, pigeons, goats, hogs, and of fowls; and wickedness, theft, adultery, lying, drunkenness, were unknown in that age. I likewise pursue a line of conduct and religion similar to the above; but previous to my conquest of Arracan, the people were as snakes wounding men, a prey to enmity and disorder; and in several provinces there were eaters of the flesh of men, and wickedness prevailed amongst them, so that no man could trust his neighbour. At this time one Bowdah Outhar, otherwise Sery Boot Taukwor, came down in the country of Arracan, and instructed the people and the beasts of the field in the principles of religion and rectitude, and agreeably to his word the country was governed for a period of 5000 years, so that peace and good-will subsisted amongst men; agreeably hereto is the tenour of my conduct and government of my people: as there is an oil, the produce of a certain spot of the earth, of exquisite flavour, so is my dignity and power above that of other Rajahs; and Taffloo Rajah, the high-priest, having consulted with the others of that class, represented to me on 15th Aughur 1148, saying, Do you enforce the laws and customs of Sery Boot

have no inclination to taste his sweet and delicious petroleum, which he praises so highly; I am satisfied with the smell of it, and with its singular property of restoring the scent of Russia leather. I am told he is an able man; but from all I can learn, I suspect him to be an ambitious dog, who would act the lion if he could, and end, as he is said to have begun, the Aurenzeb of the Indian peninsula.

We are pretty well, and hope that you are now in good health. You will not (though you dislike medicine) object to my prescription:—

Take a concerto of Corelli,
An air of Leo, or Pergolesi,
——— a trio of Haydn, &c.—Mixtura fiat.

Boot Taukwor; which I accordingly did, and moreover erected six places of divine worship, and have conformed myself strictly to the laws and customs of Sery Tamah Chucka, governing my people with lenity and justice.

As the country of Arracan lies contiguous to Chittagong, if a Treaty of Commerce were established between me and the English, perfect amity and alliance would ensue from such engagements; therefore I have submitted it to you, that the merchants of your country should resort hither for the purpose of purchasing pearls, ivory, wax, and that, in return, my people should be permitted to resort to Chittagong for the purpose of trafficking in such commodities as the country may afford; but as the Mugs residing at Chittagong have deviated from the principles of religion and morality, they ought to be corrected for their errors and irregularities, agreeably to the written laws, insomuch as those invested with power will suffer eternal punishment in case of any deviation from their religion and laws; but whoever conforms his conduct to the strict rules of piety and religion, will hereafter be translated to Heaven. I have accordingly sent four elephant's teeth under charge of 30 persons, who will return with your answer to the above proposals and offers of alliance.

Would

Would I could be as good a physician to you, as I am, &c.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to J. SHORE, Esq.

May 12, 1787.

You have sent me a treasure, which will enable me to satisfy my mind at least on the chronology of India; need I say, that I shall ever be happy in the conversation of so learned a man as Rhadacaunt? Before I return to Calcutta, I shall have read his interesting book, and shall be better able to converse with him in Sanscrit, which I speak continually with my pundit.

I can easily conceive all your feelings; but consider, my dear friend, that you are now collecting for yourself (while you serve your country) those flowers which will give a brighter bloom even to the valleys of Devonshire, that you are young and have as fair a prospect of long happiness as any mortal can have. I predict, that when I meet you a few years hence at Teignmouth, where I hope to spend many a season with all that my soul cherishes in this world, I shall hear you confess, that your painful toil in India, conduced in the end to your happiness. That you may enjoy as much of it as human life affords, is the sincere wish of, &c.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to J. SHORE, Esq.

June 24.

I am well, rising constantly between three and four, and usually walking two or three miles

miles before sun-rise; my wife is tolerably well; and we only lament, that the damp weather will soon oblige us to leave our herds and flocks, and all our rural delights on the banks of the Baghiratti. The business of the court will continue at least two months longer, after which I purpose to take a house at Bandell or Hugli, and pass my autumnal vacation as usual with the Hindu bards. I have read your pundit's curious book twice in Sanscrit, and will have it elegantly copied; the *Dabistan* also I have read through twice with great attention; and both copies are ready to be returned, as you shall direct. Mr. R. Johnston thinks he has a young friend who will translate the *Dabistan*, and the greatest part of it would be very interesting to a curious reader, but some of it cannot be translated. It contains more recondite learning, more entertaining history, more beautiful specimens of poetry, more ingenuity and wit, more indecency and blasphemy, than I ever saw collected in a single volume; the two last are not the author's, but are introduced in the chapters on the heretics and infidels of India. On the whole, it is the most amusing and instructive book I ever read in Persian *.

* The *Dabistan*, is a treatise on twelve different religions, composed by a Mohammedan traveller, a native of Cashmir, named *Mohsan*, but distinguished by the assumed name of *Fani*, or perishable. Sir William Jones, in his sixth discourse to the society, on the Persians, refers to it as a rare and interesting tract, which had cast a gleam of light on the primeval history of *Iran* and the human race, of which he had long despaired, and which could hardly have dawned from any other quarter.

I hear

I hear nothing from Europe, but what all the papers contain; and that is enough to make me rejoice exceedingly, that I am in Asia. Those with whom I have spent some of my happiest hours, and hope to spend many more on my return to England, are tearing one another to pieces, with the enmity that is proverbial here, of the snake and the ichneumon. I have nothing left therefore, but to wish what is right and just may prevail, to discharge my public duties with unremitted attention, and to recreate myself at leisure with the literature of this interesting country.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to J. SHORE, Esq.

Chrishna-nagur, Aug. 16, 1787.

I thank you heartily, my dear Sir, for the tender strains of the unfortunate Charlotte*, which have given us pleasure and pain; the sonnets which relate to herself, are incomparably the best. Petrarca is little known; his sonnets, especially the first book, are the least valuable of his works, and contain less natural sentiments than those of the swan of Avon; but his odes, which are political, are equal to the lyric poems of the Greeks; and his triumphs are in a triumphant strain of sublimity and magnificence. Anna Maria gives you many thanks for the pleasure you have procured her. We are in love with this pastoral cottage; but though these three months are called a vacation, yet I have no vacant hours. It rarely happens that favourite studies are closely connect-

* Sonnets by Charlotte Smith.

ed

ed with the strict discharge of our duty, as mine happily are; even in this cottage I am assisting the court by studying Arabic and Sanscrit, and have now rendered it an impossibility for the Mohammedan or Hindu lawyers to impose upon us with erroneous opinions.

This brings to my mind your honest pundit, Rhadacaunt, who refused, I hear, the office of pundit to the court, and told Mr. Hastings that he would not accept of it, if the salary were doubled; his scruples were probably religious; but they would put it out of my power to serve him, should the office again be vacant. His unvarnished tale I would have repeated to you, if we had not missed one another on the river; but since I despair of seeing you until my return to Calcutta, at the end of October, I will set it down here, as nearly as I can recollect, in his own words:

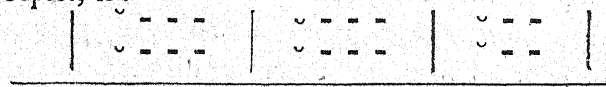
"My father (said he) died at the age of an hun-
"dred years, and my mother, who was eighty years
"old, became a *sati*, and burned herself to expiate
"sins. They left me little besides good principles.
"Mr. Hastings purchased for me a piece of land,
"which at first yielded twelve hundred rupees a
"year; but lately, either through my inattention
"or through accident, it has produced only one
"thousand. This would be sufficient for me and
"my family; but the duty of Brahmans is not
"only to teach the youths of their sect, but to re-
"lieve those who are poor. I made many presents
"to poor scholars and others in distress, and for
"this

"this purpose I anticipated my income: I was "then obliged to borrow for my family expenses, "and I now owe about three thousand rupees. "This debt is my only cause of uneasiness in this "world. I would have mentioned it to Mr. Shore, "but I was ashamed."

Now the question is, how he can be set upon his legs again, when I hope he will be more prudent. If Bahman* should return to Persia, I can afford to give him one hundred rupees a month, till his debt shall be discharged out of his rents; but at present, I pay more in salaries to my native scholars than I can well afford; nevertheless I will cheerfully join you in any mode of clearing the honest man, that can be suggested; and I would assist him merely for his own sake, as I have more Brahmanical teachers than I can find time to hear.

I send you not an elegant pathetic sonnet, but the wildest and strangest poem that was ever written, Khakani's complaint in prison. The whole is a menace, that he would change his religion, and seek protection among the Christians, or the Gabres. It contains one or two proper names, of which I find no full explanation even in a commentary professedly written to illustrate the poem.

The fire of Khakani's genius blazes through the smoke of his erudition; the measure of the poem, which will enable you to correct the errors of the copies, is:



*A parsi and a native of Yezd, employed by Sir Wm. Jones as a reader.

with

with a strong accent on the last syllable of each foot.—Adieu, my dear Sir, &c.

Sir *William Jones* to *Jos. Cowper Walker*, Esq.

Of Valeri, Bray, Ireland.

Crishna-nagur, Sept. 11, 1787.

I give you my hearty thanks, dear Sir, for your kind attention to me, and for the pleasure which I have received from your letter, as well as for that which I certainly shall receive from your historical memoirs of the Irish Bards. The Term being over before your book could be found, and the state of my health obliging me to seek this pastoral retreat, where I always pass my vacation among the Brahmans of this ancient university; I left Calcutta before I could read your work, but shall peruse it with eagerness on my return to the capital. You touched an important string, when you mentioned the subject of Indian music, of which I am particularly fond. I have just read a very old book on that art in Sanscrit. I hope to present the world with the substance of it, as soon as the transactions of our society can be printed: but we go on slowly, since the press is often engaged by government; and we think it better to let our fruit ripen naturally, than to bring forth such watery and imperfect fruits as are usually raised in hot-beds. The *Asiatic Miscellany*, to which you allude, is not the publication of our society, who mean to print no scraps, nor any *mere* translations. It was the undertaking of a private gentleman, and will certainly

be of use in diffusing Oriental literature, though it has not been so correctly printed as I could wish. When you see Colonel Vallancy, whose learned work I have read through twice with great pleasure, I request you to present him with my best remembrance. We shall soon, I hope, see faithful translations of Irish histories and poems. I shall be happy in comparing them with the Sanscrit, with which the ancient language of Ireland had certainly an affinity. Proceed, Sir, in your laudable career; you deserve the applause of your country, and will most assuredly have that of, Sir, &c.

Sir *William Jones* to Dr. *Patrick Russel.*

Chrishna-nagur, Sept. 22, 1787.

Your interesting papers did not find their way to me till I had left this cottage, and was wholly immersed in business. Indeed, I am so harassed for eight months in twelve, that I can seldom think of literature till the autumn vacation, which I pass in this charming plain, the driest in Bengal, and close to a college of Brahmans. I am charmed with your plan; and if the directors have not yet resolved to print the work at their expense, I can perhaps suggest a mode of procuring very powerful influence with them. The king has much at heart his new botanical garden at St. Vincent's: his object is two-fold; to improve the commerce of the West-India islands, and to provide the British troops on service there with medicinal plants. Now, if you could send a box or two of seeds,

seeds, likely to be useful in commerce or medicine, directed to Sir George Young, the secretary at war, (to whom I have inclosed your letter to the Board at Madras,) I dare say the Board of Controul would be desired to use their influence with the Directors. * * * * * * * *

* You could not have chosen a better specimen than the *pedalium murex*, of which, little is said by Linnæus, and that from doubtful authority. The *opuntia* I have not seen here, and I cannot ramble into the woods. Our groves at this place are skirted with an angulated *cactus*, called *sija* (pronounced *seeja*) in the Sanscrit dictionaries, where I find the names of about 300 medicinal plants, the virtues of which are mentioned in medicinal books. I agree with you, that those books do not carry full conviction; but they lead to useful experiments, and are therefore valuable. I made fine red ink, by dropping a solution of tin in *aqua regia* into an infusion of the *coccus*, which Dr. Anderson was so polite as to send to me. His discovery will, I trust, be useful; his ardour and ingenuity deserve success.

I have just read with attention the *Philosophia Botanica*, which I consider as the grammar, and the *Genera et Species* as the dictionary, of Botany. It is a masterly work, and contains excellent matter in a short volume; but it is harshly, not to say barbarously, written. I grieve to see botany imperfect in its two most important articles, the *natural orders* and the *virtues* of plants, between which

I suspect a strong affinity. I envy those who have leisure to pursue this bewitching study.

Pray, my dear Sir, have you the Oriental manuscripts of my friend Dr. Alexander Russel? He lent me three, which I returned; the *Sucardan*, the *Banquet of Physicians*, and a beautiful *Hafez*. If you have them, I shall beg leave to read them again, when we meet in Europe.

Postscript. What is spikenard? I mean botanically, what is the natural order, class, genus, &c. of the plant? What was the spikenard in the alabaster-box, of the Gospel? What was *nardi parvus onyx?* What did Ptolemy mean by the excellent nard of Rhangamutty in Bengal? I have been in vain endeavouring for above two years to procure an answer to these questions; your answer will greatly oblige me.

Sir *William Jones* to *Thomas Caldicott*, Esq.

Chrishna-nagur, Sept. 27, 1787.

Your brother sent me your letter at a convenient time, and to a convenient place, for I can only write in the long vacation, which I generally spend in a delightful cottage, about as far from Calcutta as Oxford is from London, and close to an ancient university of Brahmans, with whom I now converse familiarly in Sanscrit. You would be astonished at the resemblance between that language and both Greek and Latin. Sanscrit and Arabic will enable me to do this country more essential service, than the introduction of arts (even if I should be able to introduce them) by procuring

procuring an accurate digest of Hindu and Mohammedan laws, which the natives hold sacred, and by which both justice and policy require that they should be governed.

I have published nothing; but Armenian clerks make such blunders, that I print ten or twenty copies of every thing I compose, which are to be considered as manuscripts. I beg you will send me your remarks on my plan of an epic poem. Sanscrit has engaged my vacations lately; but I will finish it, if I live. I promise you to attend to all that is said, especially if alterations are suggested; always reserving to myself the final judgment. One thing I am inflexible in; I have maturely considered the point, and am resolved to write in blank verse. I have not time to add my reasons; but they are good.

I thank you for Sheridan's speech, which I could not however read through. For the last sixteen years of my life, I have been in a habit of requiring evidence of all assertions, and I have no leisure to examine proofs in a business so foreign to my pursuits. * * * * * * * * If Hastings and Impey are guilty, in God's name let them be punished; but let them not be condemned without legal evidence.—I will say more of myself, than you do of yourself, but in few words. I never was unhappy in England; it was not in my nature to be so; but I never was happy till I was settled in India. My constitution has overcome the climate; and if I could say the same

of

of my beloved wife, I should be the happiest of men; but she has perpetual complaints, and of course I am in perpetual anxiety on her account.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to J. WILMOT, Esq.

Chrishna-nagur, Bengal, Oct. 3, 1787.

* * * * * * *

* * * * I cannot, however, let the season slip, without scribbling a few lines to tell you, that my constitution seems to have overcome the climate, and that I should be as happy as mortal man can be, or at least ought to be, if my wife had been as well as I have for the last three years.

I have nothing to say of India politics, except that Lord Cornwallis and * * * are justly popular, and perhaps the most virtuous governors in the world. Of English politics I say nothing, because I doubt whether you and I should ever agree in them. I do not mean the narrow politics of contending parties, but the great principles of government and legislation, the majesty of the whole nation collectively, and the consistency of popular rights with regal prerogative, which ought to be supported, to suppress the oligarchical power. But in India I think little of these matters.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to J. SHORE, Esq.

Chrishna-nagur, Oct. 10, 1787.

I hope in less than a fortnight to see you in perfect health, as I shall leave this charming retreat on the 20th. I want but a few leaves of having read your copy of Hafez twice through; and

and I am obliged to you for the most agreeable task (next the Shah-nameh) I ever performed. The annexed elegy* was sent to me by the post; and I send it to you, because I think you will like it. There is a great pathos in the fourth tetrastick; and I know unhappily, that excessive grief is neither full of tears, nor full of words; yet if a dramatic poet were to represent such grief naturally, I doubt whether his conduct would be approved, though with fine acting and fine sounds in the orchestra, it ought to have a wonderful effect. Lady J. is pretty well; a tiger about a month old,

* The elegy alluded to, which has been since printed in a collection of poems, is the following:

PHILEMON. An Elegy.

Where shade yon yews the church-yard's lonely bourn,
With faltering step, absorb'd in thought profound,
Philemon wends in solitude to mourn,
While evening pours her deep'ning glooms around.

Loud shrieks the blast, the sleety torrent drives,
Wide spreads the tempest's desolating power;
To grief alone Philemon reckless lives,
No rolling peel he heeds, cold blast, nor shower.

For this the date that stamp'd his partner's doom;
His trembling lips receiv'd her latest breath.
"Ah! wilt thou drop one tear on Emma's tomb?"
She cried: and clos'd each wistful eye in death.

No sighs he breath'd, for anguish riv'd his breast;
Her clay-cold hand he grasp'd, no tears he shed,
'Till fainting nature sunk by grief oppress'd,
And ere distraction came, all sense was fled.

Now time has calm'd, not cur'd Philemon's woe,
For grief like his, life-woven, never dies;
And still each year's collected sorrows flow,
As drooping o'er his Emma's tomb he sighs.

who

who is suckled by a goat, and has all the gentleness of his foster-mother, is now playing at her feet: I call him Jupiter.—Adieu.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to Dr. FORD.

Gardens on the Ganges, Jan. 5, 1788.

Give me leave to recommend to your kind attentions Colonel Polier, who will deliver this to you at Oxford. He presents to the university an extremely rare work in Sanscrit, a copy of the four *vedas*, or Indian scriptures, which confirm, instead of opposing the Mosaic account of the creation and of the deluge. He is himself one of the best-disposed and best-informed men, who ever left India. If he embark to-morrow, I shall not be able to send you, by him, an Arabic manuscript, which I have read with a native of Mecca, the poems of the great Ali. * * * * * * * * * * * Our return to Europe is very distant; but I hope, before the end of the eighteenth century, to have the pleasure of conversing with you, and to give you a good account of Persia, through which I purpose to return.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to Sir JOSEPH BANKS.

Gardens near Calcutta, Feb. 25, 1788.

I was highly gratified by your kind letter, and have diffused great pleasure among our astronomers here, by shewing them an account of the lunar volcano. The Brahmans, to whom I have related the discovery in Sanscrit, are highly delighted with it. Public business presses on me

so heavily at this season, that I must postpone the pleasure of writing fully to you, till I can retire in the long vacation to my cottage, where I hear nothing of plaintiffs or defendants. Your second commission I will faithfully execute, and have already made enquiries concerning the *dacca cotton;* but I shall be hardly able to procure the seeds, &c. before the Rodney sails. * * *

These letters describe the elegant occupations of a mind disciplined in the school of science, ardent to embrace it in all its extent, and to make even its amusements subservient to the advancement of useful knowledge, and the public good. From the discharge of his appointed studies, we see Sir William Jones returning with avidity to his literary pursuits, improving his acquaintance with botany, and, relaxing from the severity of study by the perusal of the most admired Oriental authors, communicating his pleasures and acquirements to his friends. There are few of his letters in which he does not introduce the name of Lady Jones, with that affection which never abated: she was his constant companion, and the associate of the literary entertainment which occupied and amused his evenings.

Amongst the letters which I have transcribed, I cannot pass, without particular notice, that which he wrote to me in the beginning of 1787. The prediction which it contains, is a melancholy proof of the disappointment of human expectations; and I am now discharging the duty of affection

affection for his memory, at a short distance only from the spot which he mentions, as the anticipated scene of future delight, and where I once fondly hoped to enjoy the happiness of his society. That happiness would indeed have imparted a higher bloom to the valleys of Devonshire, which I now trace with the melancholy recollection, that the friend whom I loved, and whose virtues I admired, is no more.

The introduction of the unvarnished tale of his respectable Hindu friend, is a proof of that kindness and sensibility, which he ever felt for distressed merit. It is superfluous to add, what the reader will have anticipated, that the disposition to relieve his wants was not suffered to evaporate in mere profession.

In the midst of his public duties and literary employments, political speculations had but little share of his attention; yet the sentiments which he occasionally expresses on this subject, do honour to his heart, and prove that the welfare of his country was always nearest to it.

The hope with which he flatters himself, that his constitution had overcome the climate, was unfortunately ill founded; few months elapsed without his suffering from the effects of it, and every attack had a tendency to weaken the vigour of his frame.

Among other literary designs which he meditated, he mentions the plan of an epic poem. It was founded on the same story which he had originally

ginally selected for a composition of the same nature in his twenty-second year, the discovery of England by Brutus; but his acquaintance with Hindu mythology had suggested to him the addition of a machinery perfectly new, by the introduction of the agency of the Hindu deities; and however wild or extravagant the fiction may appear, the discordancy may be easily reconciled by the actual subjection of Hindustan to the British dominion, poetically visible to the guardian angels of that country. The first hint of this poem, was not suggested by the example of Pope, but by a passage in a letter of Spenser to Sir Walter Raleigh*; it is evident however, that Sir William Jones was not disposed to abandon the execution of his purpose by the strictures of Dr. Johnson, on Pope's intended poem, and that, in more open defiance of the critic's opinion, he determined to write it in blank verse, although he originally proposed to adopt the heroic measure in rhyme. I should have been happy to gratify the curiosity of my readers with his reasons for this determination; but they do not appear.

Notwithstanding all that might have been expected from the genius, taste, and erudition of Sir William Jones on a subject like this, I cannot, for my own part, lament the application of his time and labour to other studies, calculated to instruct as well as to delight the public; we have far more reason to lament, that he did not live to return to

* Appendix, A.

his

his native country through Persia, and that we have lost for ever that information which would have been supplied by his researches and observations during the journey. The strength of a constitution, never vigorous, was unequal to the incessant exertion of his mental faculties: and whilst we admire the boundless activity of his mind, we anticipate with sorrow its fatal effects upon his health.

I have frequently remarked, that it was the prevailing wish of Sir William Jones to render his talents and attainments useful to his country. The tenour of his correspondence shews, that his principal studies were directed to this object; and nearly two years preceding the period at which I am arrived, he describes the mode in which he proposes to give effect to his wishes, and expresses his determination to accomplish it, with an energy which marks his sense of the importance of the work he then meditated.

Having now qualified himself, by his knowledge of the Sanscrit and Hindu laws, for the execution of his plan, he determined to delay it no longer; and as he could not prudently defray the expence of the undertaking from his own finances, he deemed it proper to apply to the government of Bengal for their assistance.—The following letter, which he addressed to the Governor-General, Lord Cornwallis, on this subject, contains all the explanations necessary:

My Lord;—It has long been my wish to address the government of the British dominions in India on

on the administration of justice among the natives of Bengal and Bahar; a subject of equal importance to the appellate jurisdiction of the supreme court at Calcutta, where the judges are required by the legislature to decide controversies between Hindu and Mohammedan parties, according to their respective laws of contracts, and of succession to property; they had, I believe, so decided them, in most cases before the statute to which I allude, had passed; and the parliament only confirmed that mode of decision, which the obvious principles of justice had led them before to adopt. Nothing indeed could be more obviously just, than to determine private contests according to those laws, which the parties themselves had ever considered as the rules of their conduct and engagements in civil life; nor could any thing be wiser, than, by a legislative act, to assure the Hindu and Mussulman subjects of Great Britain, that the private laws which they severally held sacred, and a violation of which they would have thought the most grievous oppression, should not be superseded by a new system of which they could have no knowledge, and which they must have considered as imposed on them by a spirit of rigour and intolerance.

So far the principle of decision between the native parties in a cause appears perfectly clear; but the difficulty lies (as in most other cases) in the application of the principle to practice; for, the Hindu and Mussulman laws are locked up for

the

the most part in two very difficult languages, Sanscrit and Arabic, which few Europeans will ever learn, because neither of them leads to any advantage in worldly pursuits: and if we give judgement only from the opinions of the native lawyers and scholars, we can never be sure, that we have not been deceived by them.

It would be absurd and unjust to pass an indiscriminate censure on so considerable a body of men; but my experience justifies me in declaring, that I could not with an easy conscience concur in a decision, merely on the written opinion of native lawyers in any cause in which they could have the remotest interest in misleading the court; nor, how vigilant soever we might be, would it be very difficult for them to mislead us; for a single obscure text, explained by themselves, might be quoted as express authority, though perhaps in the very book from which it was selected, it might be differently explained, or introduced only for the purpose of being exploded. The obvious remedy for this evil had occurred to me before I left England, where I had communicated my sentiments to some friends in parliament, and on the bench in Westminster-Hall, of whose discernment I had the highest opinion: and those sentiments I propose to unfold in this letter, with as much brevity as the magnitude of the subject will admit.

If we had a complete digest of Hindu and Mohammedan laws, after the model of Justinian's inestimable pandects, compiled by the most learned

of

of the native lawyers, with an accurate verbal translation of it into English; and if copies of the work were deposited in the proper offices of the Sedr Divani Adaulat*, and of the supreme court, that they might occasionally be consulted as a standard of justice, we should rarely be at a loss for principles at least, and rules of law applicable to the cases before us, and should never perhaps be led astray by the pundits or maulavis, who would hardly venture to impose on us, when their imposition might so easily be detected. The great work, of which Justinian has the credit, consists of texts collected from law books of approved authority, which in his time were extant at Rome, and those texts are digested according to a scientifical analysis; the names of the original authors, and the titles of their several books being constantly cited with references even to the parts of their works, from which the different passages were selected: but although it comprehends the whole system of jurisprudence, public, private, and criminal, yet that vast compilation was finished, we are told, in three years; it bears marks unquestionably of great precipitation, and of a desire to gratify the Emperor by quickness of dispatch; but with all its imperfections, it is a most valuable mine of judicial knowledge, it gives law at this hour to the greatest part of Europe, and, though few English lawyers dare make such an acknowledgement, it is the true source of nearly all our English laws, that are not

* The court of appeals in civil suits.

of

of a feudal origin. It would not be unworthy of a British government, to give the natives of these Indian provinces a permanent security for the due administration of justice among them, similar to that which Justinian gave to his Greek and Roman subjects: but our compilation would require far less labour, and might be completed with far greater exactness in as short a time, since it would be confined to the laws of contracts and inheritances, which are of the most extensive use in private life, and to which the legislature has limited the decisions of the supreme court in causes between native parties; the labour of the work would also be greatly diminished by two compilations already made in Sanscrit and Arabic, which approach nearly in merit and in method, to the digest of Justinian: the first was composed a few centuries ago by a Brahman of this province, named *Raghunanden*, and is comprised in twenty-seven books at least, on every branch of Hindu law: the second, which the Arabs called the *Indian decisions*, is known here by the title of *Fetaweh Aalemgiri*, and was compiled by the order of *Aurangzeb*, in five large volumes, of which I possess a perfect and well-collated copy. To translate these immense works, would be superfluous labour; but they will greatly facilitate the compilation of a digest on the laws of inheritance and contracts; and the code, as it is called, of Hindu law, which was compiled at the request of Mr. Hastings, will be useful for the same purpose, though

though it by no means obviates the difficulties before stated, nor supersedes the necessity or the expedience at least of a more ample repertory of Hindu laws, especially on the twelve different contracts, to which *Ulpian* has given specific names, and on all the others, which though not specifically named, are reducible to four general heads. The last-mentioned work is intitled *Vivadamavasetu*, and consists, like the Roman digests, of authentic texts, with the names of their several authors, regularly prefixed to them, and explained, where an explanation is requisite, in short notes taken from commentaries of high authority: it is, as far it goes, a very excellent work; but though it appear extremely diffuse on subjects rather curious than useful, and though the chapter on inheritances be copious and exact, yet the other important branch of jurisprudence, the law of contracts, is very succinctly and superficially discussed, and bears an inconsiderable proportion to the rest of the work. But whatever be the merit of the original, the translation of it has no authority, and is of no other use than to suggest enquiries on the many dark passages which we find in it; properly speaking, indeed, we cannot call it a translation; for though Mr. Halhed performed his part with fidelity, yet the Persian interpreter had supplied him only with a loose injudicious epitome of the original Sanscrit, in which abstract many essential passages are omitted; though several notes of little consequence are interpolated, from a vain idea of eluci-

dating or improving the text. All this I say with confidence, having already perused no small part of the original with a learned pundit, comparing it as I proceeded, with the English version. Having shewn therefore the expedience of a new compilation for each system of Indian law, I beg leave to state the difficulties which must attend the work, and to suggest the means of removing them.

The difficulty which first presents itself, is the *expense* of paying the pundits and maulavis who must compile the digest, and the native writers who must be employed to transcribe it. Since two provinces are immediately under this government, in each of which there are many *customary* laws, it would be proper to employ one pundit of Bengal and another from Behar; and since there are two Mohammedan sects, who differ in regard to many traditions from their Prophet, and to some decisions of their respective doctors, it might be thought equally proper to engage one maulavi of each sect; and this mode would have another advantage, since two lawyers conferring freely together on fundamental principles common to both, would assist, direct, and check each other.*

Although I can have no personal interest, immediate or consequential, in the work proposed, yet I would cheerfully have borne the whole expense of it, if common prudence had not restrained me, and if my private establishment of native

* A passage relating to the remuneration of the natives to be employed, is here omitted.

readers

readers and writers, which I cannot with convenience discontinue at present, did not require more than half of the monthly expense, which the completion of a digest would, in my opinion, demand. I am under a necessity therefore of intimating, that if the work be thought expedient, the charges of it should be defrayed by the government, and the salaries paid by their officers. The second difficulty is, to find a director of the work and a translator of it, who, with a competent knowledge of the Sanscrit and Arabic, has a general acquaintance with the principles of jurisprudence, and a sufficient share even of legislative spirit, to arrange the plan of a digest, superintend the compilation of it, and render the whole, as it proceeds, into perspicuous English, so that even the translation may acquire a degree of authority proportioned to the public opinion of his accuracy. Now, though I am truly conscious of possessing a very moderate portion of those talents, which I should require in the superintendant of such a work, yet I may without vanity profess myself equal to the labour of it; and though I would much rather see the work well conducted by any man than myself, yet I would rather give myself the trouble of it, than not live to see it conducted at all; and I cannot but know, that the qualifications required even in the low degree in which I possess them, are not often found united in the same person, for a reason before suggested. If your Lordship, therefore, after full consideration of the subject, shall be of

opinion, that a digest of Hindu and Mohammedan laws, would be a work of national honour and utility;—I so cherish both, that I offer the nation my humble labour as far as I can dispose of my time consistently with the faithful discharge of my duty as a magistrate: should this offer be accepted, I should then request your Lordship to nominate the pundits and maulavis to whom I would severally give a plan conformable to the best analysis that I could make; and I should be able, if my health continued firm, to translate every morning, before any other business is begun, as much as they could compile, and the writers copy in the preceding day. The *Dhermasastra*, or sacred code of the Hindûs, consists of *eighteen* books, the first of which would in any age or nation be thought a wonderful performance; both the first and second have excellent commentaries of great authority, but the other sixteen are too easy to need elucidation: the works of Menu, of *Yagyawalcia*, and most of the others, are in blank verse, but that of *Gautam* is in modulated prose; besides these, the Hindûs have many standard law-tracts with their several commentaries, and among them a fine treatise on inheritances by *Jemutavahan*, to which our pundits often refer; though on that subject, the work of *Raghunanden* seems to be more generally approved in this province. The Mussulmans, besides a few general rules in the Koran, and a number of *traditional maxims* delivered from their Prophet, and his companions through the

the sages of their law, together with the opinions of the celebrated lawyers preserved by their disciples, have two incomparable little tracts, one by *Surajuddin*, and the other by *Alkuduri*; the former on succession only, and the other on contracts; also with comments on each, and other comments on them; not to mention some other tracts of acknowledged authority, and large collections of *decision* in particular ca es. All these books may, I suppose, be procured with ease; and some of the most rare among them are in my possession; mine I would lend with pleasure to the pundits and maulavis, if they happened to be unprovided with good copies of them, and my example would, I persuade myself, be followed on such an occasion by other collectors of Eastern manuscripts, both natives and Europeans. This is all that appears necessary to be written on the subject, with which I began this address to your Lordship; I could not have expressed myself more concisely without some obscurity; and to have enlarged on the technical plan of the work which I have proposed, would have been superfluous.

I have the honour to be, &c. WILLIAM JONES.

Calcutta, March 19, 1788.

A proposal such as the letter of Sir William Jones contains, could not fail of receiving that attention which it merited, from the noble man who presided in the government of India. Fully sensible

sensible of the utility of a digest of Hindu and Mohammedan law, in facilitating what he was ever anxious to promote, the due administration of justice to the native subjects of the British empire in Hindustan, the Marquis Cornwallis considered the accomplishment of the plan, as calculated to reflect the highest honour upon his administration. The answer to Sir William Jones, written by his direction, expressed this sentiment with a declaration, that his Lordship deemed it singularly fortunate, that a person so eminently qualified for the task, should, from principles of general benevolence and public spirit, be induced to engage in an undertaking, as arduous as it was beneficial.

With this sanction, Sir William Jones immediately entered upon the execution of the work, and having selected with the greatest care, from the most learned Hindûs and Mohammedans, a sufficient number of persons duly qualified for the task of compilation, he traced the plan of the digest, prescribed its arrangement, and pointed out the manuscripts from which it was to be formed.

From a series of letters addressed to the compiler of these Memoirs on the subject of the digest, a large selection might be made relating to it; but as they cannot be interesting to my readers in general, I shall not interrupt the narrative by their introduction.

At the period when this work was undertaken by Sir William Jones, he had not resided in India more

more than four years and a half; during which time, he had not only acquired a thorough knowledge of the Sanscrit language, but had extended his reading in it so far, as to be qualified to form a judgment upon the merit and authority of the authors to be used in the compilation of his work; and although his labour was only applied to the disposition of materials already formed, he was enabled by his previous studies to give them an arrangement superior to any existing, and which the learned natives themselves approved and admired. In the dispensations of Providence, it may be remarked, as an occurrence of no ordinary nature, that the professors of the Braminical faith should so far renounce their reserve and distrust, as to submit to the direction of a native of Europe, for compiling a digest of their own laws.

I now present the reader with the correspondence of Sir William Jones, during the remainder of 1788 and the following year, without interruption.

The first letter refers to a subject, discussed in a conference between the executive government of Bengal and the judges, on the subject of the police at Calcutta, which required great reformation. The establishment of the supreme court of judicature had superseded the former local jurisdictions at Fort-William, without making sufficient provisions for the police of the town; and the subject discussed at the conference, was that of an application to the legislature of Great Britain for

power

power to establish an efficient police. If the recollection of the writer of these Memoirs does not deceive him, Sir William misunderstood the result of the conference, and, under this impression, addressed to him the following letter, which strongly marks his attachment to the constitution of his own country, and deserves on this account, as well as for other opinions expressed in it, to be recorded. His suggestions were adopted in the application to parliament, and confirmed by its sanction.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to J. SHORE, Esq.

Feb. 7, 1788.

I avail myself of an hour's leisure, to throw upon paper, a few thoughts on the subject of our late conference, concerning an application to the legislature, for a power of *summary conviction and punishment* in Calcutta.

The concurrence or dissent of an individual, who is not a member of an executive government, ought to have so little weight, that I would not have obtruded my opinion, if it had not been asked: but it would ill become me to concur in an application to parliament, for a power, the granting of which, if I were myself in parliament, I should hold it my duty to oppose.

The difficulty of which we all seemed sensible, arises from a supposed necessity of deviating from the spirit and form of English judicature in criminal cases; yet the English form has been approved by the wisdom of a thousand years, and has

has been found effectual in the great cities of England, for the good order and government of the most high-minded, active, and restless people that exists on earth.

I could easily demonstrate, that the criminal code of our nation, is fully sufficient to punish every temporal wrong, and redress every temporal evil, that can injure the public or individuals, and a British tribunal, for punishment of religious offences by Hindûs or Mussulmans, would not only be an inquisition of the most extraordinary kind, but would, I am persuaded, be offensive in the beginning, and oppressive in the end, to the natives of both religions.

This question is then reduced to this: Is it absolutely necessary to convict and punish offenders in Calcutta without a jury? If it be, we must follow the example of Solon, who enacted such laws as were, though not the best in themselves, yet the best that circumstances would admit. I am not convinced that such a necessity exists, and strongly incline to think it does not. The evil to be remedied, is the small number of magistrates; the obvious remedy is, to appoint a greater number. If the legislature therefore would give the Governor in council, a power to appoint from six to twelve justices of the peace, those justices would (under the direction of government) appoint subordinate peace-officers, whose legal powers are very considerable, yet accurately defined; but a *superintendant of the police*, is an officer

officer unknown to our system, borrowed from a foreign system, or at least suggesting the idea of a foreign constitution, and his powers being dark and undefined, are those which our law most abhors. The justices would hold a session every quarter of a year; without troubling the members of government, who have other avocations; so that in every year there would be six sessions for administering criminal justice; but then comes the great question, How could the juries be supplied without injury to those who should sit on them? Now, without urging that some occasional trouble, and perhaps loss, are the fine which Englishmen pay for their freedom; without intimating that but a few years ago, an application to parliament was made, among other objects, for a trial by jury in all cases, even in Calcutta; without contending, that if summary convictions be once made palateable, we should gradually lose our relish for the admirable mode of trial, on which our common liberties at home almost wholly depend; without rambling a moment from the point before us, I conceive that three hundred persons, qualified to serve on petty juries, would be far more than sufficient to divide the trouble with convenience to themselves, and benefit to the community.

On the whole, the annual burthen on each individual, especially if a kind of rotation were observed, or even if the chance of a ballot were taken, would be too inconsiderable to weigh a feather

feather against the important object of supporting so excellent a mode of trial.

After all, are we sure that the British subjects in Calcutta, would be better pleased than myself with any slur upon the constitutional trial by jury? and as to the natives, besides the policy of allowing them all the beneficial effects of our judicature, (and that a trial by twelve men, instead of one, with a power of exceptions is a benefit, must be granted by all,) I rather think that the inhabitants of a British town, owing local allegiance, are entitled to the local advantage of being tried by a British form. In all events, if it be a benefit, they ought not to be deprived of it without some greater public good to compensate the private injustice, than would result, I apprehend, from the power of summary conviction, if it were exercised by men, whose monthly gains would depend on the number of complaints made, and of fines levied.

I am confident therefore, after mature deliberation, that nothing more is to be desired than a power in this government, of appointing justices of peace by annual commissions; and these being my sentiments, I rely on your friendship, so long and so constantly manifested, that if it should be thought proper to mention the concurrence of the judges, you will remember that their concurrence was not unanimous.

I could easily have *said* all this and more, but I chose

I chose this mode, through delicacy and fear of giving pain.—Farewell; and as I esteem you, so esteem, dear Sir, Your ever affectionate, &c.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to J. SHORE, Esq.

Gardens, 1788.

I thank you heartily, my dear Sir, for every part of your letter, and for your strings of Oriental gems, both for the *Durr* and the *Shebeh**; the *pearls* appear with more lustre by the side of the *beads*.

Your quotations from the elegies of Washi are sweetly pathetic; but I will not detain your servant by more observations. Sacontala, will hardly be finished before I go to my cottage: happy shall I be if your occupations allow you to pass a few days near it.—Adieu.

To the Same. *Gardens*, 1788.

The verses are worthy of Catullus, and in his manner; they would appear well in *Hendecasyllables*. I will think at some leisure moment of giving them a Persian dress according to your hints. I rejoice that you have it in your power to relieve your mind by poetical imagery; it is the true use of the fine arts.

I have been reading cases for a judgment on Tuesday, from nine o'clock till past two.—Farewell.

Sir *William Jones* to Dr. *Patrick Russel*.

Chrishna-nagur, Sept. 24, 1788.

I have acted like those libertines who defer repentance till the hour of death, and then

* An Oriental expression for *prose* and *verse*.

find

find that they have not time to repent. Thus I deferred the pleasure of answering letters till the vacation; but found the term and session so long, that I have scarcely any vacation at all. I must therefore write very laconically, thanking you heartily for your kind letters, and very curious papers in natural history, wishing that the public may soon gather the fruit of your learned labours.

The business of the court this year, has left me no leisure to examine flowers at Chrishna-nagur. The *sija* is never in blossom when I am here; but though it has something of the form of the *cactus*, yet I imagine, from the milk of it, that it is an *Euphorbia*.

With all my exertions, I cannot procure any fresh spikenard; but I will not desist. I have two native physicians in my family, but they have only seen it in a dry state.

I am very sorry to find that you are leaving us, as I have no chance of seeing Europe till the end of the eighteenth century. I wish you and your brother, and his family, a prosperous and speedy voyage. It is impossible for me to write more than, *Vive, vale!*

Sir *William Jones* to *Thomas Caldicott*, Esq.

Sept. 24, 1788.

We had incessant labour for six hours a day, for three whole months, in the hot season between the tropics, and, what is a sad consequence

quence of long sittings, we have scarcely any vacation. I can therefore only write to you a few lines this autumn. Before your brother sent me Lewisdon Hill, I had read it twice aloud to different companies, with great delight to myself and to them: thank the author in my name. I believe his nameless rivulet is called *Bret*, or *Brit*, (whence *Bridport*,) by Michael Drayton, who describes the fruitful Marshwood. * * * *

Pray assure all who care for me, or whom I am likely to care for, that I never, directly or indirectly, asked for the succession to Sir E. Impey, and that, if any indiscreet friend of mine has asked for it in my name, the request was not made by my desire, and never would have been made with my assent.

"Co' magnanimi pochi, a chi l' ben piace,"

I have enough, but if I had not, I think an ambitious judge a very dishonourable and mischievous character. Besides, I never would have opposed Sir R. Chambers, who has been my friend twenty-five years, and wants money, which I do not.

I have fixed on the year 1800 for my return towards Europe, if I live so long; and hope to begin the new century auspiciously among my friends in England.

P. S. Since I wrote my letter, I have amused myself with composing the annexed ode to Abundance*. I took up ten or twelve hours to compose and copy it; but I must now leave poetry, and return for ten months to J. N. and J. S.

* Works, vol. vi. p. 355.

Sir

Sir *William Jones* to *George Harding*, Esq.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Sept. 24, 1788.*

I am the worst, and you the best correspondent; and I make but a pitiful return for your two kind letters by assuring you, that I find it impossible to answer them fully this season. My eyes were always weak, and the glare of an Indian sky has not strengthened them; the little day-light I can therefore spare from my public duties, I must allot to studies connected with them, I mean the systems of Indian jurisprudence, and the two abstruse languages in which the Hindu and Mussulman laws are written. * * *

Anna Maria is pretty well, and I am consequently happy: my own health is firm, and, excepting the state of hers, I have all the happiness a mortal ought to have.

Sir *William Jones* to *W. Shipley*, Esq.

Sept. 27, 1788.

* * * * * * * My own health, by God's blessing, is firm, but my eyes are weak; and I am so intent upon seeing the digest of Indian laws completed, that I devote my leisure almost entirely to that object; the natives are much pleased with the work; but it is only a preliminary to the security, which I hope to see established among our Asiatic subjects.

The business of our society is rather an amusement than a labour to me; they have as yet published nothing; but have materials for two quarto volumes, and will, I hope, send one to Europe next

next spring. I lament the sad effects of party, or rather faction, in your Maidstone society, but hope (to use a word of Dr. Johnson) that it will redintegrate. Many thanks for the transactions of your London society, which I have lent to a very learned and ingenious friend, who is much pleased with them.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Burnett* Lord *Montboddo.*

Sept. 24, 1788.

The questions concerning India, which you do me the honour to think me capable of answering, require a longer answer than the variety of my present occupations allow me to write. Suffer me therefore to inclose a discourse not yet published, which may give you some satisfaction on Indian literature, and to refer you to the first volume of the transactions of our society, which will, I hope, be sent next season to Europe. As my principal object is the jurisprudence, I have not yet examined the philosophy of the Brahmans; but I have seen enough of it to be convinced, that the doctrines of the Vidanti school are Platonic.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to J. SHORE, Esq.

Jan. 26, 1789.

Let me trouble you, as you see Colonel Kyd oftener than I do, to give him Sir George Young's botanical letter, which I annex. I have requested Colonel Martin to send Sir George all the seeds which he can collect, and will co-operate (as far as my occupations will allow)

low) in the plan of transferring to the West Indies, the spicy forests of Asia: but I have little time at command, and, holding every engagement sacred, I must devote my leisure to the system of Asiatic jurisprudence, which I will see established before I see Europe. It will properly follow your wise and humane design of giving security to the property of the natives. When you have had a copy taken of the Persian Hermit,* I shall be glad to borrow it, that my *munshi* may transcribe it. Could you not find some leisure hour to explain an episode of Homer to Serajélhak, that he might try his hand with it?

Sir WILLIAM JONES to J. SHORE, Esq.

1789.

Fleming† still keeps me a prisoner, and forbids my reading aloud, which used to be my chief amusement in the evening. I trust you will soon be well, and that we shall ere long meet. If the man you mention be guilty, I hope he will be punished; I hate favouritism; and if I had the dominions of Chingis Khan, I would not have one favourite.

The poem of Washi has greatly delighted me; it almost equals Metastasio's on a similar subject,

* I explained to Serajélhak, the person mentioned by Sir William Jones, Parnel's Hermit, and he composed a Persian poem on the same subject. As it has been frequently transcribed, it might perhaps, without this explanation, at some future time be considered the original of Parnel's poem.

† His physician.

and far surpasses other *Wasukts** which I have seen; yet the beautiful simplicity of the old Arabs, in their short elegies, appears unrivalled by any thing in Persian. I transcribe one of them which I have just read in the Hamasa†.

Cease, fruitless tears! afflicted bosom, rest!
My tears obey, but not my wounded breast.
Ah, no! this heart, despairing and forlorn,
Till time itself shall end, must bleed and mourn.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to Mr. JUSTICE HYDE.

June 5, 1789.

Though I do not wish to give you the pain of sympathizing (as I know you will sympathize) with me in my present distress, yet as you possibly know it, and as you might think me unusually dejected when we meet, I cannot forbear writing to you; especially as I feel a kind of relief in venting my sorrow to an approved friend. One or two English papers mention the death of Lady Jones's father, in such a manner, as to leave me no hope of its being a mistake; this I have known since the 15th of May, but as it may possibly be untrue, I could not in any degree prepare her for the dreadful intelligence. I have therefore taken effectual measures to keep it secret from her, but it is a secret which cannot long be kept; and the bare idea of the pang, which she too soon must feel, and the probable effects of that pang on her delicate constitution, now particularly enervated

* *Wasukt*, the appellation of an amatory elegy, descriptive of the various sensations and passions excited by love.

† The original is omitted.

by

by the hot season, give me a degree of anguish, which I never before felt. Mr. Shore has kindly promised to take care, that all her letters by the Indiamen shall be sent in a sealed packet to me, that I may select for her first perusal the letter from her wisest friend, the dowager Lady Spencer, whose hand-writing I cannot mistake; I wish I could suppress them all, but that is impossible. The pain of losing our parents, time, and time only, will mitigate; but my dread is, that the first shock will have some terrible effect on her health, and this fear haunts me night and day. That your letters may contain the most comfortable news, and that I may see you on Wednesday in perfect health, is the hearty wish of,

My dear Sir, Your faithful and affectionate

WILLIAM JONES.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to J. SHORE, Esq.

June 9, 1789.

I am glad, Jayadeva* pleases you, and thank you for the sublime period of Hooker; of which I had only before seen the first part. His idea of heavenly and eternal law is just and noble; and human law as derived from it, must partake of the praise as far as it is perfectly administered; but *corruptio optimi fit pessima*, and if the administration of law should ever be corrupted, some future philosopher or orator will thus exhibit the reverse of the medal:

" Of law there can be no more acknowledged,

* Gitagovinda, or the songs of Jayadeva; Works, vol. i. p. 463.

"than that her seat is the store-house of quirks, "her voice the dissonance of brawls; all her fol- "lowers indeed, both at the bar and below it, "pay her homage, the very least as gaining their "share, and the greatest as hoping for wealth "and fame; but kings, nobles, and people of "what condition soever, though each in different "sort and manner, yet all have uniformly found "their patience exhausted by her delays, and "their purse by her boundless demands*."

* * * * The parody was so obvious, that I could not refrain from shewing you the wrong side of the tapestry, with the same figures and flowers, but all maimed and discoloured.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to J. SHORE, Esq.

1789.

We have finished the twentieth, and last book of Guicciardini's History, the most authentic, I believe (may I add, I fear?) that ever was composed. I believe it, because the historian was an actor in his terrible drama, and personally knew the principal performers in it; and I fear it,

* The reader will thank me for giving him an opportunity of perusing the passage, at the close of the first book of the Ecclesiastical Polity, which Sir William Jones has parodied:

"Of Law, there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the "bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world: all things in "Heaven and Earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, "and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and "men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in differ- "ent sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as "the mother of their peace and joy."

because

because it exhibits the woeful picture of society in the 15th and 16th centuries. If you can spare *Reid*, we are now ready for him, and will restore his two volumes on our return from Chrishna-nagur.

When we meet, I will give you an account of my progress in detecting a most impudent fraud, in forging a Sanscrit book on oaths, by Hindûs, since I saw you. The book has been brought to me, on a few yellow Bengal leaves apparently modern. The Brahman, who brought it from Sambhu Chandra Rai, said it was twelve years old; I believe it had not been written twelve days. He said, the original work of Mahadeva himself, from which the prohibition of swearing by the water of the Ganges was extracted, was at Crishna-nagur. I desired him to tell Sambhu Chandra, who wants me to admit him a suitor *in formâ pauperis*, without taking his *oath*, that unless he brought me the original, and that apparently ancient, I should be convinced that he meant to impose upon me.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to Mr. Justice HYDE.

Sept. 19, 1789.

You have given Lady Jones great pleasure, by informing us, from so good authority, that a ship is arrived from England; she presents you with her best compliments.

Most readily shall I acquiesce in any alleviation of Horrebow's* misery, that you and Sir Robert Chambers

* This man, a foreigner, commanding a vessel, trading to Bengal,

Chambers shall think just and legal. I have not one law book with me, nor, if I had many, should I perfectly know where to look for a mitigation by the court of a sentence, which they pronounced after full consideration of all its probable effects on the person condemned. I much doubt, whether it can legally be done; nor do I think the petition states any urgent reason for it. First, he mentions *losses already sustained* (not therefore to be prevented by his enlargement), and, in my opinion, they cannot easily be more than he deserves. Next, his wife's health may have been injured by his disgrace, and may not be restored by our shortening the time of his confinement, which, if I remember, is almost half expired, and was as short as justice tempered with lenity would allow. His own health is not said to be affected by the imprisonment in such a place, at such a season, for if it were proved that he were dangerously ill, we might, I suppose, remove him to a healthier place, or even let him go to sea, if able surgeons swore, that in their serious opinion, nothing else could save his life. That is by no means the case, and I confess, I have no compassion for him; my compassion is for the enslaved children and their parents. Nevertheless I know

was convicted before the supreme court of judicature, of purchasing the children of natives, for the purpose of carrying them out of the country, and selling them as slaves. It was the first instance of an attempt of this kind; he was prosecuted by order of the government of Bengal, and since the punishment inflicted upon Horrebow, the attempt has not been repeated.

the

the benevolence of your heart, and shall approve whatever you and Sir R. C. may do, if any precedent can be found or recollected of a power in the court to do what is now prayed.—I am, &c.

Prince *Adam Czartoryski* to Sir *William Jones.*

Sept. 20, 1788.

It is but a fortnight ago since the gentleman, to whom the most flattering proof of your kind remembrance was committed, delivered it into my hand. I received it with a joined sentiment of gratitude and of vanity. It will be an easy task for you to find out why I am grateful, and every body, but yourself, will soon hit upon the reasons, why your having thought of me makes me vain.

The letter, the idea of the man who wrote it, the place from whence it came, the language of Hafez, all that put together, set my imagination at once in a blaze, and wafted me over in a wish from the Pole to the Indies. It has awakened a train of ideas, which lay dormant for a while, and rekindled my somewhat forgotten heat for the Oriental muses, which is not however to be put on the account of inconstancy, but to my having been crossed in my love for them, very near as much as Sir Roger de Coverly is said to have been, in his addresses to his unkind widow. The war, broke out of late, deprived me of my last resource, which was a dervish native of Samercand, who was just come to live with me in the capacity of munshi;

munshi; his religious zeal would not allow him to continue out of sight of the *Sangiale Sheriff*, so he hastened back to his brethren. After the reception of your letter I grieved still more in seeing myself deprived of proper and easy means to cultivate so interesting a branch of learning, and could not forbear casting an impatient reflection on that warlike spirit, whose influence leaves nothing happy, nothing undisturbed. The acquisition of a language will always appear to me much more valuable than that of a desert. The sudden departure of my dervish has, I find, soured my temper against conquest and conquerors. I wished it was in my power to sweeten it again by the charms of your intercourse, under the benign influence of the climate you inhabit. How happy should I think myself in the enjoyment of your leisure hours, in perusing a country where every object is worth dwelling upon, in paying a visit to the Rajah of Kisnagoor, with a letter of recommendation from your hand! But whilst, with a heated fancy, I am expatiating on those delightful subjects, I find myself in reality circling in a round of things as little suiting with my inclination, as the roughness of the heaven does with my constitution; for, *quid frigore sarmatico pejus?* which becomes still more intolerable, if you add to it the *in arcto et inglorius labor*, to which we are unfortunately doomed. I cannot finish this letter without repeating to you the warmest acknowledgement of your kind remembrance. I

shall

shall be certain to preserve it for ever, if the highest degree of esteem for your eminent qualities and talents, and the most sincere regard for your person, are sufficient titles to ensure it.—I am invariably, &c.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to Sir JOSEPH BANKS.

DEAR SIR JOSEPH; *Sept.* 17, 1789.

The season for paying my annual epistolary rents being returned with the rough gales of the autumnal equinox, I am eager to offer my tribute, where it is most due, to my best landlord, who, instead of claiming, like the India company, sixteen shillings in the pound for the neat profits of my farm, (I speak correctly, though metaphorically) voluntarily offers me indulgences, even if I should run in arrears.

You have received, I trust, the pods of the finest Dacca cotton, with which the commercial resident at that station supplied me, and which I sent by different conveyances, some inclosed to yourself, some to Sir George Young, and some by private hands. But I have always found it safer to send letters and small parcels by the public packet, than by careless and inconsiderate individuals. I am not partial to the *pryangu*, which I now find is its true name; but Mr. Shore found benefit from it, and procured the fresh plants from Arracan, which died unluckily in their way to Calcutta. But seriously, it deserves a longer trial before its tonic virtues, if it have any, can be

be ascertained. It is certainly not so fine a bitter as camomile or columbo root.

I wish politics at the devil, but hope that, when the King recovered, science revived. It gives me great pain to know, that party, as it is called, (I call it faction, because I hold party to be grounded on principles, and faction on self-interest, which excludes all principle,) has found its way into a literary club, who meet reciprocally to impart and receive new ideas. I have deep-rooted political principles, which the law taught me: but I should never think of introducing them among men of science, and if, on my return to Europe ten or twelve years hence, I should not find more science than politics in the club, my seat in it will be at the service of any politician who may wish to be one of the party.

An intimate friend of Mr. Blane has written to him, at my request, for the newly discovered fragrant grass; and should the plants be sent before the last ships of the season sail, they shall be sent to you. Whether they be the nard of the ancients, I must doubt, because we have sweet grasses here of innumerable species; and Reuben Burrow brought me an odoriferous grass from the place where the Ganges enters India, and where it covers whole acres, and perfumes the whole country. From his account of it, I suspect it to be Mr. Blane's; but I could make nothing of the dry specimens, except that they differed widely from the *Jatamansi*, which I am persuaded is the Indian

Indian nard of Ptolemy. I can only procure the dry *Jatamansi*, but if I can get the stalks, roots, and flowers from Butan, I will send them to you. Since the death of Kœnig, we are in great want of a professed botanist. I have twice read with rapture the *Philosophia Botanica*, and have Murray's edition of the "genera et species plantarum" always with me; but, as I am no lynx, like Linnæus, I cannot examine minute blossoms, especially those of grasses.

We are far advanced in the second volume of our Transactions.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to JOHN WILMOT, Esq.

Sept. 20, 1789.

Every sentence in your letter gave me great pleasure, and particularly the pleasing and just account of your truly venerable father. Lady Jones, after the first pang for the loss of hers, resigned herself with true piety to the will of God. She is very weak, and always ill during the heats. I have been, ever since my seasoning as they call it, perfectly well, notwithstanding incessant business seven hours in a day, for four or five months in a year, and unremitted application, during the vacations, to a vast and interesting study, *a complete knowledge of India*, which I can only attain in the country itself, and I do not mean to stay in the country longer than the last year of the eighteenth century. I rejoice that the King is well, but take no interest in the contests of your aristo-

aristocratical factions. The time never was, when I would have enlisted under the banners of any faction, though I might have carried a pair of colours, if I had not spurned them, in either legion. My party is that of the whole people, and my principles, which the law taught me, are only to be changed by a change of existence.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to Mr. Justice HYDE.

Oct. 20, 1789.

Though I hope, my dear Sir, to be with you almost as soon as this letter, yet I write it because it is the last that I shall write to any one for the next eleven months; and I feel so light, after the completion of my severe epistolary task, that I am disposed to play a voluntary. I have answered fifty very long letters from Europe, and a multitude of short ones; among the rest, I had one from the Chief Baron, who desires his remembrance to you by the title of his old and worthy friend. Another from Master Wilmot informs me, that his father, Sir Eardley, had nearly ended his eightieth year, with as good health, and as clear intellects, as he ever had in the prime of life. When I express a hope of seeing you in two or three days, it is only a hope; for I shall affront the Mandarin at Chinsura *, if I do not make my annual visit to him; now I can only visit him at night, and the wind and tide may delay me, as they did last year. In all events,

* Mr. Titsingh, Governor of Chinsura.

I shall

I shall be with you if I live, before the end of the week, as I am preparing to go on board my pinnace. Besides my annuities of Europe letters, which I pay at this season, I have been winding up all the odds and ends of all my private or literary concerns, and shall think of nothing for eleven months to come, but law, European or Indian. I have written four papers for our expiring society, on very curious subjects, and have prepared materials for a discourse on the Chinese: the society is a puny, rickety child, and must be fed with pap; nor shall it die by my fault; but die it must, for I cannot alone support it. In my youthful days, I was always ready to join in a dance or a concert, but I could never bring myself to dance a solitary hornpipe, or to play a solo. When I see Titsingh (who, by the way, will never write any thing for us, as long as his own Batavian society subsists), I will procure full information concerning the pincushion rice, and will report it to you. Lady Jones is as usual, and sends her best remembrance. I too am as usual, and as ever,

Dear Sir, your faithful, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to J. SHORE, Esq.

Oct. 20, 1789.

Your approbation of Sacontala, gives at least as much pleasure to the translator as you had from the perusal of it, and would encourage me to translate more dramas, if I were not resolved

solved to devote all my time to law, European and Indian.

The idea of your happiness, (and few men have a brighter prospect of it than yourself,) reconciles me to our approaching separation, though it must be very long: for I will not see England, while the interested factions which distract it, leave the legislature no time for the great operations which are essential for public felicity, while patriotic virtues are derided as visionary, and while the rancour of contending parties fills with thorns those particular societies, in which I hoped to gather nothing but roses. I am sorry, (for the metaphor brings to my mind the *Bostani Kheiyal**) that the *garden of fancy* should have as many weeds as that of politics. Surajélhak pronounced it, with emphasis, a wonderful work; and a young Mussulman assured me, that it comprised all the finest inventions of India and Persia. The work will probably mend as it proceeds.

We must spare ourselves the pain of taking a formal leave: so farewell. May you live happy in a free country!—I am, &c.

The affectionate wish which concludes these extracts from the correspondence of Sir William Jones, was dictated by the circumstance of my departure from India: it has been verified; and the recollection of the place which I held in his esteem, however accompanied with regret for his

* The Garden of Fancy; the title of an Eastern romance in Persian, in sixteen quarto volumes.

death,

death, is an additional source of that happiness, which he wished me to enjoy.

Among other literary occupations in which he employed himself during the two last years, it is to be noticed, that he undertook the office of editor of the elegant poem of *Hateft*, on the unfortunate loves of *Laili* and *Mujnoon*, an Arabian youth and princess. The benevolent object of his labours renders them interesting, as the book was published at his own expense, with a declared appropriation of the produce of the sale, to the relief of insolvent debtors in the gaol at Calcutta.

In the English preface to the Persian work, he has given a translation of five distichs in the measure of the original, and has shewn that a bare transposition of the accents gives five English couplets in the form which some call heroic, and others elegiac.—As a metrical curiosity, I first transcribe the lines in the measure of the original, with the transposed version of the couplets in the English form:

With cheeks where eternal paradise bloom'd,
Sweet Laili the soul of Kais had consum'd.
Transported her heavenly graces he view'd:
Of slumber no more he thought, nor of food.
Love rais'd in their glowing bosoms his throne,
Adopting the chosen pair as his own.
Together on flowery seats they repos'd;
Their lips not one idle moment were clos'd:
To mortals they gave no hint of their smart;
Love only the secret drew from each heart.

TRANSPOSITION.

With cheeks where paradise eternal bloom'd,
Sweet Laili had the soul of Kais consum'd.

Her

Her heav'nly graces he transported view'd:
No more he thought of slumber, nor of food.
Love in their glowing bosoms rais'd his throne,
The chosen pair adopting as his own.
On flowery seats together they repos'd;
Their lips one idle moment were not clos'd:
No hint they gave to mortals of their smart;
Love only drew the secret from each heart.

It has already been mentioned, that, in the earliest periods of his education, Sir William Jones had applied himself with uncommon assiduity to the study of prosody, and, as he advanced in the acquisition of new dialects, he continued to cultivate a knowledge of the laws of metre, which he found of the greatest utility, in ascertaining the text of Oriental authors. In the collection of his works, we read a translation of the first Neméan ode of Pindar, as nearly as possible in the same measure as the original; and, amongst other compositions of the same kind, not intended for publication, I find a translation of an ode of Sappho, word for word from the original, and syllable for syllable in the same measure, by the truest rules of English quantity.

In the beginning of 1789, the first volume of the Researches of the society was published. The selection of the papers was left to the judgment of Sir William Jones, and he undertook the laborious and unpleasant office of superintending the printing. A third part of the volume, the most interesting as well as instructive, is occupied by the contributions of the president.

Having

Having passed half of my life in India, I may be permitted to avail myself of the opportunity afforded by this publication, to vindicate my fellow-labourers in the East, from one amongst many reproaches undeservedly bestowed upon them. A disinclination to explore the literature and antiquities of Hindustan has been urged, as the natural consequence of that immoderate pursuit of riches, which was supposed to be the sole object of the servants of the East-India Company, and to engross their whole attention. The difficulty attending the acquisition of new idioms, the obstacles opposed by the fears, prejudices, and the reserve of the natives, the constant occupations of official duty, and the injurious effect of sedentary application in a tropical climate upon the constitution, were unnoticed or disregarded, and no allowances made for impediments, which time and perseverance could alone surmount.

The reproach was unmerited; and long before the arrival of Sir William Jones in India, the talents of several persons there had been applied with considerable success, not only to investigations, by which the public interests were essentially assisted, but to those scientific researches, which he more effectually promoted. The art of printing had been introduced into Bengal, by the untaught skill of Mr. Wilkins, and had advanced to great perfection; and many publications equally useful and interesting, issued from the press which he had established.

The

The genius, example, and direction of Sir William Jones, anticipated what time might perhaps have effected, but with slower progress. With advantages which no European in India possessed, he employed the ascendancy derived from his superior learning, knowledge, and abilities, to form an institution for promoting and preserving the literary labours of his countrymen; and while he exhibited himself an example for imitation, and pointed out in his discourses, those extensive investigations which he only was capable of conceiving, his conduct was adapted to encourage, and invite all who possessed talents and knowledge, to contribute to the success of the institution. The establishment of the society, which does no less honour to him, than to the character of our countrymen in Asia, may hereafter form an important article in the general history of arts and sciences; and if the future labours of the members should be continued with the same zeal, the obligations of the public will be proportionably increased*. In the twenty years which have elapsed since this establishment was formed, more accurate information on the history and antiquities, on the arts, sciences, and literature of India, has been given to the world, than ever before appeared; and without disparaging the labours of other investigators and the merit of antecedent publica-

* Three volumes of the Asiatic Researches were published before the death of Sir William Jones; a fourth was ready for the press, at the time of his demise, in April 1794, and a seventh volume has since been received in England.

tions,

tions, the volumes of the Asiatic Researches will ever remain an honourable testimony of the zeal and abilities of the British residents in Hindustan.*

A copy of this work was transmitted by Sir William Jones to the Right Honourable Henry Dundas, with a letter intimating a wish that the King would honour the society by his acceptance of it, with which his Majesty graciously complied†.

* I cannot omit this opportunity of paying a tribute to the enlightened views and enlarged policy of Marquis Wellesley, Governor-General of India, in founding a college at Fort William, in Bengal, for the instruction of the servants of the East-India Company, in every branch of useful knowledge. The plan of the institution may perhaps have been more extensive than was absolutely necessary for this purpose, but against the principle of it, no solid objection could be urged. The functions assigned to the servants of the East-India Company, are of great magnitude, variety, and importance; and to discharge them properly, requires the education of a statesman and legislator, and a thorough knowledge of the dialects in use in Hindustan. To enable the servants of the Company to acquire the necessary qualifications for the due discharge of these important duties, was the grand object of the institution, which at the same time comprehended the religious instruction, and the superintendance of the morals and habits of the pupils. Considered in a secondary and subordinate point of view, it was calculated to promote the objects proposed in the formation of the Asiatic society. A volume of essays by the students in the college has been published, which does equal honour to them and to the institution.

† The acceptance of the volume by the King, was announced by the following letter:

Lord GRENVILLE to the Right Honourable H. DUNDAS.

SIR; *Whitehall, Feb. 22,* 1790.

Having laid before the King, Sir William Jones's letter to you; I am directed by His Majesty, to signify his gracious acceptance of the volume transmitted by you; and at the same time, to express His Majesty's satisfaction in the progress of the sciences in the British establishment in India, and his approbation of the important undertaking in which Sir William Jones is engaged.

I am, Sir, Your most obedient humble servant,

W. W. GRENVILLE.

In the same year, Sir William presented to the public a translation of an ancient Indian drama, under the title of Sacontala, or *the Fatal Ring*, exhibiting a most pleasing and authentic picture of old Hindu manners, and one of the greatest curiosities that the literature of Asia had yet brought to light. Calidas, the author of it, whom Sir William Jones calls the Shakspeare of India, lived in the first century before Christ, not many years after Terence, and he wrote several other dramas and poetical pieces, of which, only Sacontala has received an European dress. The violation of the unities, as well as the mixture of foreign mythology, which constitutes the machinery of the play, are irreconcileable with the purer taste, which marks the dramatic compositions of Europe: but, although the translator declined offering a criticism on the characters and conduct of the play, "from "a conviction that the tastes of men differ as "much as the sentiments and passions, and that "in feeling the beauties of art as in smelling "flowers, tasting fruits, viewing prospects, and "hearing melody, every individual must be gui-"ded by his own sensations and incommunicable "associations of his own ideas," we may venture to pronounce that, exclusive of the wild, picturesque, and sublime imagery which characterizes it, the simplicity of the dialogue in many of the scenes, and the natural characters of many of the personages introduced, cannot fail of exciting pleasure and interest in the reader, who will wish

with

with me, perhaps, that Sir William Jones had not rigidly adhered to the determination which he expressed, not to employ his leisure in translating more of the works of Calidas.

In December 1789, the author of these memoirs was compelled, by the reiterated attacks of severe indisposition, to leave India. For an account of the occupations of Sir William Jones, from that period to his return, I refer to his correspondence, beginning with a letter from Count Reviczki*; the reader will see with pleasure, that the mutual regard professed by the two friends had suffered no abatement from time or separation.

London, June 30, 1789.

By the Vestal frigate, which was to convey Lord Cathcart to China, I wrote an answer to your elegant Persian letter, which I received through Mr. Elmsley. It was a most agreeable proof to me, that I was still honoured with a place in your remembrance, notwithstanding the distance which separates us. I have since learned, that Colonel Cathcart died on the voyage; and as the Vestal, in consequence of this event, returned to England, I am not without apprehension, that my letter never reached you. I have since received a most superb work printed at Calcutta, and which would do honour to the first printing-office in Europe, accompanied with an elegant and obliging letter. I recognized in it the hand of a skilful penman, if I may be allowed to judge; for I have so long neglected the cultivation of Orien-

* Appendix, No. 38.

tal

tal literature, that I am almost as much a stranger to it, as if I had never learned it. I have never yet seen so elegant a specimen of Oriental typography, as that in the Persian poem with which you favoured me.

I cannot express how much I regret the loss of your society during my residence in London, which would have afforded me so much gratification; and I doubt if I shall have an opportunity of enjoying it after your return, as I must soon enter upon the new office conferred upon me by the emperor, of minister at Naples. But whatever my destination may be, of this you may be assured, that neither absence nor distance will ever weaken my attachment to you, and that during life I shall consider myself equally bound by gratitude and inclination to preserve it. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

Count Reviczki.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to Dr. PRICE.

My dear Sir; *Chrishna-nagur, Sept.* 14, 1790.

I give you my warmest thanks for your friendly letter, and acceptable present of an admirable discourse, which I have read with great delight. * * * * * * * * —We have twenty millions (I speak with good information) of Indian subjects, whose laws I am now compiling and arranging, in the hope of securing their property to themselves and their heirs. They are pleased with the work; but it makes me a very

a very bad correspondent. I had flattered myself with a hope of making a visit to our venerable friend at Philadelphia, before the retreat which I meditate to my humble cottage in Middlesex; but God's will be done! We shall meet, I devoutly hope, in a happier state.

To the Rev. Dr. FORD, Principal of Magdalen-Hall, Oxford.

Chrishna-nagur, Oct. 11, 1790.

Though I am, for the best of reasons, the worst of correspondents, yet I will no longer delay to thank you for your friendly letter of the fourth of February, and for your kind attentions to Colonel Polier. You have a much better correspondent in Mr. Langlas, whose patriotism, I hope, will succeed, and whose Persian literature will be a source of delight to him, if not to the public. Mr. Wehl's favour never reached me, or I would have answered it immediately, and I request you to inform him of my disappointment. The chances are about three to one against your receiving this; and the fear of writing for the sport of winds and waves, disheartens me whenever I take up a pen.

Sir *William Jones* to *William Shipley*, Esq.

DEAR SIR; *Chrishna-nagur, Oct.* 11, 1790.

The ships which brought your kind letters, arrived so near the end of my short vacation, that I have but just time to thank you for them, as I do most heartily, as well as for your acceptable presents. Anna Maria has recovered from

from the pang which the sad intelligence from England gave her, and a pious resignation has succeeded to her natural anguish. You are, I hope, quite recovered from your illness, and again promoting the welfare and convenience of mankind, by your judicious exertions and ingenious inventions, to which all possible attention shall be shewn in this country. May you very long enjoy the pleasure of doing good, which is, I well know, the only reward you seek!—It is now settled here, that the natives are proprietors of their land, and that it shall descend by their own laws. I am engaged in superintending a complete system of Indian laws: but the work is vast, difficult, and delicate; it occupies all my leisure, and makes me the worst of correspondents. I trust, however, that long letters are not necessary to convince you, that I am, &c.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to Mrs. SLOPER*.

Chrishna-nagur, Oct. 13, 1790.

I deserve no thanks for the attentions which it is both my duty and my delight to shew our beloved Anna; but you deserve, and I beg you to accept my warmest thanks for your entertaining letter, for your frequent kind remembrance of me, and for your acceptable present of a snuff-box in the most elegant taste. All that you write concerning our friends, is highly interesting to me; and all pleasing, except the contents of your last page; but the most agreeable part of

* Sister to Lady Jones, and married to William-Charles Sloper, Esq.

your

your letter is the hope which you express, that the Bath waters would restore you to health: and it gives me infinite pleasure to know, that your hope has been realized. Anna will give you a full account of herself, and will mention some of the many reasons, that make me a bad correspondent. I thank you for Erskine's speech, but I was myself an advocate so long, that I never mind what advocates *say*, but what they *prove*; and I can only examine *proofs* in causes brought before me. I knew you would receive with your usual good-nature, my saucy jests about your hand-writing, but hope you will write to me as you write to Anna; for you know, the more any character resembles pot-hooks, &c. the better I can read it. My love to Amelia, and to all whom you love, which would give them a claim, if they had no other, to the affection of, My dear Madam,

Your ever faithful, WILLIAM JONES.

Sir *William Jones* to Sir *J. Macpherson*, Bart.

Chrishna-nagur, Oct. 15, 1790.

I give you hearty thanks for your post-script, which (as you enjoin secrecy) I will only allude to ambiguously, lest this letter should fall into other hands than yours. Be assured, that what I am going to say, does not proceed from an imperfect sense of your kindness, but really I want no addition to my fortune, which is enough for me; and if the whole legislature of Britain were to offer me a different station from that which I now fill, should most gratefully and respectfully decline

decline it. The character of an ambitious judge is, in my opinion, very dangerous to public justice; and if I were a sole legislator, it should be enacted that every judge, as well as every bishop should remain for life in the place which he first accepted. This is not the language of a cynic, but of a man who loves his friends, his country, and mankind; who knows the short duration of human life, recollects that he has lived four-and-forty years, and has learned to be contented. Of public affairs, you will receive better intelligence, than I am able to give you. My private life is similar to that which you remember: seven hours a day on an average are occupied by my duties as a magistrate, and one hour to the new Indian digest; for one hour in the evening, I read aloud to Lady Jones. We are now travelling to the sources of the Nile with Mr. Bruce, whose work is very interesting and important. The second volume of the Asiatic Transactions is printed, and the third ready for the press. I jabber Sanscrit every day with the pundits, and hope, before I leave India, to understand it as well as I do Latin. Among my letters I find one directed to you; I have unsealed it, and though it only shews that I was not inattentive to the note, with which you favoured me on the eve of your departure, yet I annex it, because it was yours, though brought back by my servant.

The latter part of it will raise melancholy ideas; but death, if we look at it firmly, is only a change of place: every departure of a friend is a sort of death;

death; and we are all continually dying and reviving. We shall all meet; I hope to meet you again in India; but, wherever we meet, I expect to see you well and happy. None of your friends can wish for you health and happiness more ardently than, my dear Sir, &c.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to R. MORRIS, Esq.

Calcutta, Oct. 30, 1790.

When your letter arrived, I had begun my judicial campaign, and am so busy I can only answer it very shortly. Lady J. and myself are sincerely rejoiced, that you have so good an establishment in so fine a country. Need I say, that it would give me infinite delight to promote your views? As far as I can; I will promote them; but though I have a very extensive acquaintance, I neither have, nor can have, influence; I can only approve and recommend, and do my best to circulate your proposals. We are equally obliged to you for your kind invitation, as if we had it in our power to accept it; but I fear we cannot leave Calcutta long enough to revisit your Indian Montpelier. As one of the Cymro-dorians, I am warmly interested in British antiquities and literature; but my honour is pledged for the completion of the new digest of Hindu laws, and I have not a moment to spare for any other study.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to Sir J. SINCLAIR, Bart. Whitehall.

Chrishna-nagur, Oct. 15, 1791.

You may rely upon my best endeavours to

to procure information concerning the Asiatic wool, or soft hair; and the animals that carry it. I had the pleasure of circulating your very interesting tracts at Calcutta, and of exhibiting the specimens of very beautiful wool with which you favoured me. My own time, however, is engaged from morning to night in discharging my public duties, and in arranging the new digest of Indian laws. I must therefore depend chiefly on others, in procuring the information you are desirous of obtaining. Mr. Bebb of the board of trade, and Colonel Kyd who superintends the Company's garden, have promised to assist me. The wool of these provinces is too coarse to be of use: but that of Kerman in Persia, which you know by the name of *Carmanian* wool, is reckoned exquisitely fine, and you might, I suppose, procure the sheep from Bombay. The shawl goats would live, I imagine, and breed, in England; but it is no less difficult to procure the females from Cashmir, than to procure mares from Arabia. When you see Mr. Richardson, do me the favour to give him my best thanks for the parcel, which he sent me by desire of the Highland Society.

Sir *William Jones* to *George Harding*, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR; *Chrishna-nagur, Oct.* 16, 1791.

If the warmth of hearts were measured by the frequency of letters, my heart must be thought the coldest in the world: but you, I am confident, will never apply so fallacious a thermometer.

meter. In serious truth, I am, and must be, the worst of correspondents for the following reasons among a hundred; a strong glare and weak eyes, long tasks and short day-light, confinement in *court* six hours a day, and in my chambers three or four, not to mention casual interruptions and engagements.—You spoke so lightly of your complaint, that I thought it must be transient, and should have been extremely grieved, if, in the very moment when I heard you had been seriously ill, I had not heard of your recovery.

Anna Maria has promised me to sail for Europe in January 1793, and I will follow her, when I can live as well in England on my private fortune as I can do here on half my salary. * * *

I cannot but like your sonnets, yet wish you would abstain from politicks, which add very little to the graces of poetry.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to Sir JOSEPH BANKS.

Chrishna-nagur, Oct. 18, 1791.

I thank you heartily for your kind letters, but perhaps I cannot express my thanks better than by answering them as exactly as I am able.

First, as to sending plants from India, I beg you to accept my excuses, and to make them to Sir George Young, for my apparent inattention to such commissions. In short, if you wish to transfer our Indian plants to the Western islands, the Company must direct Kyd and Roxburgh to send them, and their own captains to receive them, and attend to them.

We

We are in sad want of a travelling botanist, with some share of my poor friend Kœnig's knowledge and zeal. A stationary botanist would fix on the indigo-fera, as the chief object of his care. Roxburgh will do much on the coast, if he can be relieved from his terrible head-aches, but here we have no assistance.

I have neither eyes nor time for a botanist, yet, with Lady Jones's assistance, I am continually advancing; and we have examined about 170 Linnæan *genera*. She brought home, a morning or two ago, the most lovely *epidendrum* that ever was seen, but the description of it would take up too much room in a letter; it grew on a lofty *amra*, but it is an air plant, and puts forth its fragrant enamelled blossoms in a pot without earth or water: none of the many species of Linnæus corresponds exactly with it. You must not imagine that, because I am, and shall be, saucy about the Linnæan language, that I have not the highest veneration for its great author; but I think his diction barbarous and pedantic, particularly in his *Philosophia Botanica*, which I have a right to criticize, having read it three times with equal attention and pleasure. Had Van Rheede exhibited the Sanscrit names with accuracy, we should not be puzzled with reading the Indian poems and medical tracts; but in all his twelve volumes, I have not found above ten or twelve names correctly expressed, either in Sanscrit or Arabic. I shall touch again on botany, but I proceed with your

first

first letter. I have little knowledge of Yacob Bruce; but his five volumes, which I read aloud, (except some passages which I could only read with my eyes) are so entertaining that I wished for five more, and readily forgave not only his mistakes in the botanical language, and in Arabic, but even his arrogance, which he carries *extra flammantia mœnia mundi.*

Keir's paper on distilling I never saw in print, though I must have heard it read by our secretary; but as the worthy author of it is in London, where probably you will have met him, he will satisfy you on the subject.

The *madhuca* is, beyond a doubt, the *bassia;* but I can safely assert, that not one of fifty blossoms which I have examined, had 16 filaments, 8 above the throat, and 8 within the tube. That Kœnig, whom I knew to be very accurate, had seen such a character, I doubt not, but he should not have set it down as constant. I frequently saw 26 and 28 filaments, sometimes 12, and the average was about 20 or 22. By the way, my excellent friend, you will do us a capital service, either by printing Kœnig's manuscripts, or by sending us a copy of them; and we will send you in return, not only the correct Sanscrit names, but the plants themselves, at least the seeds, if you can prevail on any captain to take care of them.—That the poem of Calidas entertained you, gives me great pleasure, but it diverts me extremely to hear from others, that the authenticity of the poem is doubted

in

in England; but I am not sure that my own errors of inattention may not have occasioned mistakes. The use of the pollen in flowers is, I believe, well known to the Brahmans; but I am not sure, that I have not added the epithet *prolific*, to distinguish it from common *dust*, which would have been the exact version of *renu*. The blue *nymphæa*, which I have sound reasons for believing the *lotus* of Egypt, is a native of Upper India; here we have only the white and rose-coloured. *Filament* is not used as a botanical word, but merely as a thread, and the filaments for the bracelet are drawn from the stalk of the *nymphæa*. The *hart* properly so called, may not be a native of Bengal; but Calidas lived at Ugein, and lays his scene near the northern mountains; all the rest is clear; bears and boars, and all wild beasts, have been hunted here immemorially. The *cocila*, sings charmingly here in the spring; Polier will shew you drawings of the male and female, but will perhaps call it *co-il*: the story of its eggs always struck me as very remarkable. The *amra* is *mangifera*; the mellica, I believe *nyctanthes zambak*; the madhavi creeper, *banisteria*. The *ensa*, I cannot see in blossom. The *swisha* is *mimosa odoratissima*; the pippála, *ficus religiosa*. If I recollect *lacsha*, it is not a plant, but *lac*. *Vana dosini* is a Sanscrit epithet of the *banisteria*. As to nard, I know not what to say; if the Greeks meant only fragrant grass, we have nards in abundance, *acorus*, *schoenus*, *andropogon*, *cyperus*, &c. But I have no evidence that they

they meant any such thing. On Arrian, or rather on Aristobulus, we cannot safely rely, as they place cinnamon in Arabia, and myrrh in Persia. Should any travelling botanist find the species of *andropogon*, mentioned by Dr. Blane in the plains of Gedrosia, it would be some evidence, but would at the same time prove that it was not the Indian nard, which never was supposed to grow in Persia. As at present advised, I believe the Indian nard of the ancients to have been a valerian, at least the nard of Ptolemy, which is brought from the very country mentioned by him as famed for the spikenard.

And now, my dear Sir Joseph, I have gone through both your letters: I am, for many good reasons, a bad correspondent, but principally because the discharge of my public duties leaves me no more time than is sufficient for necessary refreshments and relaxation.

The last twenty years of my life I shall spend, I trust, in a studious retreat; and if you know of a pleasant country-house to be disposed of in your part of Middlesex, with pasture-ground for my cattle, and garden-ground enough for my amusement, have the goodness to inform me of it. I shall be happy in being your neighbour, and though I write little now, will talk then as much as you please.

I believe I shall send a box of inestimable manuscripts, Sanscrit and Arabic, to your friendly care. If I return to England, you will restore them to me;

 if

if I die in my voyage to China, or my journey through Persia, you will dispose of them as you please*. Wherever I may die, I shall be, while I live, my dear Sir, &c.

Sir *William Jones* to *Warren Hastings*, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR; *Chrishna-nagur, Oct.* 20, 1791.

Before you can receive this, you will, I doubt not, have obtained a complete triumph over your persecutors; and your character will have risen, not brighter indeed, but more conspicuously bright, from the furnace of their persecution. Happy should I be if I could congratulate you in person on your victory; but though I have a fortune in England, which might satisfy a man of letters, yet I have not enough to establish that absolute independence, which has been the chief end and aim of my life; and I must stay in this country a few years longer: Lady Jones has however promised me to take her passage for Europe in January 1793, and I will follow her when I can. She is pretty well, and presents her kindest remembrance to you and Mrs. Hastings, whom I thank most heartily for a very obliging and elegant letter. My own health has, by God's blessing, been very firm, but my eyes are weak, and I have constantly employed them eight or nine hours a day. My principal amusement is botany, and the con-

* The MSS. here alluded to, after the demise of Sir William Jones, were presented, together with another large collection of Eastern MSS. to the Royal Society, by Lady Jones. A catalogue, compiled by Mr. Wilkins, is inserted in the 6th volume of Sir William Jones's works.

versation

versation of the pundits, with whom I talk fluently in the language of the *Gods*; and my business, besides the discharge of my public duties, is the translation of Menu, and of the digest which has been compiled at my instance. Our society still subsists, and the third volume of their Transactions is so far advanced, that it will certainly be published next season. Samuel Davis has translated the *Surya Siddhanta*, and is making discoveries in Indian astronomy; while Wilford is pursuing his geographical enquiries at Benares, and has found, or thinks he has found, an account of Africa and Europe, and even of *Britain* by name, in the Scanda Puran; he has sent us a chart of the Nile from Sanscrit authorities, and I expect soon to receive his proofs and illustrations. Of public affairs in India, I say little, because I can say nothing with certainty: the seasons and elements have been adverse to us in Mysore.—Farewell, my dear Sir, and believe me to be, with unfeigned regard, your faithful and obedient

WILLIAM JONES.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to Sir JOSEPH BANKS.

Calcutta, Nov. 19, 1791.

Since I sent my letter to the packet of the Queen, I received the inclosed from a Hindu of my acquaintance, and I send his *cusha* flowers, which I have not eyes to examine, especially in a season of business. The leaves are very long, with a point excessively long and fine, their edges

are rough downwards, in other respects smooth. As this plant is to my knowledge celebrated in the Veda, I am very desirous of knowing its Linnæan name. I cannot find it in Van Rheede.

* * * * * *

The frequent allusions in these letters to local or botanical subjects, may render them particularly interesting only to the friends and correspondents of Sir William Jones, but they describe his occupations, and contain his mind, which I wish to display; they exhibit a warmth of affection for his friends, upright principles, a manly independence, and a desire of honourable distinction, combined with a contempt for all ambition incompatible with his public character. The frequent mention of the work which he had undertaken is equally a proof of his opinion of the importance of it, and of his solicitude to make it as perfect as possible.

The manner in which he mentions the travels of Mr. Bruce, shews that he was not one of the sceptics who doubted of his veracity. In a paper which he presented to the society in Calcutta, he recites a conversation with a native of Abyssinia, who had seen and known Mr. Bruce at Gwender, and who spoke of him in very honourable terms. At the period of this conversation, the travels were not published; but it was too particular and descriptive to leave room for doubt, as to the identity of Mr. Bruce, and of his having passed some years in Abyssinia.

Of

Of the correspondence of Sir William Jones in 1792, if it were not altogether suspended by his more important studies and avocations, no part has been communicated to me. In March 1793, I returned to Bengal with a commission to succeed Marquis Cornwallis, in his station of Governor-General whenever he thought proper to relinquish it, and I had the satisfaction to find my friend, although somewhat debilitated by the climate, in a state of health which promised a longer duration of his life than it pleased Providence to assign to him. The ardour of his mind had suffered no abatement, and his application was unremitted. The completion of the work which he had undertaken, occupied the principal portion of his leisure; and the remainder of his time which could be spared, was, as usual, devoted to literary and scientific pursuits. Botanical researches occasionally diverted his hours of relaxation, but he found impediments to them from the weakness of his sight, and heat of the climate.

The constitution of Lady Jones, which was naturally delicate, had suffered so much from repeated attacks of indisposition, that a change of climate had long been prescribed by the physicians, as the only means of preserving her life; but her affectionate attachment to her husband had hitherto induced her to remain in India, in opposition to this advice, though with the full conviction that the recovery of her health, in any considerable degree, was impossible. She knew

that

that the obligation which he had voluntarily contracted, to translate the digest of Hindu and Mohammedan laws, was the only, though insuperable obstacle to his accompanying her, and his entreaties were necessary to gain her reluctant assent to undertake the voyage without his society. In the course of his correspondence, we trace his ardour to explore the new objects of investigation which increasing knowledge had discovered to him, and an intention to pursue the line of his researches through Persia or China, by a circuitous rout to his native country; and at an earlier period, when the extent of the field of investigation appeared boundless, he had declared his determination to remain in India until the close of the century, if it should please GOD to prolong his life. But affection set limits to his zeal for knowledge, and when it was finally settled that Lady Jones should return to England, he determined himself to follow her in the ensuing season, hoping by this period to have discharged his engagements with the government of India. She embarked in December 1793.

In the beginning of 1794, Sir William Jones published a work, in which he had long been engaged,—a translation of the Ordinances of Menu, comprising the Indian system of duties religious and civil. This task was suggested by the same motives, which had induced him to undertake the compilation of the digest; to aid the benevolent intentions of the legislature of Great Britain, in

securing

securing to the natives of India the administration of justice, to a certain extent, by their own laws. Menu is esteemed by the Hindûs the first of created beings, and not the oldest only, but the holiest, of legislators; and his system is so comprehensive and so minutely exact, that it may be considered as an institute of Hindu law, prefatory to the more copious digest.

This work, to use the words of the translator, contains abundance of curious matter, extremely interesting both to speculative lawyers and antiquaries, with many beauties, which need not be pointed out, and with many blemishes, which cannot be justified or palliated. It is indeed a system of despotism and priestcraft, both limited by law, but artfully conspiring to give mutual support, though with mutual checks; it is filled with strange conceits in metaphysicks and natural philosophy, with idle superstitions, and with a scheme of theology most obscurely figurative, and consequently liable to dangerous misconception; it abounds with minute and childish formalities, with ceremonies generally absurd, and often ridiculous; the punishments are partial and painful, for some crimes dreadfully cruel, for others reprehensibly slight: and the very morals, though rigid enough on the whole, are in one or two instances (as in the case of light oaths and pious perjury) unaccountably relaxed; nevertheless, a spirit of sublime devotion, of benevolence to mankind, and of amiable tenderness to all creatures, pervades the whole

whole work; the style of it has a certain austere majesty, that sounds like the language of legislation, and extorts a respectful awe; the sentiments of independence upon all beings but GOD, and the harsh admonitions even to kings, are truly noble; and the many panegyrics on the Gayatri, the mother, as it is called, of the Vedá, prove the author to have adored, not the visible material sun, but that divine and incomparably greater Light, to use the words of the most venerable text in the Indian Scripture, which *illumines all, delights all, from which all proceed, to which all must return, and which can alone irradiate,* not our visual organs, but our souls and our intellects.

This appreciation of a work, which had occupied so large a portion of his time and attention, affords a proof of the judgment and candour of Sir William Jones. The ordinances of Menu are by no means calculated for general reading; but they exhibit the manners of a remarkable people, in a remote age, and unfold the principles of the moral and religious systems, to which the Hindûs have invariably adhered, notwithstanding their long subjection to a foreign dominion.

I now present to the reader, the last letter which I received from Sir William Jones, written two months before the departure of Lady Jones from India:—

MY DEAR SIR;

A few days after I troubled you about the yacht, I felt a severe pang on hearing of your domestic

domestic misfortune; and I felt more for you than I should for most men, on so melancholy an occasion, because I well know the sensibility of your heart. The only topic of consolation happily presented itself to you: reason perhaps might convince us, that the death of a created being never happens without the will of the Creator, who governs this world by a special interposition of his providential care; but, as this is a truth which Revelation expressly teaches us, our only true comfort in affliction must be derived from Christian philosophy, which is so far from encouraging us to stifle our natural feelings, that even the divine Author of it wept on the death of a friend. This doctrine, though superfluous to you, is always present to my mind; and I shall have occasion in a few years, by the course of nature, to press it on the mind of Lady Jones, the great age of whose mother is one of my reasons for hoping most anxiously, that nothing may prevent her returning to England this season. * * * * I will follow her as soon as I can, possibly at the beginning of 1795, but probably not till the season after that; for although I shall have more than enough to supply all the wants of a man, who would rather have been Cincinnatus with his plough, than Lucullus with all his wealth, yet I wish to complete the system of Indian laws while I remain in India, because I wish to perform whatever I promise, with the least possible imperfection; and in so difficult a work, doubts might arise,

arise, which the pundits alone could remove. You continue, I hope, to find the gardens healthy; nothing can be more pleasant than the house in which we live; but it might justly be called the temple of the winds, especially as it has an octagonal form, like that erected at Athens to those boisterous divinities. I cannot get rid of the rheumatism which their keen breath has given me, and submit with reluctance to the necessity of wrapping myself in shawls and flannel. We continue to be charmed with the perspicuity, moderation, and eloquence of Filangieri.

Of European politics I think as little as possible; not because they do not interest my heart, but because they give me too much pain. I have "good will towards men, and wish peace on earth;" but I see chiefly under the sun, the two classes of men whom Solomon describes, the oppressor and the oppressed. I have no fear, in England, of open despotism, nor of anarchy. I shall cultivate my fields and gardens, and think as little as possible of monarchs or oligarchs.—I am, &c.

It would not be easy to give expression to the feelings excited by the perusal of this letter, nine years after the date of it. In recalling the memory of domestic misfortunes, which time had nearly obliterated, it revives with new force the recollection of that friend, whose sympathy endeavoured to soothe the sorrows of a father for the loss of his children. The transition by Sir William Jones to the circumstances of his own

situation

situation is natural, and the conjugal bosom may perhaps sympathize with a fond husband, anticipating the affliction of the wife of his affection, and his own efforts to console her; that wife however still survives to lament her irreparable loss in the death of Sir William Jones himself, and has had, for some years, the happiness to console, by the tenderest assiduities, the increasing infirmities of an aged mother *.

The friends of Religion, who know the value of the "sure and certain hopes" which it inspires, will remark with satisfaction, the pious sentiments expressed by Sir William Jones a few months only before his own death. They will recollect the determination which he formed in youth, to examine with attention the evidence of our holy Religion, and will rejoice to find unprejudiced enquiry terminating, as might be expected, in a rational conviction of its truth and divine authority.

Of this conviction, his publications, though none of them were professedly religious, afford ample and indubitable testimony; and I cannot deem it a superfluous task (to me, indeed it will be most grateful) to select from them, and from such other materials as I possess, his opinions on a subject of undeniable importance.

Amongst the papers written by Sir William Jones, I find the following prayer, composed by him on the first day of the year 1782, about fif-

* Mrs. Shipley died on the 9th of March, 1803, in her 87th year. She retained all her faculties to that prolonged period.

teen

teen months before his embarkation for India, and more than twelve years before his death :—

A PRAYER.

Eternal and Incomprehensible *Mind*, who, by thy boundless *power*, before time began, createdst innumerable *worlds* for thy *glory*, and innumerable orders of *beings* for their *happiness*, which thy infinite *goodness* prompted Thee to desire, and thy infinite Wisdom enabled Thee to know: We, thy *creatures*, vanish into nothing before thy Supreme Majesty; we hourly feel our *weakness;* we daily bewail our *vices;* we continually acknowledge our *folly;* Thee only, we *adore* with awful veneration; Thee we *thank* with the most fervent zeal; Thee we *praise* with astonishment and rapture: to thy *power* we humbly submit; of thy *goodness* we devoutly implore protection; on thy *wisdom* we firmly and cheerfully rely. We do but open our *eyes*, and instantly we perceive thy divine existence; we do but exert our *reason*, and in a moment we discover thy divine *attributes:* But our *eyes* could not behold thy *splendour*, nor could our *minds* comprehend thy divine *essence;* we *see* Thee *only* through thy stupendous and all-perfect *works;* we *know* Thee *only* by that ray of sacred light, which it has pleased Thee to reveal: Nevertheless, if creatures too *ignorant* to *conceive*, and too *depraved* to *pursue*, the means of their own happiness, may, without presumption, express their wants to their CREATOR, let us humbly supplicate Thee to remove from us that *evil*, which

Thou

Thou hast permitted for *a time* to exist, that the *ultimate good* of all may be complete, and to secure us from that *vice*, which Thou sufferest to spread snares around us, that the triumph of virtue may be more conspicuous. Irradiate our minds with all *useful truth;* instil into our hearts a spirit of *general benevolence;* give *understanding* to the foolish; *meekness* to the proud; *temperance* to the dissolute; *fortitude* to the feeble-hearted; *hope* to the desponding; *faith* to the unbelieving; *diligence* to the slothful; *patience* to those who are in *pain;* and thy celestial aid to those who are in *danger:* Comfort the *afflicted;* relieve the *distressed;* supply the *hungry* with salutary food, and the *thirsty* with a plentiful stream. Impute not our *doubts* to *indifference*, nor our *slowness of belief* to *hardness of heart;* but be indulgent to our *imperfect nature*, and supply our *imperfections* by thy *heavenly favour.* "Suffer not, we anxiously pray, suffer "not *oppression* to prevail over *innocence*, nor the "*might* of the *avenger* over the *weakness* of the "*just.*" Whenever we address Thee in our retirement from the vanities of the world, if our prayers are *foolish, pity* us; if *presumptuous, pardon* us; if *acceptable* to Thee, grant them, Allpowerful GOD, grant them: And, as with our *living* voice, and with our *dying* lips, we will express our submission to thy *decrees*, adore thy *providence*, and bless thy *dispensations;* so, in all *future* states, which we reverently hope thy

goodness

goodness will raise us, grant that we may continue *praising, admiring, venerating, worshipping* Thee more and more, through *worlds* without *number*, and *ages* without *end!*

Jan. 1, 1782.

I do not adduce this prayer as evidence of the belief of Sir William Jones in the doctrines of JESUS CHRIST; although I think that such a composition could hardly have been framed by an unbeliever in the Gospel, or, if this be deemed possible, that a mind capable of feeling the sentiments which it expresses, could long have withholden its assent to the truths of Revelation. It is evidently the effusion of a pious mind, deeply impressed with an awful sense of the infinite wisdom, power, and benevolence of his Creator, and of the ignorance, weakness, and depravity of human nature; sentiments which reason and experience strongly suggest, and which Revelation expressly teaches. Let it be remembered, that long before this prayer was written, Sir William Jones had demonstrated* to his own satisfaction, that JESUS was the MESSIAH, predicted by the Prophets; that amongst his projected occupations in India, one† was to translate the Psalms into Persic, and the Gospel of Luke into Arabic,—a design which could only have originated in his conviction of the importance and inspiration of these divine books; that in the year after the date of the prayer, we have a direct and public

* Memoirs, page 82. † Ibid. p. 286.

avowal

avowal of his belief in the divinity of our SAVIOUR*; and again in the next, another prayer by him, expressing his exclusive reliance on the merits of his REDEEMER for his acceptance with GOD†.

Amongst the publications of Sir William Jones, in which his religious sentiments are expressed, I shall first notice, *A Dissertation on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and Rome*, written in 1784, but revised and printed in 1786, in which the following passage occurs: "Disquisitions concerning "the manners and conduct of our species, in "early times, or indeed at any time, are always "curious at least, and amusing; but they are "highly interesting to such as can say of themselves, with CHREMES in the play, 'We are "'men, and take an interest in all that relate to "'mankind.' They may even be of solid importance in an age, when some intelligent and virtuous persons are inclined to doubt the authenticity of accounts delivered by MOSES, concerning the primitive world; *since no modes or "sources of reasoning can be unimportant, which "have a tendency to remove such doubts.* Either "the first eleven chapters of *Genesis*, (all due "allowances being made for a figurative Eastern "style,) are true, or the whole fabric of our national religion is false; a conclusion, which "none of us, I trust, would wish to be drawn: "I, *who cannot help believing the divinity* of the

* Memoirs, page 289. † Ibid. p. 312.

"MESSIAH,

"MESSIAH, from the undisputed antiquity, and "manifest completion of many prophecies, espe- "cially those of ISAIAH, in the only person re- "corded by history, to whom they are applicable, "am obliged of course to believe the sanctity of "the venerable books, to which that sacred person "refers as genuine: but it is not the truth of our "national Religion, as such, I have at heart; it "is TRUTH itself: and if any cool, unbiassed rea- "der will clearly convince me, that Moses drew "his narrative, through Egyptian conduits, from "the primeval fountains of Indian literature, "I shall esteem him as a friend, for having weeded "my mind from a capital error; and promise to "stand among the foremost in assisting to circu- "late the truth which he has ascertained. After "such a declaration, I cannot but persuade my- "self, that no candid man will be displeased, if, in "the course of my work, I make as free with any "arguments, that he may have advanced, as I "should really desire him to do with any of mine, "that he may be disposed to controvert."

Let not the candour of the declaration, contained in the preceding quotation, alarm the serious Christian; the fair inference to be drawn from it is this, that Sir William Jones was incapable of affirming what he did not fully believe; and the avowal of his faith in the divinity of our SAVIOUR, is therefore to be received as decisive evidence of the sincerity of his belief: indeed his declaration may be considered as the proof of his faith; and

his

his faith to be grounded in proportion to the openness of his declaration. That any reasoner could convince him, that Moses had borrowed his narrative from Indian sources, he never for a moment supposed, and if a doubt could be entertained on this subject, another passage in the same dissertation must at once annihilate it. He had indeed no hesitation to acknowledge his persuasion, that a connection subsisted between the old idolatrous nations of Egypt, India, Greece, and Italy, long before they migrated to their several settlements, and consequently before the birth of Moses; but he was equally persuaded, that the truth of the proposition could in no degree affect the veracity and sanctity of the Mosaic history, which, if any confirmation of it were necessary, it would rather tend to confirm.

"The divine legate (I now quote his words) "educated by the daughter of a king, and in all "respects highly accomplished, could not but "know the mythological system of Egypt, but "he must have condemned the superstitions of "that people, and despised the speculative absur-"dities of their priests, though some of their tra-"ditions concerning the creation and the flood, "were founded on truth. Who was better ac-"quainted with the mythology of Athens, than "Socrates? who more accurately versed in the "rabbinical doctrines, than Paul? Who possessed "clearer ideas of all ancient astronomical systems, "than Newton; or of scholastic metaphysics,

" than Locke? In whom could the Romish Church
" have had a more formidable opponent, than in
" Chillingworth, whose deep knowledge of its
" tenets rendered him so competent to dispute
" them? In a word, who more exactly knew the
" abominable rites and shocking idolatry of Ca-
" naan, than Moses himself? Yet the learning of
" those great men only incited them to seek other
" sources of truth, piety, and virtue, than those
" in which they had long been immersed. There
" is no shadow, then, of a foundation for an opi-
" nion, that Moses borrowed the first nine or
" ten chapters of *Genesis* from the literature of
" Egypt; still less can the adamantine pillars of
" our Christian faith be moved by the result of
" any debates on the comparative antiquity of the
" Hindûs and Egyptians, or of any enquiries into
" the Indian theology."

From the same dissertation I select another passage, which, from its importance, is entitled to particular notice, while it evinces the solicitude of Sir William Jones to correct a misconception, which, in my opinion, has been idly and injudiciously brought forward to support a fundamental tenet of Evangelical Revelation.

" Very respectable natives have assured me,
" that one or two missionaries have been absurd
" enough, in their zeal for the conversion of the
" Gentiles, to urge, that the Hindûs were even
" now almost Christians, because their Bramha,
" Vishnu, and Mahesa, were no other than the

" Christian

" Christian Trinity; a sentence in which we can " only doubt whether folly, ignorance, or impiety, " predominates."

The three Hindu deities, were perhaps originally personifications only of the *creating*, *preserving*, and *destroying*, or, as it may be understood, the *re-producing* power of the Supreme Being. By the bulk of the people they are considered as distinct personages, each invested with divine attributes; and the mythological writings of the Hindûs contain most ample and absurd histories of them; but in the *Vedanti* philosophy, which is evidently Platonic, the Almighty, known by the mystical and incommunicable appellation of O'M, is the only being, and all others, including Brahma, Vishnu, and Mahesa, are only the creatures of idea or perception, which will perish in the general annihilation, whilst O'M alone survives through all eternity*. Thus, whether we consider the

* On this subject, I shall take the liberty to quote some curious passages from a translation of a Persic version of the Yoog Vashesti, a very ancient composition in Sanscrit. There are several Persian versions of this work; but many pages of that from which the present translation is given, were compared with the original Sanscrit, and found to be substantially accurate.

" The instability of the world, and of every thing contained in it, is " certain; hence it will one day happen, that the evil deities who are " now so powerful, shall fall into annihilation, and the Debtas distin- " guished by the title of *Amrit*, or immortal, shall perish. The " Bermhand, on which all nature depends for existence, shall be bro- " ken, and not a trace remain of Bramha, Vishnu, or Siva. Time, " having annihilated all, shall *himself* perish.

" Bramha, Vishnu, and Mahdeva, notwithstanding their *exalted* " *dignity*, fall into the jaws of inexistence.

the vulgar opinion respecting these three divinities, or that of the Vedanti sect, nothing (to use the words of Sir William Jones) can be more evident, than "that the Indian triad, and that of "Plato, which he calls the *Supreme Good*, the "reason and the soul, are infinitely removed from "the holiness and sublimity of the Christian doc-"trine of the Trinity, and that the tenet of our "Church cannot without profaneness, be com-"pared with that of the Hindûs, which has an "apparent resemblance to it, but a very different "meaning."

At the end of the same treatise, Sir William Jones enumerates the *sad obstacles* to the extension of our "*pure faith*" in Hindustan, and concludes as follows:

"The only human mode perhaps of causing so "great a revolution, is to translate into Sanscrit "and Persian, such chapters of the prophets, and "particularly Isaiah, as are indisputably evange-

"You are not to consider Vishnu, Bramha, or Mahdeva, and other "incorporate beings as the deity, although they have each the deno-"mination of deva or divine; these are all created, whilst the Supreme "Being is without beginning or end, unformed and uncreated;—wor-"ship and adore him.

"The worship which is paid to the inferior deities and the repre-"sentations of them, proceeds from this: Mankind in general are more "affected by appearances than realities; the former they compre-"hend, but the latter are difficult to be understood. Hence learned "tutors first place figures before them, that their minds may be com-"posed, and conducted by degrees to the essential Unity who survives "the annihilation, when the Debtas, and all created existence are "dissolved and absorbed into his essence."

"lical,

"lical, together with one of the Gospels, and a "plain prefatory discourse containing full evi- "dence of the very distant ages, in which the "predictions themselves and the history of the "*divine person* predicted, were severally made "public, and then quietly to disperse the work "among the well-educated natives, with whom "if in due time it failed of promoting very salu- "tary fruit by its natural influence, we could "only lament more than ever, the strength "of prejudice and weakness of unassisted rea- "son."

That the conversion of the Hindûs to the Christian religion, would have afforded him the sincerest pleasure, may be fairly inferred from the above passage; his wish that it should take place, is still more clearly expressed in the following quotation from one of his Hymns to *Lachsmi*, the Ceres of India, and a personification of the Divine Goodness. After describing most feelingly and poetically the horrid effects of famine in India, he thus concludes the hymn:

"From ills that, painted, harrow up the breast,
(What agonies, if real, must they give!)
Preserve thy vot'ries: be their labours blest!
Oh! bid the patient Hindu rise and live.
His erring mind, that wizzard lore beguiles,
Clouded by priestly wiles,
To senseless nature bows, for nature's God.
Now, stretch'd o'er Ocean's vast, from happier isles,
He sees the wand of empire, not the rod:
Ah, may those beams that Western skies illume,
Disperse th' unholy gloom!

Meanwhile,

Meanwhile, may laws, by myriads long rever'd,
Their strife appease, their gentler claims decide!
So shall their victors, mild with virtuous pride,
To many a cherish'd, grateful race endear'd,
With temper'd love be fear'd;
Though mists profane obscure their narrow ken,
They err, yet feel, though Pagans, they are men.

The testimony of Sir William Jones to the verity and authenticity of the Old and New Testament is well known, from the care with which it has been circulated in England; but as it has a particular claim to be inserted in the memoirs of his life, I transcribe it from his own manuscript in his Bible:

"I have carefully and regularly perused these "Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion, that the "volume, independently of its divine origin, "contains more sublimity, purer morality, more "important history, and finer strains of elo- "quence, than can be collected from all other "books, in whatever language they may have "been written."

This opinion is repeated, with little variation of expression, in a discourse addressed to the society, in February 1791:—

"Theological enquiries are no part of my pre- "sent subject; but I cannot refrain from adding, "that the collection of tracts, which we call, "from their excellence, *the Scriptures*, contain, "independently of a divine origin, more true "sublimity, more exquisite beauty, purer mora- "lity, more important history, and finer strains "both of poetry and eloquence, than could be "collected,

"collected, within the same compass, from all "other books that were ever composed in any "age, or in any idiom. The two parts of which "the Scriptures consist, are connected by a chain "of compositions, which bear no resemblance in "form or style to any that can be produced from "the stores of Grecian, Indian, Persian, or even "Arabian learning: the antiquity of those com- "positions no man doubts; and the unstrained "application of them to events long subsequent "to their publication, is a solid ground of belief, "that they were genuine compositions, and con- "sequently inspired. But, if any thing be the "absolute exclusive property of each individual, "it is his belief; and I hope I should be one of "the last men living, who could harbour a "thought of obtruding my own belief on the "free minds of others."

In his discourse of the following year, we find him again mentioning the Mosaic history, under a supposition, assumed for the sake of the argument which he was discussing, that it had no higher authority than any other book of history, which the researches of the curious had accidentally brought to light.

"On this supposition," (I quote his own words,) "that the first eleven chapters of the book which "it is thought proper to call Genesis, are merely "a preface to the oldest civil history now extant, "we see the truth of them confirmed by antece- "dent reasoning, and by evidence in part highly "probable,

"probable, and in part certain." But that no misconception might be entertained on this awful subject by the ignorant, and to avoid the possibility of any perverse misapplication of his sentiments, he adds: "but the *connection* of the Mo-"saic history with that of the Gospel, by a chain "of sublime predictions unquestionably ancient, "and apparently* fulfilled, must induce us to think "the Hebrew narrative more than human in its "origin, and consequently true in every substan-"tial part of it, though possibly expressed in figu-"rative language, as many learned and pious men "have believed, and as the most pious may believe "without injury, and perhaps with advantage to "the cause of Revealed Religion."

In his tenth discourse, in 1793, he mentions, with a satisfaction which every pious mind must enjoy, the result of the enquiries of the society over which he presided.

"In the first place, we cannot surely deem "it an inconsiderable advantage, that all our "historical researches have confirmed the Mosaic "accounts of the primitive world, and our "testimony on that subject ought to have "the greater weight, because, if the result of our "observations had been totally different, we should

* I could wish that Sir William Jones had retained the expression, which he before used, when discussing the same topic, as the word *apparently* may seem to imply a less degree of conviction than he actually possessed, as the tenour and terms of the passages which I have quoted indisputably prove. The sense in which it is to be understood, is that of *manifestly*; his reasoning plainly requires it.

"nevertheless

" nevertheless have published them, not indeed
" with equal pleasure, but with equal confidence:
" for *truth is mighty*, and, whatever be its con-
" sequences, *must always prevail*: but indepen-
" dently of our interest in corroborating the mul-
" tiplied evidences of Revealed Religion, we could
" scarcely gratify our minds with a more useful
" and rational entertainment, than the contempla-
" tion of those wonderful revolutions, in king-
" doms and states, which have happened within
" little more than four thousand years; revolu-
" tions, almost as fully demonstrative of an all-
" ruling Providence, as the structure of the uni-
" verse, and the final causes, which are discernible
" in its whole extent, and even in its remotest
" parts."

The preceding quotations sufficiently demonstrate the sentiments of Sir William Jones on the subject of Revelation, and they may be fairly considered as evincing an anxiety on his part to impress his own belief on others, for the very expressions, which may seem to imply hesitation or indifference in his mind, are particularly adapted to enforce conviction on those, to whom they were addressed. It is worthy of remark, that the reflections in many of the passages cited, although such as would naturally occur to a believer in the Scriptures, are not necessarily called for by the subject under his discussion, and could only proceed from his zeal in the investigation and propagation of truth. This was the fixed object of his whole

whole life, as he has himself declared in the following elegant couplets:

Before thy mystic altar, heav'nly Truth,
I kneel in manhood, as I knelt in youth:
Thus let me kneel, till this dull form decay,
And life's last shade be brighten'd by thy ray:
Then shall my soul, now lost in clouds below,
Soar without bound, without consuming glow*.

A disciple of Voltaire, would have omitted the observations made by Sir William Jones, or have tortured the premises on which they are founded, into the service of infidelity; nor would he have declared that, "in order to enlighten the minds of "the ignorant, and to enforce the obedience of "the perverse, it is evident *à priori*, that a reveal-"ed Religion was necessary in the great system of "Providence†."

The mind of Sir William Jones was never tainted with infidelity; but there was a period, as I have already observed, before his judgment was matured, and before he had studied the Scriptures with close attention, when his belief in the truth of Revelation was tinged with doubts. But these were the transient clouds, which for a while obscure the dawn, and disperse with the rising sun. His heart and his judgment told him, that Religion was a subject of supreme importance, and the evidence of its truth worthy his most serious in-

* These lines were written by Sir William Jones in Berkley's Siris; they are, in fact, a beautiful version of the last sentence of the Siris, amplified and adapted to himself; "He that would make real progress in "knowledge, must dedicate his age as well as youth, the latter growth "as well as the first fruits, at the altar of Truth."

† Works, vol. i. p. 169.

vestigation

vestigation. He sat down to it without prejudice, and rose from the enquiry with a conviction, which the studies of his future life invigorated and confirmed. The completion of the prophecies relating to our Saviour, had impressed upon his youthful mind this invaluable truth, that the language of Isaiah, and of the prophets, was inspired; and in this belief, to which fresh proofs were progressively added, he closed his life. He has I trust received, through the merits of his REDEEMER, the reward of his faith.

In matters of eternal concern, the authority of the highest human opinions has no claim to be admitted, as a ground of belief, but it may with the strictest propriety be opposed to that of men of inferior learning and penetration; and, whilst the pious derive satisfaction from the perusal of sentiments according with their own, those who doubt or disbelieve, should be induced to weigh with candour and impartiality, arguments which have produced conviction in the minds of the best, the wisest, and most learned of mankind.

Among such as have professed a steady belief in the doctrine of Christianity, where shall greater names be found, than those of Bacon and Newton? Of the former and of Locke, it may be observed, that they were both innovators in science; disdaining to follow the sages of antiquity through the beaten paths of error, they broke through prejudices, which had long obstructed the progress of sound knowledge, and laid the foundation of

science

science on solid ground, whilst the genius of Newton carried him *extra flammantia mœnia mundi.* These men, to their great praise, and we may hope to their eternal happiness, devoted much of their time to the study of the Scriptures: if the evidence of Revelation had been weak, who were better qualified to expose its unsoundness? if our national faith were a mere fable, a political superstition, why were minds which boldly destroyed prejudices in Science, blind to those in Religion? They read, examined, weighed, and believed; and the same vigorous intellect, that dispersed the mists which concealed the temple of human knowledge, was itself illuminated with the radiant truths of Divine Revelation.

Such authorities. (and let me now add to them the name of Sir William Jones,) are deservedly entitled to great weight; let those, who superciliously reject them, compare their intellectual powers, their scientific attainments, and vigour of application, with those of the men whom I have named; the comparison may perhaps lead them to suspect, that their incredulity (to adopt the idea of a profound scholar) may be the result of a little smattering in learning, and great self-conceit, and that by harder study, and a humbled mind, they may regain the religion which they have left.

I shall not apologize for the extracts which I have introduced from the works of Sir William Jones, nor for the reflections to which they have naturally led. The former display that part of his character,

character, which alone is now important to his happiness; and I am authorised to add, not only from what appears in his printed works and private memoranda, in more than one of which, containing a delineation of his daily occupations, I find a portion of time allotted to the perusal of the Scriptures, but from private and satisfactory testimony, that the writings of our best divines engaged a large share of his attention, and that private devotion was not neglected by him. The following lines, which afford a proof both of his taste and piety, were written by him after a perusal of the eighth sermon of Barrow, in his retirement at Chrishnanagur, in 1786; and with these I shall conclude my observations on his religious opinions:

As meadows parch'd, brown groves, and withering flowers,
Imbibe the sparkling dew and genial show'rs;
As chill dark air inhales the morning beam,
As thirsty harts enjoy the gelid stream;
Thus to man's grateful soul from heav'n descend,
The mercies of his FATHER, LORD, and FRIEND.

I now turn to the last scene of the life of Sir William Jones. The few months allotted to his existence after the departure of Lady Jones, were devoted to his usual occupations, and more particularly to the discharge of that duty which alone detained him in India; the completion of the digest of Hindu and Mohammedan law. But neither the consciousness of acquitting himself of an obligation which he had voluntarily contracted, nor his incessant assiduity, could fill the vacuity occasioned by the absence of her, whose society had

had sweetened the toil of application, and cheered his hours of relaxation. Their habits were congenial, and their pursuits in some respects similar: his botanical researches were facilitated by the eyes of Lady Jones, and by her talents in drawing; and their evenings were generally passed together, in the perusal of the best modern authors in the different languages of Europe. After her departure, he mixed more in promiscuous society; but his affections were transported with her to his native country.

On the evening of the 20th of April, or nearly about that date, after prolonging his walk to a late hour, during which he had imprudently remained in conversation, in an unwholesome situation, he called upon the writer of these sheets, and complained of agueish symptoms, mentioning his intention to take some medicine, and repeating jocularly an old proverb, that "an ague in the spring is "medicine for a king." He had no suspicion at the time, of the real nature of his indisposition, which proved in fact to be a complaint common in Bengal, an inflammation in the liver. The disorder was, however, soon discovered by the penetration of the physician, who, after two or three days, was called in to his assistance; but it had then advanced too far to yield to the efficacy of the medicines usually prescribed, and they were administered in vain. The progress of the complaint was uncommonly rapid, and terminated fatally on the 27th of April, 1794. On the morning of that day, his attendants, alarmed

alarmed at the evident symptoms of approaching dissolution, came precipitately to call the friend who has now the melancholy task of recording the mournful event. Not a moment was lost in repairing to his house. He was lying on his bed in a posture of meditation; and the only symptom of remaining life was a small degree of motion in the heart, which after a few seconds ceased, and he expired without a pang or groan. His bodily suffering, from the complacency of his features and the ease of his attitude, could not have been severe; and his mind must have derived consolation from those sources where he had been in the habit of seeking it, and where alone, in our last moments, it can ever be found.

The deep regret which I felt at the time, that the apprehensions of the attendants of Sir William Jones had not induced them to give me earlier notice of the extremity of his situation, is not yet obliterated. It would have afforded me an opportunity of performing the pleasing but painful office, of soothing his last moments, and I should have felt the sincerest gratification in receiving his latest commands; nor would it have been less satisfactory to the public, to have known the dying sentiments and behaviour of a man, who had so long and deservedly enjoyed so large a portion of their esteem and admiration.

An anecdote of Sir William Jones (upon what authority I know not) has been recorded; that immediately

immediately before his dissolution, he retired to his closet, and expired in the act of adoration to his Creator. Such a circumstance would have been conformable to his prevailing habits of thinking and reflection: but it is not founded in fact; he died upon his bed, and in the same room in which he had remained from the commencement of his indisposition.

The funeral ceremony was performed on the following day, with the honours due to his public station; and the numerous attendance of the most respectable British inhabitants of Calcutta, evinced their sorrow for his loss, and their respect for his memory.

If my success in describing the life of Sir William Jones has been proportionate to my wishes, and to my admiration of his character, any attempt to delineate it must now be superfluous. I cannot, however, resist the impulse of recapitulating in substance what has been particularly detailed in the course of this work.

In the short space of forty-seven years, by the exertion of rare intellectual talents, he acquired a knowledge of arts, sciences, and languages, which has seldom been equalled, and scarcely, if ever, surpassed. If he did not attain the critical proficiency of a Porson or Parr in Grecian literature; yet his knowledge of it was most extensive and profound, and entitled him to a high rank in the first class of scholars; while as a philologist, he could boast an universality in which he had no

rival. His skill in the idioms of India, Persia, and Arabia, has perhaps never been equalled by any European; and his compositions on Oriental subjects, display a taste which we seldom find in the writings of those who had preceded him in these tracts of literature*. The language of Constantinople was also familiar to him; and of the Chinese characters and tongue, he had learned enough to enable him to translate an ode of Confucius. In the modern dialects of Europe, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and German, he was thoroughly conversant, and had perused the most admired writers in those languages. I might extend the list, by specifying other dialects which he understood, but which he had less perfectly studied†.

* Amongst those who have latterly distinguished themselves by their Oriental learning, the late Reverend J. D. Carlyle, professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, has displayed equal taste and erudition, in his elegant translation of *Specimens of Arabian* POETRY, published in 1796.

† The following is transcribed from a paper in the hand-writing of Sir William Jones:

LANGUAGES.

Eight languages studied critically:
English, Latin, French, Italian,
Greek, Arabic, Persian, Sanscrit.
Eight studied less perfectly, but all intelligible with a dictionary:
Spanish, Portuguese, German, Runick,
Hebrew, Bengali, Hindi, Turkish.
Twelve studied least perfectly, but all attainable:
Tibetian, Pâli, Phalavi, Deri,
Russian, Syriac, Ethiophic, Coptic,
Welsh, Swedish, Dutch, Chinese.
Twenty-eight languages.

In another memorandum, he mentions having read a grammar of the Russian and Welsh.

But mere philology was never considered by Sir William Jones as the end of his studies, nor as any thing more than the medium through which knowledge was to be acquired; he knew, that "words "were the daughters of earth, and things the sons "of heaven," and would have disdained the character of a mere linguist. In the little sketch of a treatise on Education, which has been inserted in these Memoirs, he describes the use of language, and the necessity of acquiring the languages of those people who in any period of the world have been distinguished by their superior knowledge, in order to add to our own researches the accumulated wisdom of all ages and nations. Accordingly, with the keys of learning in his possession, he was qualified to unlock the literary hoards of ancient and modern times, and to display the treasures deposited in them, for the use, entertainment, or instruction of mankind. In the course of his labours, we find him elucidating the laws of Athens, India, and Arabia; comparing the philosophy of the Porch, the Lyceum, and Academy, with the doctrines of the Sufis and Bramins; and, by a rare combination of taste and erudition, exhibiting the mythological fictions of the Hindûs in strains not unworthy the sublimest Grecian bards. In the eleven discourses which he addressed to the Asiatic society, on the history, civil and natural, the antiquities, arts, sciences, philosophy, and literature of Asia, and on the origin, and families of nations, he has discussed the subjects which he professed to explain,

plain, with a perspicuity which delights and instructs, and in a style which never ceases to please, where his arguments may not always convince. In these disquisitions, he has more particularly displayed his profound Oriental learning in illustrating topics of great importance in the history of mankind; and it is much to be lamented, that he did not live to revive and improve them in England, with the advantages of accumulated knowledge and undisturbed leisure*.

A mere

* Of these discourses, the subjects of the two first have been noticed in the Memoirs; the seven following, from the third to the ninth inclusive, are appropriated to the solution of an important problem, whether the five nations, viz. the Indians, Arabs, Tartars, Persians, and Chinese, who have divided amongst themselves, as a kind of inheritance, the vast continent of Asia, had a common origin, and whether that origin was the same that is generally ascribed to them.

To each of these nations a distinct essay is allotted, for the purpose of ascertaining, *who* they were, *whence* and *when* they came, and *where* they are now settled. The general media through which this extensive investigation is pursued, are, first, their *languages* and *letters;* secondly, their *philosophy;* thirdly, the actual remains of their old *sculpture* and *architecture;* and, fourthly, the written memorials of their *sciences* and *arts:* the eighth discourse is allotted to the *borderers, mountaineers,* and *islanders* of Asia; and the ninth, on the *origin* and *families* of nations, gives the result of the whole enquiry.

To state all the information which is curious, novel, and interesting, in these discourses, would be nearly to transcribe the whole, and the very nature of them does not admit of a satisfactory abridgment; the conclusion adopted by Sir William Jones, may be given in his own words: but this without the arguments from which it is deduced, and the facts and observations on which those arguments are founded, must be imperfectly understood. I must therefore refer the reader, who is desirous of investigating the great problem of the derivation of nations from their parental stock, or in other words, of the population of the world, to the discourses themselves; and in presenting him with a faint outline of some of the most important facts and observations contained in them, I mean rather to excite his curiosity than to gratify it.

I shall follow the discourses in the order in which they stand; and,

A mere catalogue of the writings of Sir William Jones, would shew the extent and variety of his erudition;

to avoid unnecessary phraseology, I shall, as far as possible, use the language of Sir William Jones himself.

The first discourse, which is the third of the series in which they were delivered, begins with the HINDUS.

The civil history of the inhabitants of India, beyond the middle of the nineteenth century from the present time, is enveloped in a cloud of fables. Facts, strengthened by analogy, may lead us to suppose the existence of a primeval language in Upper India, which may be called *Hindi*, and that the *Sanscrit* was introduced into it, by conquerors from other kingdoms in some very remote age. The *Sanscrit* language, whatever be its antiquity, is of a wonderful structure; more perfect than the Greek, more copious than the Latin, and more exquisitely refined than either: yet bearing to both of them a stronger affinity, both in the roots of verbs, and in the form of grammar, than could possibly have been produced by accident; so strong indeed, that no philologer could examine them all three without believing them to have sprung from *some common source*, which perhaps no longer exists. There is a similar reason, though not quite so forcible, for supposing that both the *Gothick* and *Celtick*, though blended with a very different idiom, had the same origin with the *Sanscrit*; and the old *Persian* might be added to the same family.

The *Deb-nagari* characters, in which the languages of India were originally written, are adopted with little variation in form, in more than twenty kingdoms and states, from the borders of *Cashgar* and *Khoten*, to the Southern extremity of the peninsula; and from the *Indus* to the river of Siam. That the square Chaldaïc characters, in which most *Hebrew* books are copied, were originally the same, or derived from the same prototype, both with the *Indian* and *Arabian* characters, there can be little doubt; and it is probable that the Phœnician, from which the Greek and Roman alphabets were formed, had a similar origin.

The deities adored in *India*, were worshipped under different names in Old *Greece* and *Italy*, and the same philosophiaal tenets which were illustrated by the Ionick and Attick writers, with all the beauties of their melodious language, are professed in India. The *six* philosophical schools of the Indians, comprise all the metaphysicks of the old *Academy*, the *Stoa*, and the *Lyceum*; nor can we hesitate to believe, that PYTHAGORAS and PLATO, derived their sublime theories from the same fountain with the sages of India. The *Scythian* and *Hyperborean*

erudition ; a perusal of them, will prove, that it was no less deep than miscellaneous. Whatever topic he discusses,

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berean doctrines and mythology are discovered in every part of the Eastern regions, and that WOD or ODEN, was the same with BUDH of India, and FO of China, seems indisputable.

The remains of *architecture* and *sculpture* in India, seem to prove an early connection between that country and Africa. The letters on many of the monuments appear partly of *Indian*, and partly of *Abyssinian* or *Ethiopick* origin ; and these indubitable facts seem to authorize a probable opinion, that *Ethiopia* and *Hindustan* were colonized by the same race. The period of the subjugation of India, by the Hindûs under Rama, from Audh to Silan, may be dated at about 36 centuries before the present period.

The ARABS come next under investigation. The Arabic language is unquestionably one of the most ancient in the world. That it has not the least resemblance either in words, or in the structure of them to the *Sanscrit*, or great parent of the Indian dialects, is established by the most irrefragable arguments. With respect to the characters in which the old compositions of Arabia were written, little is known except that the *Koran* originally appeared in those of *Kufah*, from which the modern Arabian characters were derived, and which unquestionably had a common origin with the *Hebrew* and *Chaldaic*. It has generally been supposed, that the old religion of the Arabs was entirely Sabian ; but the information concerning the Sabian faith, and even the meaning of the word, is too imperfect to admit of any satisfactory conclusion on the subject. That the people *Yemen* soon fell into the common idolatry of adoring the sun and firmament, is certain ; other tribes worshipped the planets and fixed stars, but the religion of the poets seems to have been pure theism : of any philosophy but ethics, there are no traces among them ; and their system of morals was miserably depraved for a century, at least, before Mohammed.

Few monuments of antiquity are preserved in Arabia, and of these the accounts are uncertain. Of sciences, the Arabs of Hejaz were totally ignorant, and the only arts successfully cultivated by them, (horsemanship and military accomplishments excepted,) were poetry, and rhetoric. The people of Yemen had possibly more mechanical arts, and perhaps more science.

Thus it clearly appears, that the Arabs both of Hejaz and Yemen, sprang from a stock entirely different from that of the Hindûs; and if we give credit to the universal tradition of Yemen, that Yoktan, the son of Eber, first settled his family in Arabia, their first establishments

discusses, his ideas flow with ease and perspicuity; his style is always clear and polished; animated and forcible

in their respective countries were nearly coeval, about eighteen centuries before the Christian æra.

The TARTARS furnish the subject of the fifth discourse. In general, they differ wholly in feature and complexion from the Hindûs and Arabs. The general traditional history of the Tartars begins with Oghuz, as that of the Hindûs does with Rama; and according to Visdelou, the king of the Hyumnus or Huns, began his reign about 3560 years ago, not longer after the time fixed, in the former discourses, for the regular establishments of the Hindûs and Arabs in their several countries.

The enquiry concerning the languages and letters of the Tartars, presents a deplorable void, or a prospect as barren and dreary as their deserts; they had *in general* no literature, (a proposition, which is not affected by admitting with Ibnu Arabshah the existence of Dilberjin and Eighuri letters); and all that can be safely inferred from the little information we have on the subject, is the probability that the various dialects of Tartary descended from one common stock, essentially different from that from which the Indian and Arabian tongues severally came. The language of the Brahmans affords a proof of an immemorial and total difference between the savages of the mountains, as the Chinese call the Tartars, and the studious, placid, contemplative inhabitants of India.

Pure theism appears to have prevailed in Tartary for some generations after Yafet; the Mongals and Turcs some ages afterwards relapsed into idolatry; but Chingis was a theist.

Thus it has been proved beyond controversy, that the far greater part of Asia has been peopled, and immemorially possessed by three considerable nations, whom for want of better names we may call Hindûs, Arabs, and Tartars; each of them divided and subdivided into an infinite number of branches, and all of them so different in form and features, language, manners, and religion, that if they sprang originally from one common root, they must have been separated for ages.

The sixth and next discourse is on PERSIA or IRÂN.

There is solid reason to suppose, that a powerful monarchy had been established in Irân, for ages before the Assyrian Dynasty, (which commenced with Cayumers, about eight or nine centuries before Christ) under the name of the Mahabadian Dynasty, and that it must be the oldest in the world.

When Mohammed was born, two languages appear to have been generally prevalent in the great empire of Irân; that of the court, thence

cible when his subject requires it. His philological, botanical, philosophical, and chronological disquisitions,

thence named Deri, which was only a refined and elegant dialect of the *Parsi*, and that of the learned named Pahlavi. But besides these two, a very ancient and abstruse tongue was known to the priests and philosophers, called the *language of the Zend*, because a book on religious and moral duties, which they held sacred, and which bore that name, had been written in it. The *Zend*, and old *Pahlavi*, are now almost extinct in Irân; but the *Parsi*, which remains almost pure in the Shahnameh (a poem composed about eight centuries ago), has now become a new and exquisitely polished language. The *Parsi* has so much of the Sanscrit, that it was evidently derived from the language of the Brahmans; but the pure Persian contains no traces of any Arabian tongue. The Pahlavi, on the contrary, has a strong resemblance to the Arabic, and a perusal of the Zend glossary, in the work of Mr. A. du Perron, decidedly proves the language of the Zend to be at least a dialect of the Sanscrit. From all these facts it is a necessary consequence, that the oldest discoverable languages in Persia, were Chaldaïc and Sanscrit; that when they ceased to be vernacular, the Pahlavi and Zend were deduced from them respectively, and the Parsi from the Zend, or immediately from the dialect of the Brahmans; but all had perhaps a mixture of Tartarian; for the best lexicographers assert, that numberless words in ancient Persian are taken from the language of the Cimmerians, or the Tartars of the Kipchak.

The ancient religion of the old Persians was pure theism, which prevailed until the accession of Cayumers, and was evidently the religion of the Brahmans; whilst the doctrine of the Zend, was as evidently distinct from that of the Véda. With their religion, their philosophy was intimately connected; and a metaphysical theology has been immemorially professed by a numerous sect of Persians and Hindûs, which was carried partly into Greece, and prevails even now among the learned Mohammedans, who sometimes avow it without reserve. The modern professors of this philosophy, which is that of the Indian Vidanti school, are called Sufis. Their fundamental tenet is, that nothing exists but God; that the human soul is an emanation from his essence, and though divided for a time from its heavenly source, will be finally re-united with it, in the enjoyment of the highest possible happiness.

The result of this discourse is, that a powerful monarchy was established in Irân, long before the Pishdadi or Assyrian government; that it was in truth a Hindu monarchy; that it subsisted many centuries,

and

sitions, his historical researches, and even his Persian grammar, whilst they fix the curiosity and attention

and that its history has been engrafted on that of the Hindûs, who founded the monarchies of Ayodhya or Audh, and Indraprestha or Delhi; that the language of the first Persian empire was the mother of the *Sanscrit*, and consequently of the Zend and Persian, as well as of the Greek, Latin, and Gothic; that the language of the Assyrians was the parent of Chaldaïc and Pahlavi; and that the primary Tartar language had been current in the said empire.

Thus the three distinct races of men, described in the former essays, as possessors of India, Arabia, and Tartary, are discovered in Irân or Persia, in the earliest dawn of history.

Whether Asia may not have produced other races of men distinct from the Hindûs, the Arabs, or the Tartars, or whether any apparent diversity may not have sprung from an intermixture of these three, in different proportions, remains to be investigated: and in this view, the enquiry next proceeds to the CHINESE, who form the subject of the seventh discourse.

The word China, is well known to the people whom we call CHINESE, but they never apply it to themselves or their country. They describe themselves as the people of Han, or some other illustrious family, and their country they call *Chim-cue*, or the central region, or *Tien-hia*, meaning what is under heaven.

From the evidence of Con-fut-su or Confucius, it is proved that the Chinese themselves do not even pretend that, in the age of that philosopher, any historical monument existed preceding the rise of their third dynasty, above eleven hundred years before the Christian epoch; and that the reign of Vuvam, who has the fame of having founded that dynasty, was in the infancy of their empire; and it has been asserted by very learned Europeans, that even of this third dynasty no unsuspected memorial can now be produced. It was not until the eighth century before our Saviour, that a small kingdom was erected in the province of Shensi; and both the country and its metropolis were called *Chin*. The territory of Chin so called by the old Hindûs, by the Persians and Chinese, gave its name to a race of Emperors, whose tyranny made them so unpopular, that the modern inhabitants of China hold the name in abhorrence.

The *Chinas* are mentioned by Menu, in a book next in time and authority to the Véda, as one of the families of the military class, who gradually abandoned the ordinances of the Véda; and there is a strong presumption for supposing, that the Chinas of Menu are the Chinese.

tention of the reader, by the novelty, depth, or importance of the knowledge displayed in them, always

Chinese. Hence it is probable, that the whole race of *Chinese* descended from the *Chinas* of Menu, and mixing with the Tartars, by whom the plains of Honan, and the more Southern provinces, were thinly inhabited, founded by degrees the race of men, who are now in possession of the noblest empire in Asia. The language and letters, religion and philosophy of the modern Chinese, or their ancient monuments, their sciences, and their arts, furnish little, either in support or refutation of this opinion, but various circumstances under the two heads of literature and religion, seem collectively to prove, (as far as such questions admit of proof) that the *Chinese* and *Hindûs* were originally the same people. Many singular marks of relation may be discovered between them and the old Hindûs, as in the remarkable period of *four hundred and thirty-two thousand* *; and in the cycle of *sixty* years, in the predilection for the mystical number *nine*, in many similar fasts and great festivals, especially at the solstices and equinoxes; in the obsequies, consisting of rice and fruits, offered to their deceased ancestors; in the dread of dying childless, lest such offerings should be intermitted; and perhaps in their common abhorrence of *red* objects; which the Indians carry so far, that *Menu* himself, when he allows a Bramin to trade, if he cannot otherwise support life, absolutely forbids "his trafficking in any sort of *red* cloths, whether linen or "woollen, or made of woven bark."

The JAPANESE are supposed to be descended from the same *stock* as the *Chinese*; the *Hindu* or *Egyptian* idolatry has prevailed in Japan from the earliest ages, and amongst the ancient idols worshipped in that country, there are many which are every day seen in the temples of Bengal.

The BORDERERS, MOUNTAINEERS, and ISLANDERS, form the subject of the eighth discourse. It begins with the Idumeans or Erythreans, who were indubitably distinct from the Arabs, and, from the concurrence of many strong testimonies, may be referred to the Indian stem.

That the written Abyssinian language, which we call Ethiopic, is a dialect of the old Chaldean, and sister of the Arabic and Hebrew, is

* The period of 432,000 years, seems to be founded on an astronomical calculation purposely disguised, by ciphers added or subtracted, *ad libitum*. See Discourse on Chronology of the Hindûs, Sir William Jones's Works, vol. i. p. 283.

always delight by elegance of diction. His compositions are never dry, tedious, nor disgusting; and

is certain; and a cursory examination of many old inscriptions on pillars and in caves, leaves little doubt, that the Nagari and Ethiopian letters had a similar form. It is supposed, that the Abyssinians of the Arabian stock having no letters, borrowed those of the black Pagans, whom the Greeks called Troglodytes; and, upon the whole, it seems probable that the *Ethiops* of *Meroë* were the same people with the first Egyptians, and consequently, as it might easily be shewn, with the original Hindûs.

There is no trace in the maritime part of Yemen, from Aden to Maskat, of any nation who were not Arabs or Abyssinian invaders; and from the gulf of Persia to the rivers Cur and Aras, no vestige appears of any people distinct from the Arabs, Persians, and Tartars. The principal inhabitants of the mountains which separate *Irân* from *India*, were anciently distinguished among the Brahmans, by the name of Doradas; they seem to have been destroyed or expelled by the Afgans or Patans; and there is very solid ground for believing, that the Afgans descended from the Jews; because they sometimes in confidence avow that unpopular origin, which in general they sedulously conceal, and which other Musselmans positively assert; because Hazaret, which appears to be the Azareth of Esdras, is one of their territories; and principally because their language is evidently a dialect of the scriptural Chaldaïc.

It is not unworthy of remark, that the copious vocabulary exhibited by Grellmann of the Gypsy dialect, contains so many Sanscrit words, that their Indian origin can hardly be doubted.

The *Boras*, a remarkable race of men, inhabiting chiefly the cities of *Gujarat*, though Musselmans in religion, are Jews in genius, features, and manners, and probably came first, with their brethren the Afgans, to the borders of India.

The languages, letters, religion, and old monuments of Silân (Ceylon), prove that it was immemorially peopled by the Hindu race. To the people of Java and Sumatra, the same origin may be assigned; and relying upon the authority of Mr. Marsden, that clear vestiges of one ancient language are discernible in all the insular dialects of the Southern seas from Madagascar to the Philippines, and even to the remotest islands lately discovered, we may infer from the specimens of those languages, in his account of Sumatra, that the parent of them all was no other than the Sanscrit.

That

and literature and science come from his hands, adorned with all their grace and beauty.

No

That the people of Potyid, or Thibet, were Hindûs, is known from the researches of Cassiano; their written language proves it.

The natives of Eighur, Tancut, and Khata, who had systems of letters, and are even said to have cultivated liberal arts, may be suspected to have been of the Indian, not of the Tartarian family; and the same remark may be applied to the nation called Barmas, but who are known to the *pundits* by the name of Brahmachinas, and seem to have been the Brachmani of Ptolemy.

From all that can be learned of the old religion and manners of the Hyperboreans, they appear like the Massagetæ, and some other nations, usually considered as Tartars, to be really of the Gothic, that is, of the Hindu race; for it is demonstrable, that the Goths and Hindûs had originally the same language, gave the same appellation to the stars and planets, adored the same false deities, performed the same bloody sacrifices, and professed the same notions of rewards and punishments after death. It may be concluded, that all the Northern languages, excepting the Gothic, had a Tartarian origin like that universally ascribed to the Sclavonian.

From the best information procurable in Bengal, it satisfactorily appears, that the basis of the Armenian, was the ancient Persian, of the same Indian stock with the Zend, that it has been gradually changed, from the time that Armenia ceased to be a province of Irân.

The Greeks and Phrygians, though differing somewhat in manners, and perhaps in dialect, had an apparent affinity in religion as well as in language; the grand object of mysterious worship in Phrygia, is stated by the Greeks to be the mother of the gods, or *nature personified;* as she is seen among the Indians in a thousand forms, and under a thousand names. The Diana of Ephesus, was manifestly the same goddess, in the character of productive nature; and the Astarté of the Syrians and Phœnicians, appears to be the same in another form. The Phœnicians, like the Hindûs, adored the sun, and asserted water to be the first of created things; nor can it be doubted, that Syria, Samaria, and Phœnice, (or the long strip of land on the shore of the Mediterranean) were *anciently* peopled by a branch of the Hindu stock, but were *afterwards* inhabited by that race, for the present called Arabian; in all three, the oldest religion was the Assyrian, as it is called by Selden, and the Samaritan letters appear to have been the same at first with those of Phœnice; but the Syriac language, of which ample remains are preserved, and the Punic, of which a specimen is

seen

No writer perhaps ever displayed so much learning, with so little affectation of it. Instead of

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seen in Plautus, and on monuments lately brought to light, were indisputably of a *Chaldaic* or *Arabic* origin. Thus all the different races mentioned in this discourse, may be referred to an Indian or Arabian pedigree.

The ninth discourse, *On the Origin and Families of Nations*, opens with a short review of the propositions to which we have been gradually led.

That the first race of *Persians* and *Indians*, to whom may be added the *Romans* and *Greeks*, the *Goths* and the old *Egyptians* or *Ethiops*, originally spoke the same language, and professed the same popular faith, is capable of incontestable proof: that the *Jews* and *Arabs*, the *Assyrians*, or second *Persian race*, the people who spoke *Syriac*, and a numerous tribe of *Abyssinians* used one primitive dialect, wholly distinct from the idiom just mentioned, is undisputed and indisputable: but that the settlers in *China* and *Japan* had a common origin with the *Hindûs*, is no more than highly probable; and that all the *Tartars*, as they are inaccurately called, were primarily of a third separate branch, totally differing from the two others in language, manners, and features, may be plausibly conjectured, but cannot for reasons alledged in a former essay be perspicuously shewn, and is therefore for the present merely assumed.

If the human race, as may be confidently affirmed, be of one natural species, they must all have proceeded from one pair; and the world, with respect to its population, in the age of Mahomet, would exhibit the same appearances as were then actually observed upon it. At that period, five races of men, peculiarly distinguished for their multitude and extent of dominion, were visible in Asia; but these have been reduced by enquiry to three, because no more can be discovered, that essentially differ in language, religion, manners, and known characteristics. These three races of men, (if the preceding conclusions be justly drawn) must have migrated originally from a central country, and all the phænomena tend to shew that country to be Irân; it is there only that the traces of the three primitive languages are discovered in the earliest historical age, and its position with respect to *Arabia* or *Egypt*, *India*, *Tartary*, or *China*, gives a weight to the conclusion, which it would not have, if either of those countries were assumed as the central region of population. Thus, it is proved that the inhabitants of Asia, and consequently of the whole earth, sprang from three branches of one stem: and that these branches have shot into their present state of luxuriance, in a period compara-

of overwhelming his readers with perpetual quotations from ancient and modern authors, whose ideas

tively short, is apparent from a fact universally acknowedged, that we find no certain monument, nor even probable traditions of nations planted, empires and states raised, laws enacted, cities built, navigation improved, commerce encouraged, arts invented, or letters contrived, above twelve, or at most fifteen or sixteen, centuries before Christ.

Hence it seems to follow, that the only family after the Flood established themselves in the Northern part of *Irán*; that as they multiplied, they were divided into three distinct branches, each retaining little at first, and losing the whole by degrees, of their common primary language, but agreeing severally on new expressions for new ideas; that the branch of YAFET was enlarged in many scattered shoots over the North of Europe and Asia, diffusing themselves as far as the Western and Eastern seas, and at length in the infancy of navigation beyond them both; that they cultivated no liberal arts, and had no use of letters, but formed a variety of dialects as their tribes were variously ramified; that, *secondly*, the children of HAM, who founded in *Irán* itself the first monarchy of *Chaldeans*, invented letters, observed and named the luminaries of the firmanent, calculated *the known Indian period of* 432,000 years, or an hundred and twenty repetitions of the *Saros;* that they were dispersed at various intervals and in various colonies over land and ocean: that the tribes of *Misr*, *Cush*, and *Rama*, (names remaining unchanged in Sanscrit, and highly revered by the Hindûs) settled in *Africk* and *India;* while some of them, having improved the art of sailing, passed from *Egypt*, *Phœnice*, and *Phrygia*, into *Italy* and *Greece;* whilst a swarm from the same hive moved by a northerly course into *Scandinavia*, and another, by the head of the Oxus, and through the passes of Imaûs, into *Cashgar Eighûr*, *Khata*, *Khoten*, as far as the territories of *Chin* and *Tancut*, where letters have been immemorially used and arts cultivated; nor is it unreasonable to believe, that some of them found their way from the Eastern Isles into *Mexico* and *Peru*, where traces were discovered of rude literature and mythology, analogous to those of *Egypt* and *India;* that, *thirdly*, the old *Chaldean* empire being overthrown by CAYUMERS, other migrations took place; especially into *India*, while the rest of Shem's progeny, some of whom had before settled on the red seas, peopled the whole Arabian peninsula, pressing close on the nations of *Syria* and *Phœnice;* that, lastly, from all the three families many adventurers were detached, who settled in distant isles or deserts, and mountainous regions; that, on the whole, some colonies might

ideas or information he adopts, he transmutes their sense into his own language; and whilst his compositions on this account have a pleasing uniformity, his less learned readers are enabled to reap the fruits of his laborious studies.

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might have migrated before the death of Noah, but that states and empires could scarcely have assumed a regular form till 1500 or 1600 years before the Christian epoch; and that for the first thousand years of that period, we have no history unmixed with fable, except that of the turbulent and variable, but eminently distinguished nation, descended from Abraham.

The tenth discourse is appropriated to unfold the *particular advantages* to be derived from the concurrent researches of the society in Asia; and amongst the foremost and most important which has been attained, he justly notices the confirmation of the Mosaic accounts of the primitive world.

Part of this discourse is quoted at length in the Memoirs; and to abstract it would add too much to the length of this note: I shall only observe, that the discourse is worthy of the most attentive perusal.

For a similar reason, and with the same recommendation, I shall barely advert to the subject of the eleventh and last discourse, delivered by Sir William Jones before the society, on the 20th of February, 1794, On the Philosophy of the Asiatics; quoting a part of the concluding paragraph:—"The subject of this discourse is inexhausti-" ble; it has been my endeavour to say as much on it as possible in the " fewest words; and at the beginning of next year, I hope to close these " general disquisitions with topics measureless in extent." In this general and concise abstract of the subjects discussed in these discourses, I beg it may be understood, that I by no means pretend to have done justice either to the argument or observations of Sir William Jones, but it may induce the reader to peruse the dissertations themselves; which will amply repay the trouble of the task.

Nor is the reader to conclude that these discourses contain all that Sir William Jones wrote on the Sciences, Arts, and Literature of Asia. We have a dissertation on Indian Chronology; another on the Antiquity of the Indian Zodiack, in which he engages to support an opinion (which Montucla treats with supreme contempt), that the Indian division of the Zodiack was not borrowed from the Greeks or Arabs; another specifically on the Literature of the Hindûs; and one of the Musical Modes of the Hindûs; besides many essays on curious and interesting subjects, for which I can only refer to his works.

His

His legal publications have been noticed in these Memoirs: of their merit I am not qualified to speak. I have been informed that his Essay on the Law of Bailments was stamped with the approbation of Lord Mansfield, and that his writings shew, that he had thoroughly studied the principles of law as a science. Indeed it is impossible to suppose, that Sir William Jones applied his talents to any subject in vain.

From the study of law, which he cultivated with enthusiasm, he was led to an admiration of the laws of his own country; in them he had explored the principles of the British constitution, which he considered as the noblest and most perfect that ever was formed: and in defence of it he would cheerfully have risked his property and life. In his tenth discourse to the society, in 1793, little more than a year before his death, we trace the same sentiments on this subject, which he adopted in youth.

"The practical use of history, in affording particular examples of civil and military wisdom, has been greatly exaggerated; but principles of action may certainly be collected from it: and even the narrative of wars and revolutions may serve as a lesson to nations, and an admonition to sovereigns. A desire, indeed, of knowing past events, while the future cannot be known, (and a view of the present, gives often more pain than delight,) seems natural to the human mind: and a happy propensity would it be, if every reader of history would open

open his eyes to some very important corollaries, which flow from the whole extent of it. He could not but remark the constant effect of despotism in benumbing and debasing all those faculties which distinguish men from the herd that grazes; and to that cause he would impute the decided inferiority of most Asiatic nations, ancient and modern, to those in Europe, who are blest with happier governments: he would see the Arabs rising to glory, while they adhered to the free maxims of their bold ancestors, and sinking to misery from the moment when those maxims were abandoned. On the other hand, he would observe with regret, that such republican governments as tend to promote virtue and happiness, cannot in their nature be permanent, but are generally succeeded by oligarchies, which no good man would wish to be durable. He would then, like the king of Lydia, remember Solon, the wisest, bravest, and most accomplished of men, who asserts, in four nervous lines, that, "as hail "and snow, which mar the labours of hus- "bandmen, proceed from elevated clouds, and, as "the destructive thunderbolt follows the brilliant "flash, thus is a free state ruined by men exalted in "power, and splendid in wealth, while the people, "from gross ignorance, choose rather to become "the slaves of one tyrant, that they may escape "from the domination of many, than to preserve "themselves from tyranny of any kind by their "union and their virtues." Since, therefore, no unmixed

unmixed form of government could both preserve permanence and enjoy it; and since changes even from the worst to the best, are always attended with much temporary mischief, he would fix on our British constitution (I mean our public law, not the actual state of things in any given period), as the best form ever established, though we can only make distant approaches to its theoretical perfection. In these Indian territories, which Providence has thrown into the arms of Britain for their protection and welfare, the religion, manners, and laws of the natives preclude even the idea of political freedom; but their histories may possibly suggest hints for their prosperity, while our country derives essential benefit from the diligence of a placid and submissive people, who multiply with such increase, even after the ravages of famine, that, in one collectorship out of twenty-four, and that by no means the largest or best cultivated (I mean Chrishna-nagur), there have lately been found, by an actual enumeration, a million and three hundred thousand native inhabitants; whence it should seem, that in all India, there cannot now be fewer than thirty millions of black British subjects."

This quotation will prove, that he was not tainted with the wild theories of licentiousness, miscalled liberty, which have been propagated with unusual industry since the Revolution in France; and that, whilst he was exerting himself to compile a code of laws, which should secure the rights and property

of the natives of India (a labour to which he in fact sacrificed his life) he knew the absurdity and impracticability of attempting to introduce amongst them that political freedom which is the birth-right of Britons, but the growth of ages. Of the French Revolution in its commencement, he entertained a favourable opinion, and in common with many wise and good men, who had not as yet discovered the foul principle from which it sprang, wished success to the struggles of that nation for the establishment of a free constitution; but he saw with unspeakable disgust, the enormities which sprang out of the attempt, and betrayed the impurity of its origin. Things ill begun, strengthen themselves with ill. We may easily conceive, and it is unnecessary to state, what the sentiments of Sir William Jones, would have been, if he had lived to this time.

If the political opinions of Sir William Jones, at any period, have been censured for extravagance; let it be remembered, that he adopted none, but such as he firmly believed to arise out of the principles of the constitution of England; and as such he was ever ready to avow and defend them. His attachment to liberty was certainly enthusiastic, and he never speaks of tyranny or oppression, but in the language of detestation: this sentiment, the offspring of generous feelings, was invigorated by his early acquaintance with the republican writers of Greece and Rome, and with the works of the most celebrated political writers of his own country;

country; but the whole tenour of his life, conversation, and writings, proves to my conviction, that he would have abandoned any opinion, which could be demonstrated irreconcileable to the spirit of the constitution.

With these principles, he ever refused to enlist under the banners of any party, which he denominated faction, and resisted the influence of private friendships and attachments, whenever they involved a competition with his regard to the constitution of his country. These sentiments may be traced in his correspondence and publications, and they are sometimes accompanied with expressions of regret arising from the impossibility of reconciling his political principles, to the bias of his inclinations towards individuals.

The latest political publication of Sir William Jones, is prior to the year 1783. The temper of the nation, soured by a long and unsuccessful war, was displayed during the three preceding years, in the bitterest invectives and censures, both in and out of Parliament; and those who thought that the principles of the constitution had been invaded by the conduct of the Minister, supported by a majority in the House of Commons, looked to a reformation in the representation of the country, as the only means of restoring the balance of the constitution. The revolution which has since deformed the political state of Europe, was not then foreseen, and the experience founded on the *consequences* of the speculations which led to it, or have

emerged from it, was to be acquired. In judging of the political opinions of Sir William Jones, and of the freedom with which they were published to the world, we should revert to the language and spirit of the times when they were delivered. It may be further remarked, that some political theories, which were held to be incontrovertible, have of late years been questioned, and that the doctrines of Locke on Government, which it would once have been heresy to deny, no longer command that implicit acquiescence, which they once almost universally received.

In the first charge which Sir William Jones delivered to the grand jury at Calcutta, he told them that he aspired to no popularity, and sought no praise but that which might be given to a strict and conscientious discharge of duty, without predilection, or prejudice of any kind, and with a fixed resolution to pronounce on all occasions what he conceived to be the law, than which no individual must suppose himself wiser. His conduct as a Judge, was most strictly conformable to his professions: on the bench he was laborious, patient, and discriminating: his charges to the grand jury, which do not exceed six, exhibit a veneration for the laws of his country; a just and spirited encomium on the trial by jury, as the greatest and most invaluable right derived from them to the subject; a detestation of crimes, combined with mercy towards the offender; occasional elucidations of the law; and the strongest feelings

of

of humanity and benevolence. By his knowledge of the Sanscrit and Arabic, he was eminently qualified to promote the administration of justice in the Supreme Court, by detecting misrepresentations of the Hindu or Mohammedan laws, and by correcting impositions in the form of administering oaths to the followers of Brahma and Mohammed. If no other benefit had resulted from his study of these languages, than the compilation of the digest, and the translation of Menu and of two Mohammedan law tracts, this application of his talents to promote objects of the first importance to India and Europe, would have entitled him to the acknowledgments of both countries. Of his studies in general it may be observed, that the end which he always had in view was practical utility; that knowledge was not accumulated by him, as a source of mere intellectual recreation, or to gratify an idle curiosity, or for the idler purpose of ostentatiously displaying his acquisitions: to render himself useful to his country and mankind, and to promote the prosperity of both, were the primary and permanent motives of his indefatigable exertions in the pursuit of knowledge.

The inflexible integrity with which he discharged the solemn duty of this station, will long be remembered in Calcutta, both by Europeans and natives. So cautious was he to guard the independence of his character from any possibility of violation or imputation, that no solicitation could prevail upon him to use his personal influence with

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the members of administration in India, to advance the private interests of friends whom he esteemed, and which he would have been happy to promote. He knew the dignity, and felt the importance, of his office; and, convinced that none could afford him more ample scope for exerting his talents to the benefit of mankind, his ambition never extended beyond it. No circumstance occasioned his death to be more lamented by the public, than the loss of his abilities as Judge, of which they had the experience of eleven years.

When we consider the time required for the study of the Law, as a profession, and that portion of it, which was devoted by Sir William Jones to the discharge of his duties as Judge and Magistrate in India, it must appear astonishing, that he should have found leisure for the acquisition of his numerous attainments in science and literature, and for completing the voluminous works which have been given to the public. On this subject I shall, I trust, be excused for using, as I may find convenient, my own language in a discourse which I addressed to the Asiatic society a few days after his decease.

There were in truth few sciences in which he had not acquired considerable proficiency; in most, his knowledge was profound. The theory of music was familiar to him, nor had he neglected to render himself acquainted with the interesting discoveries lately made in chemistry; and I have heard him assert, that his admiration of the struc-

ture of the human frame, induced him to attend for a season, to a course of anatomical lectures delivered by his friend, the celebrated Hunter. Of his skill in mathematics I am so far qualified to speak, that he frequently perused and solved the problems in the Principia.

His last and favourite pursuit was the study of Botany. It constituted the principal amusement of his leisure hours. In the arrangement of Linnæus he discovered system, truth, and science, which never failed to captivate and engage his attention; and from the proofs which he has exhibited of his progress in botany, we may conclude, if he had lived, that he would have extended the discoveries in that science*. From two of the essays mentioned in the note, I shall transcribe two short extracts, which mark his judgement and delicacy of sentiment: "If botany could be "described by metaphors drawn from the science "itself, we may justly pronounce a minute ac- "quaintance with *plants*, their *classes*, *orders*, "*kinds*, and *species*, to be its *flowers*, which can "only produce *fruit* by an application of that "knowledge to the purposes of life, particularly to "*diet* by which diseases may be avoided, and to

* Besides occasional botanical information, we have, in the Works of Sir William Jones, vol. ii. p. 1, a little tract intitled, *The Design of a Treatise on the Plants of India*, p. 39: *A Catalogue of* 420 *Indian Plants*, comprehending their Sanscrit, and as many of the Linnæan generic names, as could with any degree of precision be ascertained: and, p. 47, *Botanical Observations on seventy select Indian Plants;* which last was a posthumous publication.

"*medicine*

"*medicine* by which they may be remedied." On the indelicacy of the Linnæan definitions, he observes: "Hence it is, that no well-born and well-"educated woman can be advised to amuse "herself with botany, as it is now explained; "though a more elegant and delightful study, or "one more likely to assist and embellish other "female accomplishments, could not possibly be "recommended."

It cannot be deemed useless or superfluous, to enquire by what arts or method he was enabled to attain this extraordinary degree of knowledge. The faculties of his mind, by nature vigorous, were improved by constant exercise; and his memory, by habitual practice, had acquired a capacity of retaining whatever had once been imprinted upon it. In his early years, he seems to have entered upon his career of study with this maxim strongly impressed upon his mind, That whatever had been attained, was attainable by him; and it has been remarked, that he never neglected nor overlooked any opportunity of improving his intellectual faculties, or of acquiring esteemed accomplishments.

To an unextinguished ardour for universal information, he joined a perseverance in the pursuit of it, which subdued all obstacles. His studies in India began with the dawn, and during the intermissions of professional duties, were continued throughout the day; reflection and meditation strengthened and confirmed what industry and investigation

vestigation had accumulated. It was also a fixed principle with him, from which he never voluntarily deviated, not to be deterred by any difficulties that were surmountable, from prosecuting to a successful termination, what he had once deliberately undertaken.

But what appears to me more particularly to have enabled him to employ his talents so much to his own and the public advantage, was the regular allotment of his time to particular occupations, and a scrupulous adherence to the distribution which he had fixed; hence all his studies were pursued without interruption or confusion*. Nor can

* It was a favourite opinion of Sir William Jones, that all men are born with an equal capacity for improvement. The assertion (which I do not admit) will remind the reader of the modest declaration of Sir Isaac Newton, that, if he had done the world any service, it was due to nothing but industry and patient thought. The following lines were sent to Sir William by a friend, Thomas Law, Esq. in consequence of a conversation in which he had maintained the opinion which I have imputed to him; his answer, which was unpremeditated, is a confirmation of it:

Sir William, you attempt in vain,
By depth of reason to maintain,
That all men's talents are the same,
And they, not Nature, are to blame.
Whate'er you say, whate'er you write,
Proves your opponents in the right.
Lest genius should be ill defin'd,
I term it *your superior mind;*
Hence to your friends 'tis plainly shown,
You're ignorant of yourself alone.

Sir WILLIAM JONES's Answer:

Ah! but too well, dear friend, I know
My fancy weak, my reason slow;

My

can I omit remarking the candour and complacency, with which he gave his attention to all persons, of whatever quality, talents, or education; he justly concluded, that curious or important information might be gained even from the illiterate, and wherever it was to be obtained, he sought and seized it.

The literary designs which he still meditated*, seem to have been as ample as those which he executed; and if it had pleased Providence to have extended the years of his existence, he would in a great measure have exhausted whatever was curious, important, and attainable, in the arts, sciences, and histories of India, Arabia, Persia, China, and Tartary. His collections on these subjects were extensive, and his ardour and industry we know were unlimited. It is to be hoped that the progressive labour of the society will in part supply, what he had so extensively planned†.

Of

My memory by art improv'd,
My mind by baseless trifles mov'd:
Give me (thus high my pride I raise)
The ploughman's or the gardener's praise,
With patient and unceasing toil,
To meliorate a stubborn soil:
And say, (no higher meed I ask)
With zeal hast thou perform'd thy task?
Praise, of which virtuous minds may boast,
They best confer, who merit most.

* See Memoirs, p. 415.

† The following paper, written by Sir William Jones, was found amongst his papers after his death, and may be considered as exhibiting his Oriental literary projects:

DESIDE-

Of his private and social virtues it still remains to speak; and I could with pleasure expatiate on the independence of his integrity, his humanity and probity, as well as his benevolence, which every living creature participated.

Could the figure, (I quote with pleasure his own words,) instincts, and qualities of birds, beasts,

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DESIDERATA.—INDIA.

1. The Ancient Geography of India, &c. from the Puránas.
2. A Botanical Description of Indian Plants from the Coshás, &c.
3. A Grammar of the Sanscrit Language from Pánini, &c.
4. A Dictionary of the Sanscrit Language from thirty-two original Vocabularies and Niructi.
5. On the Antient Music of the Indians.
6. On the Medical Substances of India, and the Indian Art of Medicine.
7. On the Philosophy of the Ancient Indians.
8. A Translation of the Véda.
9. On Ancient Indian Geometry, Astronomy, and Algebra.
10. A Translation of the Puránas.
11. Translation of the Mahábharat and Rámáyan.
12. On the Indian Theatre, &c. &c.
13. On the Indian Constellations, with their Mythology, from the Puránas.
14. The History of India before the Mohammedan Conquest. From the Sanscrit Cashmir Histories.

ARABIA.

15. The History of Arabia before Mohammed.
16. A Translation of the Hamása.
17. A Translation of Hariri.
18. A Translation of the Fácahatâl Khulafá. Of the Cáfiah.

PERSIA.

19. The History of Persia, from Authorities in Sanscrit, Arabic, Greek, Turkish, Persian, Ancient and Modern.
20. The Five Poems of Nizámi, translated in Prose.

A Dictionary of pure Persian—Jehangiri.

CHINA.

21. Translation of the Shí-cing.
22. The Text of Con-fu-tsu, verbally translated.

TARTARY.

23. A History of the Tartar Nations, chiefly of the Moguls and Othmans, from the Turkish and Persian.

insects,

insects, reptiles, and fish, be ascertained, either on the plan of Buffon, or on that of Linnæus, without giving pain to the objects of our examination, few studies would afford us more solid instruction, or more exquisite delight; but I never could learn by what right, nor conceive with what feelings, a naturalist can occasion the misery of an innocent bird, and leave its young, perhaps, to perish in a cold nest, because it has gay plumage, and has never been accurately delineated, or deprive even a butterfly of its natural enjoyments, because it has the misfortune to be rare or beautiful: nor shall I ever forget the couplet of Ferdausi, for which Sadi, who cites it with applause, pours blessings on his departed spirit:

Ah! spare yon emmet, rich in hoarded grain;
He lives with pleasure, and he dies with pain.

This may be only a confession of weakness, and it certainly is not meant as a boast of peculiar sensibility; but whatever name may be given to my opinion, it has such an effect on my conduct, that I never would suffer the *cocila*, whose wild native wood-notes announce the approach of spring, to be caught in my garden, for the sake of comparing it with Buffon's description; though I have often examined the domestic and engaging *Mayana*, which "bids us good morrow" at our windows, and expects, as its reward, little more than security: even when a fine young *manis* or *pangolin* was brought to me, against my wish, from the mountains, I solicited his restoration to his beloved rocks, because I found it impossible to preserve him in comfort at a distance from them.

I have noticed his cheerful and assiduous performance of his filial and fraternal duty: To the other virtues of Mr. Jones, (I quote the testimony and words of professor Bjornshal, who visited Oxford whilst Sir William Jones resided there, obligingly communicated to me by Dr. Ford of Mag. Hall,) "I ought to add that of filial duty, "which he displays at all times in the most ex- "emplary manner. I am not singular in the ob- "servation here made. Every one acquainted "with Mr. Jones, makes it likewise. I feel a "pleasure in dwelling upon a character that does "such high honour to human nature." The unceasing regret of Lady Jones is a proof of his claim upon her conjugal affections; and I could dwell with rapture on the affability of his conversation and manners, on his modest, unassuming deportment, nor can I refrain from remarking, that he was totally free from pedantry, as well as from that arrogance and self-sufficiency, which sometimes accompany and disgrace the greatest abilities; his presence was the delight of every society, which his conversation exhilarated and improved.

His intercourse with the Indian natives of character and abilities was extensive: he liberally rewarded those by whom he was served and assisted, and his dependents were treated by him as friends. Under this denomination, he has frequently mentioned in his works the names of Bahman, a native of Yezd, and follower of the doctrines of Zoröaster, whom he retained in his

pay,

pay, and whose death he often adverted to with regret. Nor can I resist the impulse which I feel to repeat an anecdote of what occurred after his demise; the pundits who were in the habit of attending him, when I saw them at a public *durbar*, a few days after that melancholy event, could neither restrain their tears for his loss, nor find terms to express their admiration at the wonderful progress which he had made, in the sciences which they professed *.

If this character of Sir William Jones be not exaggerated by the partiality of friendship, we shall all apply to him his own words, "it is happy "for us that this man was born." I have borrowed the application of them from Dr. Parr:

* The following is a translation of a Sanscrit note written to Sir William Jones, by a venerable pundit, whom he employed in superintending the compilation of Hindu law. From my own communications with the writer of the note, I can venture to assert, that his expressions of respect for Sir William Jones, although in the Oriental style, were most sincere.

Trivédi Servoru Sarman, who depends on you alone for support, presents his humble duty, with a hundred benedictions.

VERSES.

1. To you there are many like me; yet to me there is none like you, but yourself; there are numerous groves of night flowers; yet the night flower sees nothing like the moon, but the moon.
2. A hundred chiefs rule the world, but thou art an ocean, and they are mere wells; many luminaries are awake in the sky, but which of them can be compared to the Sun?

Many words are needless to inform those who know all things. The law tract of *Atri*, will be delivered by the hand of the footman, dispatched by your Excellence.—Prosperity attend you!

I add a translation of two couplets in elegant Arabic, addressed by Maulavi Casim to Sir William Jones. The writer was employed by him in compiling the Mohammedan law.

Mayest thou remain with us perpetually, for thy presence is an ornament and a delight to the age!

May no unpleasant event find its way to thee; and mayest thou have no share in the vicissitudes of fortune!

and who more competent can be found, to estimate the merit of the great scholar, whom he deems worthy of this eulogium?

In the pleasing office of delineating his virtues, my regret for his loss has been suspended, but will never be obliterated; and whilst I cherish with pride the recollection that he honoured me with his esteem, I cannot cease to feel and lament that the voice, to which I listened with rapture and improvement, is heard no more.

As far as happiness may be considered dependent upon the attainment of our wishes, he possessed it. At the period of his death, by a prudent attention to economy, which never encroached upon his liberality, he had acquired a competency, and was in a situation to enjoy dignity with independence. For this acquisition he was indebted to the exertion of his talents and abilities, of energies well directed, and usefully applied to the benefit of his country and mankind. He had obtained a reputation which might gratify the highest ambition: and as far as human happiness is also connected with expectation, he had in prospect a variety of employments, the execution of which depended only on the continuance of his health and intellectual powers. I shall not here enlarge upon the common topic of the vanity of human wishes, prospects, and enjoyments, which my subject naturally suggests; but if my reader should not participate that admiration which the memory of Sir William Jones excites in my mind, I must submit to the mortification of having depreciated

preciated a character, which I had fondly hoped would be effectually emblazoned by its own excellence, if I did but simply recite the talents and virtues which conspired to dignify and adorn it.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE following Epitaph, evidently intended for himself, was written by Sir William Jones, a short time only before his demise. It displays some striking features of his character; resignation to the will of his Creator, love and good-will to mankind, and is modestly silent upon his intellectual attainments:

An Epitaph.

Here was deposited,
the mortal part of a man,
who feared GOD, but not death;
and maintained independence,
but sought not riches;
Who thought
none below him, but the base and unjust,
none above him, but the wise and virtuous;
Who loved
his parents, kindred, friends, country,
with an ardour
which was the chief source of
all his pleasures and all his pains:
And who, having devoted
his life to their service,
and to
the improvement of his mind,
resigned it calmly,
giving glory to his CREATOR,
wishing peace on earth,
and with
good-will to all creatures,
on the [*Twenty-seventh*] day of [*April*]
in the year of our blessed Redeemer,
One Thousand Seven Hundred [*and Ninety-four*].

The

The Court of Directors of the East-India Company embraced an early opportunity of testifying their respect for the merit of Sir William Jones. By an unanimous vote of the Court, it was resolved, that a monument to his memory should be ordered, for the purpose of being erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, with a suitable inscription, and that a statue of Sir William Jones should be prepared at the expence of the Company, and sent to Bengal, with directions for its being placed in a proper situation there.

The posthumous honours paid to his memory by a society of gentlemen in Bengal, who had received their education at Oxford, were no less liberal than appropriate. They subscribed a sum to be given as a prize for the best dissertation on his character and merits, by any of the students at that University; and the proposal, with the sanction of the heads of the University, having been carried into execution, the premium was adjudged to Mr. Henry Philpotts, A. M., Fellow of Magdalen College.

The expectations of my readers would be disappointed, if I were not to mention the solicitude of Lady Jones, and the means adopted by her, for perpetuating the fame of a husband, with whom she had lived in the closest union of esteem and affection. Without dwelling upon the elegant monument erected to his memory at her expense, in the anti-chamber of University-College, Oxford, her regard for his reputation was more effectually

evinced, by the publication of his works in an elegant edition of six quarto volumes, in strict conformity to his opinion, that, "The best monument that can be erected to a man of literary "talents, is a good edition of his works."

On the 27th of January 1795, Sir William Jones was unanimously elected a corresponding member of the *Historical Society of Massachusetts*. The society had soon the mortification to learn, that, nine months before the date of their vote, the object of their intended distinction was no more. The following letter, notifying the resolution of the society, was addressed, by the president of it, to Sir William Jones:

SIR; *Boston, Feb. 7, 1795.*

As president, and by the direction of the Massachusetts Historical Society, I have the honour to inclose you a vote of that corporation, by which you are elected a member of it.

You have also, by this conveyance, a few publications, and a copy of our charter: by the latter you will see, as well the legal date, as the design of our institution. We possess a large hall in the centre of Boston, where we deposit those books, publications, and other matters, which may have a tendency to fix and illustrate the political, civil, and natural history of this continent: and we have been very successful in our attempts to collect materials for that purpose.

Your character, and the attention which the

world allows you to have paid to learning of this kind, have induced us to pursue such measures as we hope will obtain your good wishes, and friendly regard: and we shall have great pleasure in forwarding to you, from time to time, such other books and publications, as we may suppose to be acceptable to you.

Any observations from you, or any member of the society in which you preside, illustrating those facts which compose the natural history of America, or of any other part of the world, will be received as valuable marks of your attention.

As the correspondence of literary and philosophical societies, established in different nations, is an intercourse of true philanthropy, and has a manifest tendency to increase that friendship, and to support that harmony in the great family of mankind, on which the happiness of the world so much depends, it can never solicit your aid without success.—I have the honour to be, with sentiments of the highest respect, your most obedient, humble servant, J. Sullivan.

It is certainly to be greatly regretted, that Sir William Jones did not live to translate the digest of Hindu law, in the compilation of which he had bestowed so much time and attention. It is however satisfactory to know, that his benevolent intentions in this laborious work have not been disappointed, and that Mr. H. T. Colebrooke, in the civil service of the East-India Company at Bengal, from motives of public spirit, and a laud-

able hope of distinction, has completed a translation of it, with an ability which does him the highest credit. This voluminous work was undertaken and executed by Mr. Colebrooke, under the pressure of unintermitted official occupations, and is a proof of literary industry rarely exceeded.

For the gratification of the reader's curiosity, I insert the short but characteristic translation of the Preface of the Hindu Compilers of the Digest.

PREFACE BY THE COMPILERS.

Having saluted the Ruler of Gods, the Lord of Beings, and the King of Dangers, Lord of Divine Classes, the Daughter of the King of Mountains, the venerable Sages, and the reverend Authors of Books; I, JAGANAT'HA, Son of Budra, by command of the Protectors of the Land, compile this book, intitled, *The Sea of controversial Waves*, perspicuous, diffusive, with its islands and gems, pleasing to the princes and the learned.

What is my intellect? A crazy boat, compared with the sacred code, that perilous ocean. The favour of the Supreme Ruler is my sole refuge, in traversing that ocean with this crazy vessel.

The learned Radhacanta Gonespresada, of firm and spotless mind, Ramamóhana Ramanidhee Ganasyama, and Gungadhara, a league of assiduous pupils, must effect the completion of this work, which shall gratify the minds of princes:—of this I have unquestioned certainty.

Embarking

Embarking on ships, often do men undaunted traverse the perilous deep, aided by long cables, and impelled by propitious gales.

Having viewed the title of loans, and the rest as promulged by wise legislators, in codes of laws, and as expounded by former intelligent authors;

And having meditated their obscure passages with the lessons of venerable teachers, the whole is now delivered by *me*.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Quàm jucunda mihi fuit illa semihora, quâ tecum de poëtis Persicis, meis tuisque deliciis, sum collocutus: initium enim amicitiæ et dulcissimæ inter nos consuetudinis arbitrabar fuisse. Quam spem utriusque nostri importuna negotia fefellerunt. Ruri enim diutiùs quàm vellem commorari, variæ me cogunt occupationes. Tu Germaniam, ut audivi, quàm citissimè proficisci meditaris. Doleo itaque amicitiam nostram in ipso flore quasi decidere. Illud tamen tanquam lenimen doloris mei restat, nempè ut, si præsens te præsentem alloqui non possim, liceat certè quidem per literas colloqui, et cùm sermonis communicatione, tùm conjunctione studiorum, perfrui. At cùm de amicitiâ nostrâ loquar, ne, quæso, videar hoc tam gravi nomine abuti. Permagno enim vinculo conjungi solent ii qui iisdem utuntur studiis, qui literas humaniores colunt, qui in iisdem curis et cogitationibus evigilant. Studia eadem sequimur, eadem colimus et consectamur. Hoc tamen inter nos interest: nempè, tu in literis Asiaticis es quàm doctissimus; ego verò, ut in iis doctus sim, nitor, contendo, elaboro. In harum literarum amore

non

non patiar ut me vincas, ita enim incredibilitèr illis delector, nihil ut suprà possit : equidem poësi Græcorum jam indè à puero ita delectabar, ut nihil mihi Pindari carminibus elatius, nihil Anacreonte dulcius, nihil Sapphûs, Archilochi, Alcæi, ac Simonidis aureis illis relliquiis politius aut nitidius esse videretur. At cum poësin Arabicam et Persicam degustarem, illicò exarescere * * * *

No. II.

REVICZKI à Mons. JONES.

Monsieur,

Je suis très sensible à votre souvenir, et aux compliments réitérés, dans vos lettres à Madame de Vaucluse : je puis dire que j'en suis un peu fier, me glorifiant, de ce qu'une entrevue d'un quart d'heure m'a pu procurer l'honneur de votre amitié. Je tâcherois bien de la cultiver, si mon plan me permettoit de faire un plus long séjour dans ce pays-ci, ou du moins, si je pouvois vous rencontrer à Oxford, où je pense de me rendre avant que je quitte l'Angleterre. J'apprens avec plaisir, que vous avez été chargé de donner au public, un Essai sur la Prosodie des Orienteaux; comme je suis persuadé que vous vous acquitterez dignement de cette commission, et qu'un bon succès couronnera votre entreprise, je suis charmé d'avance, de l'humiliation que vous ferez essuyer à tous nos Poëtes Européens, qui ne pourront pas s'empêcher d'avoir honte de la pauvreté de leurs langues prosaïques, lorsqu'ils s'apperceveront, que

que les langues Orientales, independamment de la rime, que est de leur invention, ont de véritables quantités de syllabes aussi bien que les Grecs, avec une variété de pieds plus abondantes encore, et par conséquent un vrai art métrique et prosodique. Je prends la liberté de vous envoyer le cahier d'une de mes dernières traductions de Hafyz, dont je m'amuse quelquefois quand j'ai du loisir. Vous qui connoissez le génie de la langue Persanne, trouverez sans doute mon entreprise téméraire, aussi ne cherche-je point à faire sentir la beauté de l'original dans ma version, mais uniquement les pensées simples et sans ornement, j'y joins aussi une paraphrase en vers, mais très libre. En quoi je me suis le plus éloigné du texte, c'est en substituant quelquefois au mignon une maîtresse, soit pour donner une liaison aux vers, qui par la nature même du Ghazel, n'en ont point; soit pour me conformer en cela au gout de nos pays; d'autant plus que dans le premier vers, le Persan lui-même parle de sa maîtresse. Vous trouverez aussi à coté du texte Persan, des expressions analogues des poëtes Grecs et Latins, suivant que je m'en souviens lorsque je lis Hafyz. J'espère d'avoir l'honneur de vous voir ici avant mon départ, vous assurant que je compte parmi les plus grands avantages que j'ai eu en Angleterre, l'honneur de votre connoissance.

Je suis votre très-humble Serviteur,

Reviczki.

No. III.

REVICZKI à Mons. JONES.

Monsieur ; *Londres, le 24ème de Fevrier*, 1768.

Le jour même que j'ai expédié la mienne, j'ai reçu votre savante et obligeante lettre, que j'ai lû avec un plaisir infini, quoique j'aurois souhaité qu'elle fût un peu moins flateuse sur mon compte, et moins modeste sur le vôtre. Toutefois je ne prends pas vos expressions à la lettre, et malgré tout ce que vous puissiez dire, je vois clairement par votre goût et jugement sur les passages cités dans votre lettre, que vous avez fait un grand chemin dans la littérature Orientale. Je vous prie cependant, quelque grace pour le Grec et le Latin ; car quoique je ne puisse pas nier qu'il y a quelque genre de poésie, où les Orienteaux et particulièrement les Persans ont atteint un degré de perfection et de supériorité, je ne me ferois point de scrupule, de renoncer plutôt à la connoissance de ces trois langues qu'à la seule langue Grecque. Je suis bien aisé que votre ouvrage soit déjà si avancé, et que je puisse espérer de la voir bientôt rendu public. Je serois fort embarassé de vous donner quelque avis au sujet de votre livre, à cause que je suis actuellement depourvu de tout livre qui traite directement de cette matière, et que d'ailleurs, c'est une mer à boire, que l'abondance et la variété du metre Oriental, et qu'il est impossible d'en savoir par cœur toutes les parties. Je serois curieux de savoir, sous quel chapitre vous avez rangé

rangé Le Kaside, genre de poésie très en vogue parmi les Arabes, et cultivé avec grand succès, qui répond plus qu'aucun autre à l'élogie Latine, mais qui par sa construction tient au Ghazel, avec cette différence, que le Ghazel, suivant les règles, ne devroit jamais passer 13 distiques ou beits; et que le Kaside n'est borné à aucun nombre; 2do, que les beits du Ghazel doivent par leur nature comprendre en eux-mêmes, et terminer tout le sens, pendant que ceux du Kaside ont du rapport entre eux, en continuant le même sujet. Un exemple admirable de ce dernier est celui sur la mort de Mahomet, célèbre dans tout l'Orient, et connu par cœur à tous les gens de lettres, dans une allégorie continuelle, mais admirable et très pathétique, dont le commencement est tel, si je m'en souviens:

امن تذكر جيران بذي سلم
مزجت دمعاً جري من مقلة بدم

Pour ce qui regarde vos doutes sur la prétendue allégorie de Hafyz, il y auroit beaucoup à dire, car il semble que le respect et la vénération que les Mahométans portent à la mémoire de ce grand génie, est la véritable cause de leur mystérieuse interprétation, voulant par là justifier la conduite du poëte en nous le donnant pour un homme irréprochable aussi bien dans ses mœurs que dans ses vers. La plus grande partie de ses commentateurs, comme Shemy, Surury, et les autres, s'évertuent d'expliquer

d'expliquer dans un sens mystique les vers qui roulent sur le vin, les garçons, les plaisirs, et le mépris de la religion, comme indigne d'un bon Musulman; mais le plus habile de ces interprêtes, le savant Sudi, n'a pas voulu suivre cette méthode, disant, que quelque raison que puissent avoir les autres commentateurs, sans combattre leurs bonnes intentions, il se contentera d'expliquer le texte littéralement. Il ne sera pas peut-être mal-à-propos, de marquer ici une anecdote, que j'ai lû quelque part touchant Hafyz; ce grand homme étant mort, quelques-uns des Ulemas, ont fait difficulté de lui accorder la sépulture, à cause du libertinage de ses poësies, mais en fin après bien de contestations, il en sont venu au *Tefal*, c'est-à-dire à la pratique, d'ouvrir son Divan au hazard, moyenant une aiguille; le premier vers qui s'offrit à leur vûe fut le suivant:

قدم دریغ مدار از جنازه حافظ
اگرچه غرق گناهست میرود ببهشت

Ce passage ayant été pris pour une décision du ciel, les Ulemas furent bientôt d'accord, et on le fit enterrer dans l'endroit même du Musella, devenu célèbre par ses vers. Si je ne me trompe pas, cette circonstance se trouve dans Katib celebi. Quant à moi, tout autant que je suis porté à croire que Hafyz en parlant de vin et de l'amour n'entend point finesse en cela, de même je dois avouer que je ne trouve point des obscénités en lui, ni des ex-

pressions

pressions sales et grossières, comme cela arrive assez souvent à Sadi. Je ne puis m'empêcher non plus de le regarder comme un esprit fort, et je pourrois citer cent exemples, pour montrer qu'il se moque du prophête et de l'Alcoran comme quand il dit:

ان تلخ دش كه صوفى ام الخبايث خواند
اشهى لنا و احلى من قبلة العذارا

Pour les poëtes Turcs, j'avoue que je ne les lis pas avec le même plaisir, quoique je convienne qu'il y en a quelques-uns qui ont du mérite; le plus agréable, à mon avis, est Ruhi Bagdady, dont il y a des satyres admirables. Je ne sais pas s'il est de votre connoissance. Mais la plupart des Turcs ne sont que des copistes ou traducteurs des Persans, et souvent destitués de goût et d'harmonie.

Je ne puis pas deviner la raison qui vous fait trouver, Monsieur, un sens impudique dans ce beau vers de Mesihi:

الهي سن بني ايلمه سينه
صرلما يمجه يارك سينه سينه

dont le simple sens est: "Mon Dieu, ne m'envoyez pas au tombeau sans que j'aye auparavant embrassé mon ami;" à moins que vous ne fassiez consister l'obscénité dans l'amitié d'un garçon, qui est l'éternel sujet de toutes les poësies Orientales aussi bien que Grecques et quelquefois Latines.

Je

Je vous envoye la plus fraiche de mes traductions, en vous priant de me la renvoyer quand vous en serez las, car je n'en aî point de copies. Je suis, avec la plus parfaite estime et vénération,

Votre très-humble Serviteur, REVICZKI.

No. IV.

REVICZKIUS JONESIO, S.

Londini, Martii die 7, 1768.

Dicámne me literis tuis delectatum, an eruditum? Prorsus animi pendeo, tu in literis omne punctum tulisse videris, hoc unum reprehendendum existimo, quòd concisione peccent, etsi tu prolixitatis notam incurrere verearis. Quòd missam ad te duarum odarum versionem intemperanti laude efferas, quòdve meas esse aliquid putâris nugas, id purè putà humanitatis ac comitatis tuæ indicium esse suspicor; quòd autem in sphalmata mea benignus animadverteris, seriò habeo gratiam, uti vice versâ, quòd tam parcus fueris in castigandâ errorum meorum sylvâ, indulgentiæ tuæ adscribo. Itaque etsi summoperè cavendum mihi sit, ne, dum culpam removere studeo, gratiam, quam profiteor, imminuere videar; non possum tamen apud animum meum impetrare, ut omni penitùs apologiæ supersedeam. Quare non incongruum puto monere, me, nullo sive ostentationis sive gloriæ studio, ad versus scribendos animum appulisse, quos jam olim in scholæ limine valere jussos, non ante hos tres menses, otio me ad id pelliciente, resumsi; non

aliâ,

aliâ, τῆς μεταπλάσεως, ratione, quàm quòd, Latinè redditis 50 circiter odis mercurialis nostri Hafyzi,

——— cujus amor tantùm mihi crescit in horas,
Quantùm vere novo viridis se subjicit alnus,—

in ipso progressu operis tam immanem observavi metaphrasis meæ à prototypo difformitatem, ut me laboris fastidium ceperit. Nam etsi præter illam inficetam, sed religiosam versionem, quam singulis distichis subscriptam vides, aliam liberiorem et tersiorem, Latinâ æquè ac Gallicâ linguâ, præ manibus habeam; tamen non est minùs discrepans à textu, quàm حکایت زرروز دبر یا باف Hoc est,

Historia aurifabri et storearum textoris. Hafiz.

Accedit, quòd sæpissimè ad exprimendum unius monosyllabi sensum, sesquipedali paraphrasi sit utendum. Proindè non abs re futurum judicavi, ligatâ nonnunquam oratione textum Persicum æmulari; cujus tamen qualicunque successui illud semper obstabit, quòd in Ghazelâ, nulla sit versuum cohæsio et ἀλληλουχία, cujus defectum Latina poësis nullâ ratione admittit. Sed de his affatim.

* * * * * * *

Librum de poësi Hebræorum quem commendas, episcopi Oxoniensis, quémve tibi pro exemplari proposuisti, legi jam aliàs, et quidem magnâ cum voluptate, quamvis in præsentiarum parum ex illo memoriæ meæ inhæreat: hoc unum recordor, quòd dictione æquè ac methodo sit præditus admirabili. Flores Græci et Orientales epistolæ tuæ interspersi,

interspersi, oppidò me delectaverunt, et observo tuum in eorum delectu judicium. Propositum autem Orientem visendi, laudo quidem, sed prævièsuadeo ut linguæ seu Turcicæ seu vulgaris Arabicæ usum tibi familiarem reddas, si profectum et voluptatem ex itinere illo consequi est animus, quandoquidem non aliâ ratione Mahometanos affari conceditur.

Quod de servili Turcarum imitatione dixi, non de omni imitatione dictum volo. Scio enim multos imitando archetypum superâsse, uti hoc, Georgica Virgilii, et Hesiodi ἔργα καὶ ἡμέραι testantur. Nec ipse Hafyz negaverit nonnulla se ab aliis mutuatum, utpote quem non puduerit subindè integros versus transcribere: sicut ille est in ipso frontis opere: quem, mutato tantùm hemistichiorum ordine, Iëzido filio surripuit, apud quem ita legitur; اور کلسا و ناولها الایا ایها السّا کي

ut nihil dicam de integrâ ferè ghazelâ alio in loco, &c. &c. Offendor enimverò insulsâ illâ et penè continuâ poëtarum Turcarum imitatione, de quibus non ineptè quis dictum putet,

O imitatores, servum pecus!

ut Horatius noster, &c.

Quæris quid sentiam de aliis Persarum poëtis? núnve solum Hafyz ore rotundo loqui censeam? Asbit! quis enim potest primam Sadii paginam inspicere, quin se in exstasin rapi sentiat? Immo scire te volo, mihi primum stimulum additum fuisse ad Orientales literas perdiscendas hâc Sadii

strophâ,

ropha, quam fortuitò didascalus meus Constantinopoli recitavit et interpretatus est:

اي كريمي كه از خزانه غيب
كبر و ترسا وظيفه خورداري
و وستانرا كجا كني محروم
تو كه بادشمنان نظر داري

Sed quis non indignetur lepidissimum scriptorem, à tam illepido metaphraste, quàm fuit meâ sententiâ Gentius, Latinitate donatum. Non diffiteor tamen magis me mulceri lectione Hafyzi, eò quòd in illo verba sententiosa hilaritate mixta deprehendam. Quod Jiamium attinet; etsi illius opere destituar, memor tamen eorum quæ Constantinopoli degens aliquando legi, non vereor dicere poëtarum totius Persiæ esse felicissimum. Et quidem judicio Sudij, Hafyz in compluribus divani sui *Kafiis* sive ἰσοκαλλήξη quem vulgus rhythmum vocat, est incomparabilis, uti in literis: ا : م . ت &c.; in aliis rursum literis est remissior; in nonnullis denique planè languet, quando Jiamii per omnes alphabeti literas eâdem felicitate decurrit. Ghazelam اگر ان ترک non verti Latino carmine ob versuum incohærentiam; sed si prosaïcam versionem et notas desideras, lubens obsequar. Interea mitto hunc novissimum, non partum adhuc, sed embrionem.—Vale.

Londini, die 7 Martii.

P. S.

P. S. Versus tuos Arabicos miror mehercle, non tantùm probo; sed in hoc non ausim te æmulari.

No. V.

REVICZKIUS JONESIO, S.

Londini, 17 *Martii*, 1768.

Oppidò recreatus sum literis tuis, præcipuè vero multiplici tuâ versione, imitatione, compositione. Quarum argumento clarè evincis, te non tantùm

——— Exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ versâsse manu, versâsse diurnâ,

sed omnem propemodùm Hellenici sermonis δεινοτητα και χαριεντισμον assecutum esse. Multæ sunt veneres in odâ tuâ ad Venerem, et plenus laudis conatus in adæquando divino exemplari. Sed quis possit sibi à luctu temperare, cùm observaverit, non tantùm nos jacturam pati lepidissimi operis, sed quòd illæ etiam perpaucæ reliquiæ quæ supersunt, adeò sunt mutilatæ & depravatæ? Nam etsi lubens concedam, textum odæ, quem tu elegisti, sive illum etiam Dionys. edit. Upton., præferendum esse Stephaniano, aut cujuscunque est illa (si diis placet) emendatio, quòd in tuo exemplari major habeatur dialecti ratio, ac plures insint γνησιότητος χαρακτηρες: tamen negari non potest complures vel in eo reperiri hiatus, et menda, quæ nullâ satis explicatione aut sensûs detorsione celari possunt. Quamvis autem credibile sit, Æoliam puellam suo particulari idiomate locutam, cujus leges ætate nostrâ non satis perspectæ sint: quis tamen putet Æolicam dialectum

metro et prosodiæ oppositam, ut nihil dicam de sensu ipso in aliquot locis corrupto?

* * * * * * * * *

Elegans omninò est versio illa tua de osculo Agathonis. Consimilis idea est in illo Hafyzi disticho:

عزم دیدار تو دارد جان بر لب امده
باز گردد یا دراید چیست فرمان شما

Id est, ut oris tui aspectu frui possit, anima mea tota in labiis meis hæret. Jube ergo quod vis; nam à tuo nutu pendet, utrum exiens me inanimem relinquat, an verò rediens me mihi reddat. Auctor Ὀαρίστυος Δάφνιδος καὶ κορης lubricum Platonis versum prorsus αισχρολογῶς usurpavit:

αιθ' ἀυταν δυνάμαν και ταν ψυχαν' επιβαλλειν.

Quod pollicitus sum, mitto tibi ghazelam, *Eker an Turki*, &c. cum versione prosâ, unà autem etiam adumbrationem aliquam in versu, alio tempore expoliendam. Velim autem mihi perscribas, utrùm scias extare aliquam Hafyzi versionem, sive typis editam, sive manuscriptam, Latinè, aut quovis alio Europæo idiomate. Nam quòd sciam nullus adhuc poëtæ hujus interpretationem tentavit, præter primam ghazelam, quæ nuperrimè iterum in analectis professoris Hyde in publicum est emissa.

Obsecro te insuper, ut indicare mihi velis, ubi locorum invenire valeam librum primum Iliadis Homeri cum analysi et notis in usum scholarum, in Angliâ typis vulgatum, quem amicus meus pro filio comparandum flagitat.

Ghazela,

Ghazela, cujus *shahi beit* laudas, profectò lepida est; cujus primi distichii solummodò recordor:

مي خواه و كافشان كن از دهر چه ميجوي
اين كفت سحركه كل بلبل تو چه ميكوي

Quamvis sarcinas meas colligere inceperim, ac libros meos in cystam condiderim; tamen si animo tuo arridet, aut si ad propositum tuum facit, ghazelam hanc, priùs quàm proficiscar, vertendam assumam.—Tu proindè jube, ac vale.

No. VI.

REVICZKIUS JONESIO, S.

Quòd solito tardiùs respondeam amicissimis tuis literis, nova et planè peregrina civitatis hujus facies in causâ est. Nec puto vitio mihi vertas, quòd advenam me, peculiaris genti huic, et invisa aliàs, consuetudo, paulò longiùs detinuerit; fateor enim me nuspiam tali methodo patres conscriptos decerni comperisse. Initio quidem novitate jucundum visum, sed sensìm eò turbarum progressa res est, ut propè pertæsus sim spectaculi. Nunc igitur, crescente adhuc tumultu, domì manere satius ducens, occasionem nactus sum literam hanc exarandi. Gratulor mihi imprimis quòd missam ad te carminis Persici versionem indulgentèr receperis, quòd me ex eo idoneum judicaveris totius divani metaphrasten. Sed quamvis conceptam de me opinionem gloriæ mihi ducam, non vereor tamen adhortationem tuam taxare inclementiæ. Quis enim, nisi *cui robur et æs triplex*

plex circum pectus est, aggrediatur *sexcenturum* ghazelarum, prosâ et carmine, versionem? Talis conatus non solùm complures annos requirit, sed et mentem ab omni alio studio vacuum; quæ non est mea conditio, cùm ego disciplinas istas non nisi per transennam tractare consueverim. Nihilominùs, quid quod absolvere potero, aliquandè in lucem edere constitui. Clavis Homeri non est expers, qui à me librum primum Iliadis cum vocum analysi postulavit; sed commodiùs putat pueris usuvenire opus hoc, quia in illo notæ textui sunt subjectæ; quod in Clavi desideratur. Si tamen ad manus est tibi Clavis Homeri, quæso inspicias primam ejus paginam; etenim si bene memini, catalogus quidam operi præfixus est, qui libri hujus et typographi simul notitiam continet. Quamvis me humanitas tua ab omni ulteriori opere absolverit, mitto tamen odam illam quam in penultimâ tuâ epistolâ desiderâsti, eò quòd rem tibi gratam fore arbitror. Est autem, mediusfidiùs, non ex facillimis una, tum sensu, tum vel maximè metaphrasi, ob linguæ exoticæ continuum idioma nullâ satis periphrasi exprimendum.—Quæris, quid de linguæ Hebrææ et Arabicæ proprietate sentiam, deque illis communi μεταχρονισμῷ futuri, pro præterito; respondeo: quòd esti perrarò hebraïzare soleam, aut, ut veriùs dicam, sacram linguam in veneratione potiùs quàm deliciis habeam, quòd præter unum Veteris Testamenti codicem, et nonnulla de eo Rabinorum somnia, nihil lectu dignum afferat; hoc tamen ex qualicunque illius lectione,

tione, quòd utriusque inter grammaticen summa sit affinitas, quòdve paucitas temporum et modorum in Arabicâ, substitutionis eorundem mutuæ occasio est; idque linguæ Hebrææ eodem morbo laboranti necessariò convenire putem; quamvis hoc in linguâ Græcâ, maximâ temporum et modorum varietate gaudente, satis obvium sit, ut cùm infinitivum pro imperativo usurpant. Quod autem ad vocum quantitates attinet, alitèr sentio. Puto enim esse Arabum artem metricam longè recentioris inventionis, utpote quæ paulò ante Muhammedi tempora formam accepisse perhibetur, nullo vestigio antiquioris poëseôs. Cujus si eadem esset ratio apud Hebræos, quod quidem motionum consimilis usus suadere videtur; quidni hucusque sine ullâ difficultate Hebræorum prosodiam per analogiam assecuti fuissemus?

Ghazela illa, quam in miscellaneo quodam opere sine authoris nomine legisse te scribis, si quidem correctè scripta esset, certus sum, quòd nihil meo adminiculo eguisses. Nunc autem prout erroribus scatet, Œdipus sim, si expediam. Quis enim ignorat in linguis Orientalibus solam punctorum diacriticorum confusionem maximis difficultatibus ansam dare? Quid si accedat literarum ipsarum omissio aut commutatio? Hinc quicunque lectioni auctoris alicujus operam dat, meâ quidem sententiâ, duplici exemplari instructus sit oportet, ut cùm impossibile penè sit mendorum expertes libros manuscriptos reperire, unus alterius ope corrigatur. Et hæc est mea methodus.

Residuum

Residuum est, ut pro Italico sonetto mihi communicato, gratias referam, et laudes quas par est conferam, epistolamque concludam.—Vale.

Londini, die 29° Martii, 1768.

No. VII.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Næ tu percomem perque benevolum te præbuisti! ut qui inter urbanas occupationes, inter civium seditiosorum strepitum, inter comitia, ad senatores eligendos comparata, occasionem tamen captaveris, cùm ad me amicissimè, ut soles, scribendi, tùm carmen Persicum mittendi, idque pulcherrimum, et abs te Latinè conversum. Est meherculè Hafez noster, ambrosiâ alendus poëta; et quotidiè gratior mihi jucundiorque videtur ejus venustas ac pulchritudo. Integra illius opera in lucem proferendi & vertendi, quemadmodum cœpisti, præcipua difficultas erit versio poëtica, sed hæc facilior evadet, quàm opinaris: nam permultæ sunt, ut puto, Ghazellæ, quas vel ob sententias à nostris moribus valdè abhorrentes, vel ob figuras elatissimas et quasi παρακινδυνευμενα, vel ob distichi ne minimo quidem nexu inter se cohærentia, Latinis versibus non convertes; ideòque aliquantulùm levabitur Herculeus alioquin labor.

Distichon illud اگر آن ترک moram mihi injecisse memini, et cum tuo rogatu adversaria mea inspicerem, ita inficeta mihi visa ex illius distichi interpretatione, ut mihi planè quadrari putarem servuli Terentiani verba;

Davus

Davus sum, non Œdipus:

tibi autem illud Sophocleum,

Ὁ πασι κλεινος Οιδιπους καλεμενος·

utpote qui exillo obscuro et quasi sphingeo carmine, significationem, si non perfectam, satis tamen luculentam, elicere potueris; illud dico, cujus initium:

اغار شد ان زلف مشکین که تو داري
پایان ماه ان غبغب سیمین که تو داري

Homeri analysin, in bibliothecâ nostrâ reperire non potui. Sed amicum habeo Oxonii, qui librum, de quo percontaris, possidet. Ad illum scripsi pridiè Kalend. April., et rogavi ut me quàm citissimè certiorem faceret, quis fuerit libri illius auctor, et quo loco liber fuerit excusus.

Nisi essem amantissimus veritatis, et ab omni simulatione aversissimus, dolerem herculè, et ægrè ferrem, te urbem nostram turbulentissimis his temporibus vexatam intueri, et illam Anglorum undequaque percelebratam libertatem in effrænam licentiam (nè dicam immanitatem) mutatam videre. Est sanè respublica nostra propè divinitùs initio constituta, usque adeò ut nulla unquam vel Græcæ vel Romanæ civitatis constitutio fuerit perfectior; imo, nec Plato, nec Aristoteles, nec legumlatorum ullus, meliorem civitatis formam cogitatione comprehendere potuit: tam suavi enim concentu et quasi harmonicâ tres pervulgatæ rerumpublicarum formæ in unam speciem tam parantur, ut nec Aristoxeni tibiam, nec Timothei fides modulatiores fuisse putem. Per enim est difficile civitatem

constituere,

constituere, in quâ nec regis dignitas optimatûm auctoritate, nec procerûm potestate populi libertas, nec populi libertate legum vis et majestas, minuetur. Sic tamen in hâc insulâ olim se res habuit; et etiam nunc haberet, si nonnulli homines frænis in plebe quàm calcaribus uti maluissent. Ideòque mihi temperare nequeo, quin vehementer improbem illum Wilkensium, fortem quidem et ingeniosum virum, sed turbulentum civem, et seditionis quasi facem atque incendium. Sed multò magis patriciorum quorundam integritatem ac fidem requiro, qui illum primò sustentabant ac tuebantur, deinde deseruerunt turpitèr ac prodiderunt. Si cupis legum nostrarum et consuetudinum pleniorem habere notitiam, perlegas velim Smithi librum de republicâ Anglorum, et Fortescuei dialogum de laudibus legum Angliæ. Primum Latinè, nec inelegantèr, scripsit Thomas Smithus, legatus olim noster in Galliâ sub regno Elizabethæ; alter, libellus est, de quo dici potest id quod de fluvio Teleboâ scripsit Xenophon, Μεγας μεν ε, καλος δε. Auctor fuit Angliæ cancellarius sub rege Henrico sexto, et ob turbulenta tempora, cum alumno suo principe Edwardo, in Galliam fugit; ubi, cùm esset summâ senectute, aureolum hunc dialogum contexuit. Certè leges nostræ, ut in illo libro videbis, persapientèr sunt compositæ, ut ait Pindarus,

Νομος ὁ παντων βασιλευς
Θνητων τε και αθανατων·
Ουτος δε δη αγει βιαιως
Το δικαιοτατον, ὑπερτατᾳ
Χειρι·

et reliqua, quæ citat in Gorgiâ Plato.

Equidem

Equidem civitatem nostram inspiciens, videor quodammodo ludum Scacchicum (quo ludo uterque nostri valdè delectamur) intueri. Regem enim habemus, cujus dignitatem strenuè defendimus; sed cujus potestas perbrevem habet *terminationem*. Equites, sagittarii, atque alii, patriciorum speciem quandam habent, qui bella et negotia publica administrant; sed præcipua vis est in peditibus, seu populo, qui si arctè inter se cohæreant, præstò est victoria; si distrahantur et dissipentur, perit utique exercitus. Hæc autem omnia, ut in ludo Scacchico, certis legibus diriguntur. Denique, cùm meipsum considero, videor mihi similis esse cujusdam, qui duobus lusoribus assidens, ludum studiosè contemplatur visendi solùm causâ, et delectationis. Quòd si unquam mihi capessere rempublicam contingat, nec plausus meherculè quæram nec lucrum, sed eò tendam, et ad eum exitum properabo, ut incolumis servetur pulcherrimè constituta civitas.

Sed, (nescio quomodo,) etsi brevis esse instituì, loquax fio. Ad alia igitur declinabo. Literas tuas proximas non sine timore aliquo legi: Quid autem timui? Nempè tui ex hâc insulâ discessûs nuntiationem. Cùm autem nihil de eo locutus sis, et cùm municipii nostri negotia ad exitum quemdam perducantur; cùm denique incertos esse sciam rerum humanarum eventus, et nesciam si hanc occasionem amisero, an te posthac videro, statui Londinum venire; et spero propediè te, vel Nonis vel VIII Iduum, me visurum.—Cura ut valeas.

No.

No. VIII.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Binas abs te accepi literas, humanitatis et eruditionis plenissimas, quibus benevolentiam in me tuam, et ingenii tui lumina, facilè perspexi. Utrisque nunc simul respondeo.

Consilium meum de libro in lucem proferendo, abs te probari, ut debui, gaudebam et lætabar, (ut inquit in tragœdiâ Hector,) à te laudato viro laudari. Sed cùm duo illa propè divini poëtæ carmina legerem, incredibilem animo cepi voluptatem. Sunt valdè bella, et, interpretatione tuâ, tanquam luce aliquâ illuminari videntur. Præterea versibus ea imitatus es, sanè elegantibus, quos versus, si cum opere meo edi concedas, pergratum feceris cùm mihi, tùm lectoribus; qui gaudebunt, opinor, poëtam Persicum audire Latinè loquentem. Sin minùs, in thesauris meis latebunt. Αυτογραφα tibi quàm citissimè reddenda curabo. Quod autem scribis, "Hos versus, cùm iis legendis fueris defessus, mihi reddas velim," perindè est ac si dicas, "Nunquam reddas;" neque enim fieri potest, ut iis legendis satiari ullo modo possim.

No. IX.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Dat. putà Nov. 1768.

Tametsi vereor ne antè ex Angliâ decesseris quàm hæ ad te literulæ afferri poterint, nequeo tamen mihi temperare, quò minùs eas scribam.

Literas tuas perhumanas accepi; et cùm eas, tum venustum Hafizi carmen magnâ cum delectatione perlegi, et quasi devoravi.

Sed

Sed quid opus est verbis? Forsan hæc quæ nunc scribo, ad te non pervenient. Proindè etiam atque etiam te rogo atque obtestor, ut quâcunque in regione iter feceris, mei memor sis, et quàm sæpissimè, quàm primùm, quàm longissimas ad me literas mittas: et tibi persuade, nihil mihi jucundius unquam vel fuisse, vel fore, amicitiâ tuâ.—Vale!

Die Lunæ, Oxonii.

No. X.

Τῳ τιμιωτατῳ ΓΥΛΙΕΛΜΩ ΊΟΝΕΣΙΩ χαιρειν και ευπρατ]ειν.

Οση μεν σε ἡ περι τες αλλες ξενες επιεικεια τε και χρηστ]ης, ȣκ εχω ειπειν· τȣτο δε οιδα, ὁτι τογε εις εμε ἡκον μερος, πολλα αγαθα της σης συνȣσιας απελαυσα, ȣ μεν τοι εμοιγε ῥᾳδιον επ' ακριβειας ἁπαν]α διεξιεναι της σης ευεργεσιας κεφαλαια, ὡς παραλαβῶν με εξεναγησας και εδειξας τα καλλιστα τȣ Αθηναιȣ, προσαγῶν τοις σπȣδαιῶν ευδοκιμοις, και παντα τροπον επιμελȣμενος ὁπως ἡδιστα διαξω παρ' ὑμῖν. Τα δη τοσαυτα και τοιαυτα τις ȣκ αν ἡσθειη βλεπων, και ειγε εν ευχαις τα πραγματα ειη, τις ȣκ αν αμειψασθαι σε αμοιβη τη δικαια εθελησειε; και δη επιστελλω σοι ὡσπερ ὑπεσχομην, ȣ μα Δια, ὡς βȣλομενος ανταποδιδοναι ευεργετη, αλλα μοναχῶς εις μελλȣσης φιλιας ελπιδα, και μαλιστα ειδως ὁτι ȣκ ολιγωρησεις τῶν εμῶν γραμμάτον. Τα δε ενθεν ὑστατα γραφω σοι, εγνωστ γαρ ηδη πριν μῆνα δυναι ὀπισθε αυθις κατιεναι, και ἱνα μη μακρȣς αποστ]ειναω τȣς λογȣς, ἱκετευω σε και ανθιστολω ὡσπερ μεχρι τȣδε πολλην ενειδον σοι την ευνοιαν προς εμε τοσαυτ]ην και προς το λοιπον τȣ χρονȣ διαφυλατ]ειν.—Ερρωσο.

Την μητερα και αδελφην σε χαιρειν κελευω· και ὁμολογω αυταις χαριν, της ες ξενον ανδρα ευποιΐας.

Θαργηλιωνος τριτη φθινοντι.

No.

No. XI.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Nicææ Ligurum, 4 Cal. Febr. anno 1770.

Miraberis forsan, nec sanè injuriâ miraberis, cùm acceperis à me ex hâc regione literas; non enim isthinc scribo, ubi aut Tamesis aut Isis deliciæ meæ allabuntur, sed ubi mare Ligusticum Alpibus maritimis minatur.

In urbeculâ hâc amœnissimâ trimestris propè commoror; fieri igitur non potuit, ut in Angliâ cùm essem, literæ tuæ exoptatissimæ ad me perferrentur, quarum unæ pridiè Calend. Septembris, alteræ decimo-nono Calend. Januarii datæ sunt; utræque mihi erant jucundissimæ; quò longiores, eò me delectabant magis. Libellos tuos de re militari legendo devorare, incredibile est quantum aveam, sed in ædibus Spencerianis, ut accepi, Londini servantur. Unum exemplar ad me afferet prima navis oneraria, quæ huc ex Britanniâ appulerit; tria reliqua curabo, ad tres amicos tuos, (imo meos, si tui sint, licèt à me ne aspectu quidem cognitos) fidelitèr et celeritèr, quantum fieri potest, perferenda. Opus istud in Germaniâ laudari, nec miror equidem, et valdè gaudeo. Primus de eo mentionem mihi fecit nobilis Germanus, vir comis, ut videtur, et amabilis, quem Mediolani quæstoris officio fungi puto; is pollicitus est, non solùm ad me opus tuum mittere, sed etiam certiorem facere, quo modo valeres, et quibus verbis ad te literas inscriberem; quod ob promissum ita lætabar ut nunquam aliàs vehementiùs. Suspicabar enim, (ignosce injustæ suspicioni) me

ex memoriâ tuâ propè effluxisse, et desperabam à te epistolam accipere, nisi te primus ad scribendum provocarem. Intereà perlatæ sunt ad me binæ tuæ expectatissimæ literæ; quibus accesserunt carmina quatuordecim, non tantùm verè lyrica, sed digna quæ aureæ lyræ succinantur: Quòd verò me idoneum putas qui de iis judicium feram, tantùm sanè glorior, quantùm abest ut me tali honore dignèr; sed utut se res habeat, omnia cum notis meis qualibuscunque ad te tunc remittam post acceptum ad hasce literas responsum: nolo enim tam bellè exaratas chartulas tabellariis committere, quorum nondum sit certa atque explorata fides.

Decimo-quarto ut opinor die, hæc accipies, quibus amabò respondere nè cuncteris; ac tibi persuadeas nihil mihi jucundius fieri posse, quàm tuarum quicquid sit literarum. Percontaberis forsan quibus me oblectaverim studiis, post tuum ex patriâ meâ discessum. Hæc ut denarrem paucis, te morabor. Inter alias occupationes, librum meum de poësi Asiaticâ perpolivi, quem ad te mittere cùm meditarer, ideòque accuratiùs rescribere cœpissem, ecce! majus quoddam intervenit negotium. Rex Daniæ, laudandæ indolis adolescens, qūi eo tempore in regiâ Londinensi habitabat, me (nescio quâ famâ sibi notum) accessiri jubet: ostendit codicem Persicum, satis amplum, qui vitam ac res gestas celeberrimi illius tyranni Nadirshah dicti, contineret: ait se percupere librum illum gallicè, ad verbum redditum videre; alia addit comiùs quàm veriùs. Quid multa? Opus sum arduum aggressus,

sus, quod me per majorem anni jam elapsi partem occupatum distinuit; historiam in sex libros divisam dicendi genere Asiatico, fidè reddidi; accedunt notulæ quædam necessariæ, et de poëtis quos Asia tulerat, brevis dissertatio, cui unum atque alterum Hafezi carmen adjeci, (plenum scio erroribus, sed iis quibus ignoscent docti, et qui indoctos latebunt). Hæc omnia vix dum ad umbilicum perduxeram, cùm discipuli mei (qui tui semper memor est) sororula, morbo φθισικῷ correpta repentè sit, statueritque pater ejus cum familiâ vel in Italiâ vel in Galliâ Transalpinâ hyemare. Coactus igitur sum historiam meam (quam in lucem proferri rex voluit) Galli cujusdam satis fidi curæ, committere, qui excusoris errores corrigeret. Is me nuperrimè certiorem fecit, librum jam esse excusum; et curabo eum ne ad regem quidem ipsum citiùs quàm ad te mittendum. Patriam itaque meam reliqui, et post nimis longam Lutetiis commorationem, Lugdunum versùs iter fecimus, velocissimo Rhodani fluvio devecti; et Massiliam, Forum Julii, atque Antipolim prætergressi, hâc regione venimus;—

> Ver ubi purpureum gemmis ridentibus hortos
> Pingit, et à pratis exulat acris hyems.

Diutiùs tamen hìc quàm vellem, commorabimus; sed puto nos ad Calendas Junias in Angliam reversuros. Meditor equidem si qua sese obtulerit occasio, circiter Idus Februarias Liburnum navigare, et cùm Florentiam celebrem illam Triumvirorum coloniam, et renascentium literarum cunas, tùm

tùm Romam laudatarum artium omnium procreatricem, et fortasse Neapolim, visere. Quidquid de istâ navigatione statuero, certior fies. Si roges quo modo me hìc oblectem, haud multis respondeo. Quidquid habet musicorum ars tenerum ac molle, quidquid mathesis difficile ac reconditum, quidquid denique elatum aut venustum vel poësis vel pictura, in eo omni, sensus meos et cogitationes defigo. Nec rei militaris notitiam negligo, quâ vir Britannus sine summo opprobrio carere neutiquam potest. Multa patriâ sermone scripsi; inter alia, libellum de rectâ juventutis institutione, more Aristoteleo, hoc est, ἀναλυτικῷ. Prætereà tragœdiam contexere institui, quam inscripsi Soliman, cujus, ut scis, amabilissimus filius per novercæ insidias miserrimè trucidatus est:—plena est tenerorum affectuum fabula, et cothurno Æschyleo elatior, utpote quæ imaginibus Asiaticis sit abundantissima. Mitto tibi carmina duo; unum ex Hafizio depromptum; alterum è poëtâ Arabo perantiquo sumptum;—in hoc tamen imagines ad Romanam consuetudinem aptavi. Mitto insuper, ne quæ pars paginæ otietur, epigramma Græcum, quo cantiunculam Anglicam sum imitatus.—Vale; et schedas tuas tunc expecta, cùm te has literas accepisse certior factus fuero.

No. XII.

JONESIUS N. HALHEDO, S.

Jucundæ mihi fuerunt literulæ tuæ, quibus id perspexerim, quod maximè vellem, nempè

nempè te haud ignorare quanta sit mea in te, ac tui similes, benevolentia. Misi protinùs, ut petebas, ad amicos meos literas, quibus eos etiam atque etiam sum hortatus, ut causæ perindè faverent tuæ, ac si esset mea. Quòd si petentibus nobis morem gesserint, et mihi certè fecerint pergratum, et sibi ipsis non inutile, quippe meæ erga illos voluntati magnus accedet cumulus. Majori tamen opinor fructu negotium tuum potero promovere, cùm in Britanniam redîero; ac tibi velim sit persuasissimum nullâ unquam in re studium meum atque amorem roganti tibi aut deese aut defore. Quod ad valetudinem meam attinet, bellè habeo; sed oblectationibus careo iis, quarum desiderium nequeo non molestè ferre. Cùm primùm huc venerim, visu gratissimæ erant eæ res, quas in patriâ nostrâ, rarò, aut ne rarò quidem, videmus;—olivæ, myrtus, mala aurea, palmæ, vineta, aromata, et in mediâ hyeme florum suavissimorum copia. Sed amotâ tandem eâ, quam novitas sécum affert, jucunditate, fastidium quoddam subest ac satietas. A mari Ligustico vix triginta passus distat diversorioli mei fenestra; sed, ut pulcrè Ovidius,

Una est immensi cærula forma maris.

Nihil itaque restat aliud, nisi ut cum M. Tullio fluctus numerem, vel cum Archymede atque Archytâ arenas metiar. Credibile non est, quantùm me hujusce loci tædeat, quantùmque Oxonii esse cupiam, ubi vel técum jocari, vel cum Poro philosophari possim. Velim, si non molestum erit, ad me sæpiùs scribas; nam et tu quid agas, et quid

à nostris

à nostris agatur, certior fieri cupio; sed Latinè, si placet scribas, et hilarè, amovenda est enim ea quâ angi videris tristitia. Me ama, quemadmodum ego te: humanioribus literis da operam, ut soles; musas cole; philosophiam venerare; multa scribe die, multa noctibus: ita tamen ut valetudinem tuam cures diligentèr.—Vale.

Datæ Calendis Martiis, anno 1770, Nicææ Ligurum.

No. XIII.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Nicææ Ligurum, Datæ 7 Calend. April. anno 1770.

Credibile non est, quantùm tuo angar silentio, aut enim, quod fieri nolim, literas meas 4 Calend. Febr. datas non accepisti; aut, quod erit injucundius, tuum ad me responsum, in itinere excidit; aut denique, quod suspicari nefas est, tuâ penitùs effluxi memoriâ. Scripsi ad te ex hâc regione literas, non (ut de suis ad Lucceium ait Cicero) valdè bellas, sed eas tamen, quas tibi satis gratas fore putabam, utpote quæ et benè perlongæ essent, et multa de meis rebus continerent. Post debitum temporis intervallum, responsum tuum cupidè expectabam; quotidiè rogitabam, num quæ à Vindobonâ literæ? Nullæ. Idem alio die atque alio, atque alio, rogabam: Nullæ. Sollicitus esse cœpi, et mea indiès vehementiùs augebatur expectatio: Nullæ adhuc literæ! et duo propè jam elapsi sunt menses, sed nihil abs te literarum. Ecquid adeò faciam? ecquid capiam consilii? Chartulas tuas (quas ad te remittendas volebas) vereor incertis tabellariis

committere; tu iis intereà haud facile cares: cæterùm, licèt eas, ante acceptum à te responsum, remittere nequeam; notas tamen meas hìc subjicio, quas, si minùs placent, in ignem conjice; sunt, ut velle videbaris, omninò aristarchicæ et forsan morosæ nimis. Libellus tuus de re militari Turcarum, oppidò me delectabat; nihil eo vel utilius, et ad tempora accommodatius, esse potest. Cùm dubium sit, an hæc ad te perventura sit epistola, breviloquens esse cogor, ne prorsùs cum ventis colloquar, et bonas horas inanitèr consumam. Huic urbi circiter Idus Apriles valedicam: iter Italicum, quod meditabar, in aliud tempus distuli. Vale, mi Carole, et mei memor sis, ut ego semper tui. Cùm in Britanniam redîero, longiores et hilariores à me literas frequentèr accipies.

No. XIV.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Tametsi priùs ex hoc loco decedere statui, quàm abs te responsum accipere potero, occasionem ad te scribendi prætermittere nec volo, nec debeo. Valdè tibi assentior (ut in aliis omnibus) peregrinandi dulcedinem laudanti: nihil unquam aut utilius autumavi, aut jucundius. Quantò mihi gratior esset peregrinatio mea, si mihi Vindobonam visere liceret, ubi tecum colloqui, tecum philosophari, tecum in loco desipere, tecum poëseôs reconditas gemmas eruere possem. Dum eâ felicitate careo, jure quodam meo de cæteris, quibus abundo voluptatibus, malè loquor. Displicet

Gallorum

Gallorum hilaritas odiosa; et obscurum quiddam habet cœli Italici placida serenitas. Adeò mei amans sum (hoc est, adeò sum amens) ut me benevolentiâ tuâ digniorem esse putem quàm antehac. Nescis quantùm ab illo muter quem in Angliâ vidisti. Fui adolescens, fui imprudentior; nunc me totum humanioribus Musis devoveo; et nihil vehementèr peto præter Virtutem, quâ nihil divinius; Gloriam, quâ nihil mortali pretiosius; ac tuam denique amicitiam, quâ nihil dulcius esse potest. Ne literæ meæ prorsùs illiteratæ sint, ecce tibi epigramma, quod nocte quâdam serenâ fecerat amicus quidam meus, et quod, ejus rogatu, Græcè verti. Tibi ut opinor placebit, nam ad Meleagri et aliorum in Anthologiâ poëtarum mentem videtur accedere. Διζαμαι· &c.

No. XV.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Id. Quintil. 1770.

Næ ego levis homo sum atque incertus! Totam Europam transvolo, nullibi diù commoror: in Liguriâ hyemavi; in Galliâ verno tempore fruebar; Germaniæ finibus æstatem ago; si modò æstas vocari potest pluviosa hæcce et ingrata tempestas. Possum certè ab hoc loco chartulas tuas, sine metu, ad te remittere, ac te majorem in modum hortor, ne cuncteris eas in lucem proferre. Dignæ sunt et tuo judicio, et doctorum omnium laudibus. Hoc dico sine blanditiis, quas à me procul habeo. Notæ meæ, quas accepisti,

erroribus plenæ sunt, quos velim excusas. Nam cùm essem Nicææ, tum veterum libris, tum cæteris (quibus uti soleo) adminiculis, planè carui, et etiam nunc careo. Accepi abs te literulas Gallicè scriptas, cum odâ in primis laudandâ. In eâ mihi perplacuit facilis illa transitio:

Sed dandæ amori sunt lachrymæ breves,
Quas sanguinis vis, quas pietas cupit.
Mox, nube abactâ, Sol tenebras
Discutiens, meliùs nitebit.

Crede mihi, à fletu, cùm hæc legerem, vix temperare potui. Ita enim à naturâ afficior, ut magis pulchrâ ac tenerâ simplicitate movear, quàm elatissimis poëseôs figuris: inde fit, ut plus me delectent divini illa Pindari, Ὅσαι δὲ μὴ φιλήσαι Ζεύς, et quæ sequuntur, quàm elaborata Aquilæ et Ætnæ montis descriptio. Ecquid adeò ad te mittam, ne prorsus immunis, tuo fruar munere? Ecce tibi carmen, quod (si nihil aliud) commendat certè vetustas. Ridebis: non est illud quidem in Antoniæ Delphinæ nuptias; immo laudes continet principis antiquissimi Sinensis, cujus nomen è memoriâ excidit; scio μονοσυλλαβον esse. Cùm opera Confucii à Coupletio aliisque reddita perlegerim, non potui non demirari cùm venerabilem sententiarum dignitatem, tùm etiam varias carminum relliquias, quibus ornantur philosophi illius colloquia. Carmina ea ex vetustissimis poëseôs Sinicæ monumentis excerpta sunt, ac præcipuè à libro Xikim dicto, cujus in regis Gallicæ bibliothecâ nitidum extat exemplar. Statim mihi in animo erat, verba Sinica inspicere; codicem manu sumpsi,

sumpsi, et post longum studium, odam unam cum versione Coupletii comparare potui, atque adeò singulas voces, seu potiùs figuras, ad ἀναλυσιν quandam reducere. Hanc igitur odam ad te mitto, ad verbum redditam. Mirifica est in eâ cum majestate conjuncta brevitas: singuli versiculi quatuor tantùm constant vocibus. Unde fit, ut ελλειψεις in iis sunt frequentissimæ, quæ carmen eò sublimius reddunt, quò obscurius. Addidi versionem poëticam, quâ unumquemque versum ad Confucii mentem exposui; luculentè necne, minùs laboro; tu modò judica; satis habeo si tibi arrideat. Minimè te latet, philosophum istum, quem Platonem Sinicum appellare audeo, circiter sexcentenos ante Christum annos floruisse; is autem hanc odam citat, tanquam suis temporibus perantiquam; est igitur pretiosæ vetustatis quasi gemma, quæ ostendit, in omni tempore apud omnes populos, eandem esse poëseôs vim, easdem imagines. Restat aliud opus, de quo loquar necesse est; nè fortè literæ meæ perlongæ 4 Calend. Febr. datæ exciderint, in quibus totam rem ab initio denarravi. Vitam dico tyranni Persici Nadir Shah, quam è codice Asiatico Gallicè versam edidi; opus ingratum perfeci rogatu regis Daniæ, Augusti mei, quem magnam Europæ spem haud dubito affirmare. Is mihi in primis jussit, ut opus fidè et penè religiosè redderem; ut notas adjicerem necessarias; ut denique brevem de poësi Persarum dissertationem operi subjungerem. Pensum meum ut potui, nec sine fastidio, persolvi; sed ita festinantèr

festinantèr ac properè, (rex enim me identidem ut festinarem urgebat,) ut liber sit erroribus plenissimus, et præsertim dissertatio de poësi, in quâ decem Hafizi Odas vertere ausus sum, nec exemplari correcto (licèt splendidissimo), nec ullo omninò usus commentario. Scripsi ad Rivestium Angliæ vicarium, eumque rogavi ut ad te librum celeritèr mitterit; quod spero facturum. Ignosce, amabò te, erroribus quos vitare forsan in summâ otii copiâ non possem, nédum in iis temporis angustiis. Ignosce, si duas Odas quas ad me misisti خوشا شیراز et کاں در بر وسي بکف cæteris adjecerim, cum Gallicâ solummodò versione. Ignosce, si de amico meo, amica, ut par est, inciderit mentio; regem enim meum scire volui quanti te faciam. Ad cætera benevolentiæ tuæ indicia, haud parum accedet ponderis, si errores meos in hoc libro notare velis, præcipuè in dissertatione, quam separato volumine edere statui. Rex Daniæ, ut accepi, opus meum vehementèr probat, et mihi honores nescio quos meditatur; cogitanti enim illi, quonam me compensaret munere, dixit amicus quidam meus, vir nobilissimus, me pecuniam nec desiderare, nec magni facere, sed honoris, ut rebatur, esse appetentem.

Libellum tuum de Turcarum re militari ad regem mittendum curavi; tum quia eo lectore dignus est, tum quia te habet auctorem. Cave credas, me literis hisce finem dedisse, quia nihil aliud habeo quod dicam; affluit enim animus meus rerum copiâ,

copiâ, et mihi longè difficilius est styli impetum temperare, quàm scribendi materiem invenire. Sed nolo patientiâ tuâ usque adeò abuti, ut aures tuas nimiâ loquacitate defatigem. Valetudinem tuam, si me amas, cura.

No. XVI.

REVICKZKI à MONS. JONES.

Vienne, ce 9 Août, 1770.

En vérité, Monsieur, vous n'êtes pas fort à plaindre de ce changement continuel de climats et de lieux où vous dites être engagé depuis un an entier. C'est le plus grand bien à mon avis, qui puisse arriver à un homme qui d'ailleurs a toutes les dispositions pour voyager; vous avez passé les rigueurs de l'hyver, sous un ciel doux et tempéré en Italie, le printems en France et en Angleterre ; il vous reste à passer l'été aux confins de l'Allemagne, dans un endroit qui est le rendez-vous général de toute l'Europe, et où l'on voit d'un coup d'œil, tant de différentes nations assemblées ; cela n'est-il pas charmant ? ou n'est-ce pas là la partie essentielle des voyages, πολλων ανθρωπων γνωναι νοον ?

Je sens pourtant combien un homme de lettres peut s'y trouver manquer de secours, et de commodités pour pousser ses études, et cela seul peut diminuer en partie le plaisir qu'on a de voyager. Je vous suis très obligé de la bonté que vous avez eu de m'envoyer cette piece de votre façon, qui me paroit très rare dans son genre ; mais, de grace, depuis quand avez-vous fait l'acquisition de la langue

langue Chinoise? c'est un talent que je ne vous connoissois pas encore; mais vous ne mettez point de bornes à votre polyglottie. J'en suis d'autant plus charmé que je pourrois au moins compter sur la fidélité d'une seule traduction de cette langue, le peu que nous en avons me paroissant fort suspect; votre piece a outre le mérite de l'antiquité, celui de l'élégance de la version. J'attends avec impatience la vie de Cháh Nadir, et je vous fais mes remercimens pour l'attention que vous avez eu pour moi en chargeant le sous-secretaire d'état de me faire tenir un exemplaire, je ne suis pas moins curieux de lire ce que vous y avez ajouté sur la poësie des Orienteaux.

Vous êtes bien bon, Monsieur, de soumettre votre ouvrage à mon jugement; vous savez combien peu vous risquez, et vous êtes bien sûr d'entrainer mon foible suffrage. J'y trouverai pourtant une faut que n'est pas même légère; à savoir, la mention honorable que vous y avez fait de moi, qui l'ai mérité si peu, et qui l'aurois du moins taché de mériter, si j'avois pu m'y attendre. Il y a cettefois-ci quelques dames et cavaliers d'ici à Spa, qui tous ensemble valent bien la peine d'être connus. On me dit que milady Spencer est l'amie intime de la Princesse Esterhazy, vous connoitrez par son moyen un aimable et respectable Dame, et qui fait grand cas des gens de mérite.

Je n'ai rien à vous envoyer présentiment qui vaille la peine; je me reserve ce plaisir pour une

autre

autre occasion, et suis en attendant avec tout le respect et vénération,

Votre très-humble Serviteur, REVICKZKI.

No. XVII.

REVICZKIUS JONESIO, S.

Viennæ, 16° *Octobris*, 1770.

Etsi nihil certi constare possit ex novissimis tuis literis, quo terrarum concesseris ex Thermis Spadanis, tamen ex hoc ipso silentio arguo te impræsentiarum Londini commorari. Opinionem meam corroborat tarda literarum tuarum perceptio; nam toto illo tempore quo in Hungariam divertens, hinc aberam, epistolâ tam exoptatâ frustratus fui, nec nisi in reditu diù jam hærentem ac penè obsoletam deprendi. Utinam eveniat, quod tantoperè concupiscere videris, quodve mihi summo gaudio foret; ut, nempè, post tot exantlata itinera, Vindobonam tibi visere liceat. Leves et frivoli Galli; molles et enervati Itali; torpidi fortasse et morosi Germani, sed nec sic aspernandi, utpote qui pro elegantioribus naturæ dotibus solidiores nacti, candore et innatâ quâdam honestate advenarum animos devinciunt. Meâ quidem nihil interest hoc de Germanis testimonium adhibere: namque in Germaniâ non secùs ac nuper in Angliâ peregrinus versor; et nemo, nisi rerum ac locorum ignarus, Hungaros Germanis adnumeraverit, adeò genio, linguâ, moribus, ac naturâ ipsâ inter se dissidentes: sed fatenda est ingenuè veritas, neque diffiteor me hìc locorum

locorum satis ad nutum vitam agere. Tu, qui æquus rerum estimator es, facilè, ut opinor, in eandem sententiam abibis, idemque de hoc populo judicium tuleris. Oppidò te immutatum dicis; ideòque te mihi magis placiturum speras, quòd, sepositis juvenilis ætatis oblectamentis, totum te literis et virtutis studio addixeris; at ego te talem revidere malo, qualem in Angliâ cognitum admiratus sum, nec vidi quidquam quod reprehendere possem. In eo autem vel maximè te suspexi, quòd severissimas disciplinas et summum in literas ardorem, tam scitè lusibus et voluptatibus temperare noveris. Cave ne ita te studiis immergas, ne vitæ gaudia, parùm per se duratura, prætermittas, quibus tanta cum literis est affinitas, ut iis nemo, nisi sapiens et eruditus, rectè frui censendus sit. Cave etiam, nè idem tibi eveniat in provectiori ætate conqueri quod adolescenti illi Horatiano, dicenti:

> Quæ mens est hodiè, cur eadem non puero fuit?
> Aut cur his animis incolumes non redeunt genæ?

Quòd autem Musas pudicas, et ἀναφρόδιτας esse aiunt, id fabulosum planè et soli fictioni conveniens est; nam et ipsæ *carmina jacere inter molles pulvillos amant.*—Jam ad alia digredior.—Versionem tuam libri Persici, quam jam aliàs pollicitus eras, immo etiam misisse significaveras, hucusque non vidi, neque cur nondum appulerit intelligo; ac proindè obsecro, ut ubi deliteat investiges. Carmen Anglicum venustissimum ejusque duplicem ac elegantissimam metaphrasin magnâ cum delectatione legi atque etiam relegi; miror autem

autem quòd tam parùm contentus esse videaris Latinâ, quæ mihi mirè placet.

No. XVIII.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Londini, 11 *Non. Mart. anno* 1771.

Dii Deæque perdant τὰς ἐν των ἀποῤῥήτων nostros, qui mihi per hos sex menses polliciti sint, se complures meos libellos ac literas ad te missuros; quod eos necdum fecisse video, nec statim facturos arbitror: aiunt se occasionem nondum habuisse, et propter belli Hispanici suspicionem (quæ jam nulla est) diutinis impediri negotiis. Nequeo tamen à me impetrare quin ad te scribam; multa enim dicenda habeo; quàm vellem coram! Jam indè à reditu meo in Britanniam permagnâ curarum varietate sum quasi irretitus: circumstant amici, sodales, propinqui; hortantur ut poësin et literas Asiaticas aliquantisper in exilium ire jubeam, ut eloquentiæ et juris studio navem operam, ut in fori cancellis spatiar, ut, uno verbo, actor causarum, et ambitionis cultor fiam. Equidem iis haud ægrè morem gessi, etenim solus per forenses occupationes ad primos patriæ meæ honores aperitur aditus. Mirum est quàm sim φιλόδοξος καὶ φιλόπονος. Ecce me adeò oratorem. Erunt posthac literæ meæ πολιτικώτεραι: et, si velit fortuna ut ad capessendam rempublicam aliquando aggrediar, tu mihi eris alter Atticus, tu mihi consiliorum omnium, tu mihi arcanorum particeps. Noli tamen putare me omninò mansuetiores

suetiores literas negligere : poëmata quædam patrio sermone scripta in lucem propedièm edere statui ; tragœdiam Soliman dictam in theatrum tunc adducam, cùm histriones invenero dignos, qui eam agant : prætereà poëma epicum ingentis argumenti (cui Britanneïs nomen) contexere institui ; sed illud sanè eòusque differam, donec mihi otii quiddam, cum aliquâ dignitate junctum, concedatur. Intereà bellissimos lego poëtas Persicos ; habeo codicum manuscriptorum lautam copiam, partim à me coëmptam, partìm mihi commodatam ; inter eos, complures sunt historici, philosophi, et poëtæ magni apud Persas nominis. Poëma Jamii quod Yúsuf Zuleikha vocatur, mihi in primis placet ; singula disticha (quorum instar quatuor mille et septuaginta continet) sunt veræ stellulæ, mera lumina ; sex hujus libelli pulcherrima exemplaria Oxonii habemus, quorum unum accuratè scribitur, vocalibus insignitur, et notis Golii illustratur ; aliud exemplar ipse possideo, quod, si tempus suppetat, excudi curabo. Tu intereà ecquid agis ? Pergísne Hafizum tuum ornare, illuminare ? Equidem perlibentèr opem meam (quantula sit cunque) editioni ministrabo, si velis Londini librum tuum excudi ; sed vix puto quenquam τυπογράφων suis illum sumptibus excusurum, nisi sint Hafizi carmina vel Anglicè vel Gallicè versa ; nam credibile vix est quàm pauci sint in Angliâ viri nobiles qui Latinè sciant. Suadeo itaque, ut notas et versionem fidam Gallico sermone scribas ; poteris tamen

Odas

Odas abs te Latinis versibus redditas operi subjungere: puto etiam linguam Gallicam vestratibus gratiorem fore quàm Latinam. Satis benè se habet nova Meninskii editio; novorum characterum Arabicorum specimen ad te mitto, in quibus si quid minùs elegans videas, amabò te, quàm primùm edicas, ut citissimè corrigatur. Unum Hafizi carmen tabulâ æneâ incīdi curavi; et forsan (si aurum abundet) totum Jamii poëma eodem modo incīdi faciam; quod opus chartis sericis impressum, et ornamentis illustratum, arbitror Bengalæ præfecto et cæteris Indiæ principibus gratum fore. Liber meus ad te missus, ubi lateat nescio; sed aliud exemplar, idque nitidius et correctius, ad te primâ occasione mittam, unà cum libello *de literis Asiaticis*, nuper edito, et Grammaticâ meâ linguæ Persicæ, satis bellè excusâ; in quâ si quid reperias minùs accuratum, si quid omitti videatur, oro mihi dicas, ut in alterâ editione illud mutetur, hoc addatur. Librum de poësi Asiaticâ tunc in lucem proferam, cùm mihi aliquantulum detur otii. Ne tamen putes me ea oblectamenta, quæ secum effert adolescentia, spernere; imò me, ut neminem, delectat cantus et saltatio, et modicus vini cyathus, et puellarum (quarum est Londini festiva copia) divina pulchritudo: sed omnibus vitæ gaudiis facilè antefero illam, illam quam perditè amo, gloriam; illam per aquas, illam per ignes, illam diebus, illam noctibus persequar. O mi Carole, (liceat enim te, missis formulis, veteri simplicitate alloqui,) quanta mihi

sese

sese aperit sylva! Si vitæ spatium duplicetur, vix mihi satisfaciat, ad ea quæ in animo habeo tam publicè quàm privatim rectè perficienda.—Vale!

No. XIX.

JONESIUS, D. B. S.

Londini, 6 Kal. April, 1771.

Liber iste Persicus, quem possides, gemmâ quâvis est pretiosior. Ejusdem possidet exemplar tuo simillimum vir undequaque doctissimus Meninskius, quem suo more, hoc est, inelegantèr ac parùm Latinè ita describit: مخزن الاسرار "*mœchzenul esrar.* Gazophylacium arcanorum "aut mysteriorum, liber pretiosissimus, quippe "elegantissimo in Persiâ stylo et charactere scrip-"tus, insignibus imaginibus distinctus, et vix "inveniendus: atque in eodem codice libri præ-"tereà quinque alii continentur, خسرو و شیرین "*chusru ve-shirin,* et لیلی و مجنون *Leili wu* "*meg'nun* historiæ fictæ amatoriæ; tres verò "reliqui morales, هفت پیکر *heft peyker* نامه اسکندر "اشرف *ashref nam'ei Iskender, et* اقبال نامه "*Ykbâl na'meh:* codex est pretio 200 aureorum "æstimatus." Hinc de vero libri tui pretio judicare potes. Equidem alia quædam subjungam, et, ut poëta, haud verebor affirmare sex bellissima in hoc libro poëmata, magis ob poëseôs pulchritudinem, quàm ob scripturæ elegantiam, et imaginum nitidos colores, esse pretiosa. Auctor fuit percelebratus ille Nezami, cui agnomen Kenjuvi; qui

qui sub finem sæculi duodecimi, regi Thogrul Ben Erslan, illustri bellatori et literatum fautori, deliciis erat. Liber quinque complectitur poëmata, quorum ultimum in partes dividitur duas: primum, quod arcanorum thesaurus vocatur, multas continet fabellas et multa colloquia de hominum officiis ac rebus humanis; in illo sæpè inducitur rex Persarum celeberrimus Nushirvan, qui sub finem sæculi sexti contra Justinum primum, et Justinianum felicitèr bellavit: illo regnante, natus est Arabûm legislator Mohammedes, qui illum ob justitiam, in Alcorano collaudat; illum poëtæ Persici Sádi, Hafez, Jami, aliique perpetuò laudant, et unus ex iis bellè ait:

زنده است نام فرخ نوشیروان بعدل
گرچه بسي گذشت که نوشیروان نماند

" Nomen Nushirván fortunatum ob justitiam vi-
" vit, licèt multum elapsum sit temporis, per
" quod Nushirván ipse non ampliùs manet." Secundum poëma juvenis amabilissimi Meg'nûn, seu *amentis*, ita ob amorem insanum dicti, et Leilæ pulcherrimæ puellæ vitas continet. Tertium amores complectitur regis Khosrois è Sassaniorum familiâ vicesimi-tertii Nushirvani nepotis, et formosissimæ virginis Shirinæ seu *Dulcis*. Quartum *septem figuræ* nominatur, et regis Beharam, quem Græci ineptè, ut solent, Varanam appellant, historiam narrat; præcipuè verò septem illius palatia describit, quorum unumquodque diversum à cæteris colorem habuisse dicitur. Quintum Alex-

andr

andri vitam, ac res gestas denarrat; verùm enimverò sciendum est, Asiaticos omnes regem Macedonum à perantiquo rege Secander dicto non distinguere, sed amborum facta ridiculè commiscere. Hæc habeo quæ de libro tuo dicam, non conjecturâ fretus, sed certè sciens, me vera dicere. Lætor admodùm collegium S^ti^ Johannis Cantabrigiensis hunc thesaurum, te donante, possessurum: ac spero in Academiâ vestrâ aliquos futuros, qui poëtæ venustissimi Nezami elegantias poterint animo comprehendere. Si quis pleniorem poëtæ hujusce notitiam habere velit, consulat oportet librum jucundum, cui nomen *vitæ poëtarum Persicorum*, auctore Deuletshah Samarcandio, cujus vidi Lutetiis pulcherrimum exemplar.—Vale!

No. XX.

REVICZKIUS JONESIO, S.

Viennæ, die 10° *Octobris*, 1771.

Jam propè annus est elapsus, à quo occasionem præstolor, quâ libellum, te probante, in lucem emissum, ad te mitterem, quin ullam hactenùs potuerim adipisci; nunc demum opportunè evenit discessus in Angliam viri amicissimi τοῦ ἐπὶ τῶν ἀποῤῥήτων Britanniæ legationis, qui mihi officium suum spontè obtulit, et opus *hoc meum, aut, si mavis, tuum*, ad te deferri curare est humanissimè pollicitus. Eadem fidelia cuperem etiam gratum animum, pro transmisso mihi munere, contestari, sed grates persolvere dignas non opis est nostiæ; *sat erit tua dicere facta.* Oppidò miratus sum

studium

studium et doctrinam ac vel maximè diligentiam in triplici opere quo mihi gratificatus es, sed erubui laudibus quas mihi intemperantèr prodigis. Multum sanè tibi literæ et literati omnes debere fatebuntur, si eandem deinceps, quam cœpisti, orientalibus literis operam navaveris. Scire percuperem quo honore remuneratus sit virtutem et laborem tuum Rex Daniæ, aut, illo auctore, Rex Angliæ, ut tibi et bonis omnibus, qui te æquè ac ego diligunt, gratari possim, utque nobile tuum ingenium condignè præmiatum lætari valeam.— Vale!

No. XXI.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Oxonii, vii *Id. Decembres, anno* 1771.

Abs te per hos menses (imo potiùs annos) tredecim, ne literulæ quidem! Binas equidem ad te literas miseram, unas Non. Mart. Latinè scriptas et benè longas, alteras Gallicè exaratas *currenti,* quod aiunt, *stylo.* In iis quid egerim, quid agere meditarer, in quo vitæ cursu essem, ad quas dignitates aspiraret ambitio mea, feci te diligentissimè certiorem. Libros meos quatuor, ut opinor, accepisti, quos D. Whitchurch, legato Anglico ὁ ἐκ τῶν ἱερῶν, secum, meo rogatu, Vindobonam tulit. Illum adolescentem bonæ indolis, et literarum peramantem, dignum esse scito quem utaris familiaritèr. Hocce literarum ad te afferet D. Drummond, homo literatus, quem medicæ artis studium, quod in hâc insulâ non te latet esse perhonorificum, isthîc proficisci incitavit, secundùm Homericum illud, Ἰητρὸς ἀνὴρ πολλῶν ἀνθάξιος ἄλλων.

Eos velim ita tractes, ut sciant meam commendationem apud te plurimùm valere. Accipies eodem tempore oratiunculam quandam meam, in pulchellum, nescio quem, terræ filium, qui Academiæ nostræ conviciari ausus est; non impunè, ut videbis, si quid apud istiusmodi vappam ac nebulonem valeat mucro orationis meæ. *Conturbavi*, ut ait Cicero de suis Commentariis, *Gallicam nationem*. Quid agit Hafez, deliciolæ nostræ? Nunquámne carmina illa suavissima, te interprete, prodibunt in lucem? Placétne tibi versio mea Anglica, carminis istius *Egher an Turki?* Nostratibus certè quidem non displicet. Vellem plures alias Anglicè vertere, sed otium non suppetit. Neminem adhuc inveni, qui libellum tuum de re militari reddere dignè posset. Præfatio tua omnibus et docta et elegans videtur; sed opus (quod tute ais in proœmio) titulo *Osúlúl hikm fi nezámi' lümem* aiunt non respondere. Ejusdem libri πρωτότυπον Turcicè scriptum (cum cæteris Constantinopoli excusis, et bellissimo carminum Mesihii exemplari) in bibliothecâ Regiæ nostræ Societatis vidi. Cupio scire, num facile sit omnes eos libros quos laudas, ab Ibrahimo editos, vel in Germaniâ, vel in Thraciâ, aut Hungariâ emere? quod si fieri posset, illorum compos esse pervellem. Ecquidnam de Turcis novi? Μεν εἰρήνης οὐδεὶς λόγος; Equidem, simul ac de belli Russici exitu certior factus fuero, legationem Turcicam apertè, petere constitui; nunc occultè et susurratim. Rex, optimè in me affectus; optimates satis benevoli;

voli; mercatorum societas admodùm mihi favet: illud solum vereor, ne quis competitor potentior in scenam prodeat, et me cursu prævertat. Si petitio felicitèr evaserit, dii boni! ὡς πλανευσιευσομαι; Primùm, tuo Vindobonæ fruar colloquio; dein literis Asiaticis madebo; Turcarum mores ex abditissimis fontibus exhauriam;—sin aliud contigerit, φιλοσοφιλέον. Erit forum; non deerunt, ut spero, causæ; erit litium plena messis; restabit eloquentia, studium; restabit poësis, historia, philosophia, quarum singulis rectè colendis vita nostra hæcce humana, ὅσοι νῦν βροτοὶ ἔσμεν, vix sufficiet. Multa alia habeo quæ dicam, sed me *imperiosa trahit*,—non *Proserpina*, ut spero, at si qua est fori ac judiciorum fautrix Dea. Longiores literas expecta: tu intereà ad me quàm longissimas mitte. Te unicè ac fraternè diligimus.—Vale!

No. XXII.

JONESIUS ROBERTO ORME, S.

IV. *Id. Apriles, anno* 1772.

Quantâ cum voluptate, quantâque admiratione tui, historiam de bello Indico legerim, faciliùs possum animo complecti, quàm verbis enarrare: ita enim dilucidè abs te consilia, res gestæ, et rerum eventus declarantur, ut iis profectò, dum legebam, non mente solùm sed re interesse, non tam lector, quàm actor esse, visus sim. In primis mihi placebant vitæ ac naturæ hominum, aut rerum gestarum gloriâ, aut sapientiæ laude florentium, abs te declaratæ; nec minorem narrationi venustatem afferunt, locorum insignium de-

scriptiones, velut illa Gangis fluvii planè graphica; et sanè animadverti non modò poëtas, sed politiores omnium ferè ætatum historicos in fluviis describendis haud parum artis ac studii posuisse: sic Achelöum Thucydides, Teleböam Xenophon describit, uterque suo in genere egregiè; sed hic, ut semper, venustè ac brevitèr; ille, ut sæpiùs, elatè atque horridulè. Ad genus dicendi quod attinet, si elegantia et in verbis constet, et in verborum collocatione, quàm elegans oratio sit oportet tua, in quâ verba lectissima, semperque apta ad id, quod significant, ordine pulcherrimo collocantur; quæ laus est in scribendo propè maxima. Quòd si historiæ tuæ partem alteram, quæ à te jamdudum flagitatur, in lucem protuleris, cùm bonis omnibus ac tui similibus gratum feceris, tùm nominis tui famam latiùs diffuderis: nec justum videtur ornari abs te ac celebrari regionem Coromandelicam, si negligatur ea, quam rex quidam Indicus *delicias terrarum* vocitabat, *Bengala.*—Vale!

No. XXIII.

JONESIUS F. P. BAYER HISPANO, S.

Prid. Cal. Mart. an. 1774.

Libelli tui *de Phœnicum Linguâ et Colonis,* qui dubito doctiórne sit an jucundior, bellissimum exemplum accepi; et quanquam vereor, ne *aurea æneis,* tanquam Homericus ille Diomedes, permutare videar, mitto tamen ad te, in grati scilicet animi testimonium, commentarios meos poëseôs Asiaticæ, qui si tibi arriserint, id scito magnæ mihi voluptati fore.—Vale!

No.

No. XXIV.

JONESIUS H. A. SCHULTENS, S.

Id. Jul. an. 1774.

Adolescentulum summâ modestiâ, diligentiâ, virtute præditum, cui nomen Campbell, quíque ad te hoc literularum pertulerit, majorem in modum tibi commendo. Is in Indiâ mercaturam facturus est; sed priusquàm longam istam et molestam navigationem susceperit, sermonibus quibusdam Europæis atque Asiaticis, et ex his præcipuè Persico, addiscendis, operam est daturus. Quantum illi vel in studiis vel in negotiolis adjumenti afferre poteris, tantum mihi allatum autumavero; ipsum prætereà tibi semper devinxeris.

Quid agit Haririus noster? Ecquando abs te ornatus, prodibit in lucem? Nos in foro tempus consumimus; quicquid otii datur, id omne legibus interpretandis historiisque legendis conferre cogimur. Commentarios meos ad te misi, quos te spero accepisse.—Vale!

No. XXV.

H. A. SCHULTENS

لفريد عصره و قريع دهره

يونس

السّلام

Quoties, amicissime Jones, fortunati ejus temporis, quod in beatâ vestrâ insulâ transegi, subit memoria, toties animum sentio miro quodam voluptatis sensu perfundi, à gratissimâ recordatione jucundæ tuæ atque utilissimæ, quâ frui mihi licuit,

consuetudinis. Simul verò tui desiderium tam vehementèr excitatur, ut absentiam tuam feram ægerrimè. Quam animi ægritudinem sin minùs tollere, at lenire potest, dulce epistolarum commercium. Et reverâ non illud tempus indè à reditu in patriam effluxisset, absque ut nihil prorsus de me audires, nisi cùm ipse variis, iisque insolitis, negotiis fuissem districtus; tum timuissem, ne studiorum tuorum molestus essem interpellator. Tollit hunc metum, gratissimum, quod nuper à te accepi, commentariorum tuorum munus, quod eò mihi gratiùs accidit, quò videre indè licuit, mei memoriam tibi nondum excidisse. Maximas omninò ago habeoque gratias pro terso illo tuo atque elegantissimo libro, quem summâ aviditate legi, perlegi, relegi, et, nè vivam, obstupui. Simul tamen sincerus Musarum nostrarum amator deplorandam illarum sortem indolui, quibus in summâ cultorum suorum penuriâ tantum virum eripiunt rauca fori jurgia. Ergóne eas non habent venustates, eas gratias, ut aliis quæ non nisi opes et honorum titulos dotem adferunt, præferri mereantur? Ergóne non ita placet sola earum forma, et habitus elegantissimus, simul et suavissimus, ut cultores alliciant, qui, spretis aliis, perditè eas ament, iis solis se oblectent, atque toti cum iis sint? Ignoscas, mi Jonesi, talia amicè tecum expostulanti.

Operis tui non nisi pauca, duo fortè vel tria, exempla hucusque ad nos sunt delata. Fac, quæso, ne illorum copiam ulteriùs nobis invideat librariorum socordia. Accipies brevi orationem, quam hic loci habui, inauguralem de *finibus literarum Orienta-*

lium proferendis. Tumultuariè confecta, non potuit ita elaborari ac debuisset, atque ipse vellem, modò per tempus licuisset. Jucundissimum, quod obeo, munus hoc solum habet molestiæ, quòd nondum liceat liberè quò velim divagari, atque in institutionibus grammaticis, lectionibus exegeticis Veteris Testamenti, et enarrandis antiquitatibus Judaïcis, tantum temporis consumere cogar, ut parum vel nihil legendis auctoribus Arabicis, multò minùs Persicis, supersit. Sed tædium hoc eò libentiùs fero, quò, si citò devoretur, majus indè otium mihi brevì sit nasciturum. Et ubi semel omnem hanc lectionum farraginem singulis annis repetendam chartis mandavero, liber et mei juris potero totus his studiis incumbere. Meidanensem edendum suscipere jam certum mihi est deliberatumque. In editione parandâ duo ad minimum lustra erunt impendenda. Quanta enim tum ipsius linguæ, tum historiarum, rituum, et morum Orientalium cognitio ad id requiratur, sine quibus tamen tantum opus ne conandum quidem est, ipsemet probè nôsti. An verò hic fœtus, ubi ad maturitatem pervenerit, obstetricantem manum facilè inventurus sit اعلم الله. Scheidius Professor Harderovicensis in edendo Gieuhario occupatur. Sumptus tanto operi imprimendo necessarios cùm ferre non valeat, difficultatem hanc putat sublatam iri, si 28 fasciculos, pro numero literarum divisos, seorsìm in lucem emittat; ita ut pecunia ex primo fasciculo, qui literam ا continebit, parata sufficiat imprimendo ب et sic porrò.

Cæterum

Cæterum novi, quod ad te scribam, nihil est. Quàm vellem tui iterum videndi copia mihi fieret! Si id in te efficere valeat per glaciem currendi ardor, ut Banksium vestrum, imitatus eum in finem huc venires, jam non adeò frigora extimesco, ut contra sperem intensissima, glaciesque solidissimas et diù duraturas. Quidquid sit, sive hyeme, sive æstate, nihil unquam poterit mihi gratius accidere, quàm te hospitem excipere. Uxor (quam antè 5 circiter menses duxi) magno flagitat desiderio videndi Jonesium illum, de quo maritum audit quotidiè loquentem. Multum ea te salvere jubet, ut et pater meus, qui dici non potest quantoperè legendis operibus tuis imprimis commentariis fuerit delectatus. Magno ille te honore prosequitur, et diligit, et colit.—Tu velim scribas ad me quid agas; quid agant optimæ illæ tuæ mater et soror, quas meo nomine plurimum quæso salutes, easque certiores reddas gratissimum me animum servare et semper servaturum pro insigni humanitate, et variis officiis, quibus me sibi devinxerunt.—Cæterùm de me sic judices, quantùm ego possim, me tibi, omnibusque tuis summo cum studio præstò semper futurum.—Vale, mi Jonesi, meque ama.

Scripsi Amstelædami, 9 Sept. 1774.

Ferè oblitus eram de principe nostro Damasceno Yuseph (ni fallor) عباس ad te scripsisse. Valdè doleo eum tam diù hìc latuisse, ut biduo antequàm hinc Bruxellam peteret, me primum inviserit. Mirè delectatus fui indole ejus liberali, generosâ, et

et verè Arabicâ. Neque elegantiori doctrinâ videbatur destitutus. Sed de his tu meliùs judices, quàm ego.—Ego hominem, quamdiu vivam, amabo, cujus jucundi sermones me febri laborantem ita recreârunt, et totum quasi occupârunt, ut pessimo morbo redire cupienti nullus locus superesset.

Si velis ad me scribere, quod quæso facias citissimè, hæc sit epistolæ inscriptio:

A Mons. SCHULTENS,
Professeur en Langues Orientales,
Amsterdam.

Accepi nuper catalogum librorum, qui apud Whitium venales prostant. Nisi molestum sit, gratissimum mihi feceris, si ipsum jubeas hos libros mihi reservare, quos brevì curabo, simul missâ pecuniâ, ut huc deferantur:

No. 419 Elmacini Historia Saracenica.—18 sh.
1100 Herbelot.—3 l. 3 sh.
1471 Geogr. Nubiensis versio.—4 sh.
5909 Eutychius.—15 sh.
2091 Hunt in Proverbia VII.—1 sh

No. XXVI.

JONESIUS H. A. SCHULTENS, S.

Prid. Non. Oct. 1774.

Gratissimas abs te literas accepi, datas V Id. Sept. sed seriùs quàm vellem mihi redditas, quòd in maritimâ Cantii parte æstatem egi, et nuper admodùm Londinum redii: Commentarios meos abs te et patre tuo probari, vehementèr gaudeo; quòd addis amicissimè tu quidem et humanissimè,

nissimè, ægrè te ferre, me politioris doctrinæ desertorem esse, agnosco benevolentiam expostulationis tuæ. Sed, mî Alberte, non est integrum; jacta est alea; libri mei omnes, cùm impressi tùm manuscripti, præter eos, qui ad jureconsulti et oratoris officium pertinent, in arcâ Oxonii otiantur; et statui, per viginti minimùm annos, nullis rebus, nisi aut forensibus aut politicis, operam navare. Consilii mei rationes longo sermone persequi non est necessarium: illud sufficiet dicere, me, si Romæ vixissem aut Athenis, oratorum et illustrium civium labores, vigilias, pericula, exilium, invidiam, mortem denique, vel umbris poëtarum vel philosophorum hortis antelaturum fuisse. Idem faciendum in hâc Anglorum republicâ, quæ nec Romanæ nec Atheniensi cedit, et sentio, et à pueritiâ sensi, et semper sentiam. Porrò autem, tametsi literarum politiorum venustatem facilè agnosco, tamen valdè me delectat id quod à Neoptolemo in tragœdiâ dicitur, Philosophari juvat sed paucis; et illud Hippocrateum, Ὁ βίος βραχὺς, ἡ τέχνη μακρὰ, ὁ καιρὸς ὀξὺς. Strenuè denique asseverabo alias esse majores artes, quæ non solùm fructus, sed et dulcissimos fructus afferunt. Quid! nullámne attulit animi voluptatem divina illa Mathesis Archimedi, geometrarum principi, cum in theoremate demonstrando adeò intentè cogitationem defixisset, ut captas esse Syracusas non sentiret? Quid! ullámne rem jucundiorem aut nobiliorem esse putemus, quàm juris patrii unum studium, de quo velim in memoriam revoces quid dicant in Ciceronis de Oratore libris

libris L. Crassus et Q. Scævola? Quid! existimásne *Suadam* illam, cujus medulla ab Ennio dicitur Cethegus, qui et flos populi ab eodem vocatur, aut Thaliæ aut Polyhymniæ suavitatis palmam concedere? Quid! estne aliquis qui non mallet M. Tullii similis esse, cujus, cùm in omni vitâ tùm in studiis, exemplar et quasi ἰδέαν mihi proponam, quàm aut Varronis eruditissimi viri, aut Lucretii, poëtæ ingeniosissimi? Quòd si verè insuave et horridum fuisset juris nostri studium, quod est longè secùs, tamen reprehendendus non essem, si cum veteribus sapientissimis, et cum ipsâ sapientiæ deâ, Athenarum fautrice, Minervâ, fructuosam atque utilem olivam sterili lauro anteponerem. Ut apertè loquar; non est mei stomachi nobilium virorum arrogantiam, quæ à poëtis et literarum cultoribus devoranda est, perferre. Hæc tibi amicè expostulanti, amicè respondeo; tuam autem voluntatem, egregiè in me perspectam et cognitam, scito mihi perjucundam esse. Orationem tuam avidè expecto. Labores tuos omnes, et præcipuè Meidanense, opus bilustre, fortunet Deus! Mens sit, oro, fortis et constans doctissimo Scheidio, ut opus immensum quod meditatur, Atlanteis humeris sustinere valeat. Industriam ejus, omni laude dignam, admiror: sed post Meninskii fatum, non loquor de opere, sed de ipsius miseriis, non est viri prudentis (et qui sibi haud sapit, nihil sapit) navem suam tam incerto mari, atque adeò propè naufragii periculo exponere. Rege dignum opus est, fateor; sed censum requirit regis. Verè tibi gratulor,

gratulantur

gratulantur tibi mater et soror mea, felicitate nuptiarum tuarum. Schultensiæ tuæ, quam amabilissimam esse certò scio, et patri tuo, viro optimo, salutem impertio plurimam. Gratum habeo, quòd me Amsteledami videre cupis; mihi quoque summæ erit voluptati tecum in patriâ tuâ colloqui; quòd si tuâ frui liceret consuetudine, glacies vestra Hesperidum hortis esset amœnior, nec ipsa Tempe adire magis cuperem; sed, propter forenses occupationes, æstas mihi ad peregrinandum erit commodior. Polliceor tibi me, vel anno proximo, vel post eum venturo, mense Julio aut Augusto, apud te perlibentèr commoraturum.

Josephum, hominem Syrum, tibi placuisse lætor, et gaudeo illum per Germaniam iter facturum esse. De illo satis longa est historia; qui, nisi ego primariis hujus civitatis viris, qui apud regem plurimùm valeant, sedulò exorâssem, Londini aut vixisset miserrimus, aut mortem obiisset immeritò. Libros quos emere voluisti, tibi reservat Bibliopola. Literulas ad te meas Idibus Juliis scriptas, quas ad te perferendas dedi adolescenti Campbello, nondum, ut arbitror, accepisti. Regis Hispaniæ filius, Gabrielis, princeps juventutis, ad me misit Sallustium suum splendidissimè impressum. Id mihi summo honori duco, gratiasque perdiligentèr egi. Audiisti sine dubio de Brucii, hominis Scoti, peregrinationibus in Syriam, Arabiam, Abyssiniam, Nubiam, Ægyptum; cui non domus sua nota magis est quàm Rubri Maris littus, et Nili fons.— Multos sécum attulit codices Æthiopico sermone scriptos,

scriptos, et, inter alios, Enochi vaticinium, librum antiquum, sed inter Sibyllina volumina numerandum.

* * * * * *

Dum hæc scribebam, venit ad me quidam qui attulit codicem, ut aiebat, manu scriptum, quem à Montacuto, nobili Anglo, Venetiis acceperat, ut ad me perferret. Aperui librum; inveni bellissimum et perfectissimum Motanabii exemplar, cum epistolâ versibus Arabicis ad me scriptâ ab *Abderrahman* nescio quo, quem fortasse in Asiâ Montacutus viderat. Gratissima est docti Arabis in me benevolentia; versus apposui; neutiquam me dignor tam exaggeratis laudibus: sed nôsti magniloquentiam Asiaticorum. Noli jam putare me Motanabii poëmata continuè perlecturum; latebunt Oxonii, cum cæteris istis similibus thesauris meis. Velim tibi persuadeas te à me plurimi fieri, nec quidquam mihi jucundius esse posse, quàm abs te sæpissimè longissimas epistolas accipere.—Cura ut valeas, meque, ut facis, amare pergas.

No. XXVII.

JONESIUS F. P. BAYER, S.

4 *Non. Oct.* 1774.

Vix reperio quibus tibi verbis agam gratias, quòd Sallustii historiam chartæ splendidissimæ perpulchrè impressam, et in sermonem Hispanum elegantèr conversam, ad me mittendam curaveris; eodemque me, novum hominem et privatum, honore affeceris, quo non nisi magnos reges et illustres academias, anteà dignatus es. Sed incipienti mihi literas

literas ad te mittere, dubium omninò visum est, gratulárerne tibi priùs de præstantissimo interpretationis scriptore, an gratias agerem quòd mihi adeò jucundum tui μνημόσυνον dedisses. Auguror sanè clarius lumen bonarum artium ac scientiarum accessurum patriæ tuæ, in quâ regius adolescens eo sit ingenio eâque doctrinâ præditus, ut historicorum Romanorum principem luculentèr interpretari, notisque eruditus illustrare possit. Quàm pauci sunt in aliis regionibus juvenes primarii, qui tantum opus perficere aut velint, si possint, aut possint fortasse, si velint! Sallustii gravissimum opus, sapientiâ et dignitate plenum, benè intelligere, permagnum est; aptè illustrare, egregium; bellè vertere, admirandum. Hæc omnia si vir privatus effecisset, laude dignus esset; si adolescens, honore decorandus; si et juvenis, et princeps juventutis, summis honoribus præconii more persequendus.

Linguæ vestræ studium doctissimæ complures jam annos intermisi; sed memini me Alonzi heroïcum poëma, Garcilassi carmina, Cervantis lepidas fabellas magnâ cum voluptate legisse. Nihil tamen, ita fortunatè vivam, elegantius aut politius legi, quàm Sallustii versionem; et libentèr doctissimo auctori assentior, cùm dicat in proœmio, "linguam vestram ad Latini sermonis gravitatem "proximè accedere." Pergat igitur juvenis amabilissimus cùm de patriâ suâ tùm de humano genere benè mereri; efficiatque ut omnibus hujus ævi principibus viris facilè sit anteponendus. Si mihi liceat eloqui quod sentio, auctor sim ut M. Tullii

ferè

ferè divinis operibus quàm diligentissimè navet operam; quæ neminem unquam legisse puto, quin legendo factus sit eloquentior et doctior. Digna est admirabilis illa ad Quintum fratrem de provinciâ administrandâ epistola, quæ ab omnibus in terrarum orbe regibus memoritèr quotidiè recitetur. Digni sunt libri de Officiis, de Finibus, de Quæstionibus Tusculanis, qui centiès perlegantur. Dignæ Orationes ferè sexaginta quæ in omnes Europæ linguas convertantur. Nec vereor affirmare sedecim illos epistolarum ad Atticum libros historiis ferè omnibus (Sallustio excepto) præstare. Quod ad tua ipsius opera attinet, liber tuus jucundissimus à me diligentèr et lectus est et legetur.—Audio te ejusdem versionem Latinam meditari, quam ut perficias oro, gentium exterarum gratiâ. Nihil in eo quod sit mutandum video, nihil quod non laudandum. Pervelim plures tuos antiquitatum Asiaticarum et Africanarum libros in lucem proferas. Ecquid harum rerum studiosis gratiúsne optare possim?—Tu interea, vir clarissime, et meo et reipublicæ literariæ nomine etiam atque etiam vale!

No. XXVIII.

JONESIUS G. S. MICHAELI, S.

Prid. Non. Novemb.

Peto à te ne me putes libros tuos aut non legisse, aut lectos neglexisse. De fabulis Hebræorum neque à te prorsùs dissentio, nec tamen usquequaque tibi assentior. Nolui igitur, re nondum satis exploratâ et cognitâ, ab opinione vulgari

gari recedere. Cæterùm commentarios nostros abs te probari lætor. Quod quæris, seriòne Musas Asiaticas et politiores literas deseruerim, nihil scito esse verius; nec per viginti annos quidquam de his rebus aut scribam aut meditabor. Totus in foro sum, et in juris nostri studio Σπαρταν ἔλαχον: tua tamen opera, teque ipsum, vir optime atque humanissime, plurimi semper faciam.—Vale!

No. XXIX.

H. A. SCHULTENS JONESIO, S.

Jan. 6, 1775.

Etsi his diebus, quibus molesti et insoliti labores totum me occupatum tenent, ne id quidem temporis mihi superest, ut de epistolis exornandis cogitare liceat, tamen non potui doctissimo Bjornsthalio nihil literarum ad te dare, cùm ut haberet, quo optatus ipse aditus ad te patefieret; tùm, ut videres, me tui non immemorem vivere.—Jucundum tibi erit cum Sueco nostro Philarabe colloquium. Non tantùm enim multorum hominum mores vidit et urbes, sed Orientales etiam literas et callet egregiè et amat vehementèr. Deliciis (non olim, ut scribis, sed etiam nunc) tuis addictum scio pergratum tibi futurum.—Accepi utrasque tuas literas. Priores, quas Campbello dederas ad me perferendas, reddidit mihi ejus avunculus Cunningham, mercator hâc in urbe degens. Ipsum adolescentulum nondum vidi. Missus est in ludum quendam aliquot milliaribus hinc dissitum. Si huc redierit, conabor, quâcunque in re potero,

memet

memet utilem ei præstare:—ad alteras brevî respondebo. Tu interim, mî Jonesi, fac ut valeas, méque amare perge. Optimam tuam matrem et sororem, cæterosque communes amicos, meo nomine salutes quàm plurimum.—Vale.

Dabam Amstelodami, vi Januarii, 1775.

No. XXX.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Dat. Londini, xiv *Kal. Feb. anno* 1775.

Noli putare me tui oblitum, quòd raras à me literas accepisti; neque enim habui cui rectè fasciculum darem, nec tabellariis incertis λέσχην nostram familiarem volui committere. Nescio prætereà an hoc literularum ad te perventurum sit, et vereor de re quâlibet apertiùs, ut soleo, loqui; cùm tua ad me humanissima epistola, Varsoviæ, Idib. Jan. data, resignata mihi reddita sit, quod puto hanc nostram fore, priusquàm tu illam recipies. Me scito infinitis in urbe et in togâ occupationibus impediri, quò minùs literis dem operam. Libros edidi duos; quos tum demùm accipies, cùm aliquem invenero, cui prudentèr eos committam. Scribe ad me literas, amabò te: nihil mihi amicitiâ tuâ jucundius esse potest. Quàm vellem aut tu huc venisses, aut ego istuc, ut unà vivere possemus. Displicuit mihi legatio Turcica. Vivam in patriâ, quæ bonis civibus haud facilè caret; jamdudum enim σαλεύει. O, quàm lætarer, si te huc legatum videre possem: haud inviderem aut Europæ aut Asiæ regibus!—Tu intereà, mî Reviczki, etiam atque etiam vale!

No. XXXI.

REVICZKIUS JONESIO, S.

Quantâ sim lætitiâ affectus, aeceptis tuis amantissimis literis, facilè perspicies, si amorem in te meum plenè cognitum habueris. Ego occupationibus quibus eram hactenùs impeditus, frequentiùs hoc tanto solatio frui non potui, idque humanissimè à te factum agnosco, ut eo tempore acciperem tuas literas quo non expectarem. Etsi autem tutiùs fore crediderim nequid literis committamus, quod, si prolatum sit, molestè feramus; tamen resignationem epistolæ meæ, de quâ me edoces, casui potiùs quàm studio tribuo. Non dubito quin occupatissimus sis, cùm te forensibus exercitationibus totum dedideris. Quare non equidem jam te rogo ut ad me assiduò scribas, sed hoc te scire volo, quòd mihi ad scribendum plus otii quàm anteà contigerit, postquàm exactis nuperrimè biennalibus comitiis (tædio autem sæcularibus) laborem penè omnem exantlavi. Hæc de publicis negotiis harum partium.—De Britannicis autem nihil cognovi ex tuis literis; sed ex aliis abundè comperio quantùm vos coloniarum interni motus, et bello externo difficiliores, exagitant. Me jam muneris et officii mei, non tam ardui quàm ingrati, fastidium cepit; nec alia mihi consolatio est hujus ingentis molestiæ, nisi quòd spero non ampliùs longiorem annuâ fore. Næ ego essem Londini libentèr, atque utinam aliquod in illâ urbe Reipublicæ meæ, πολιτικον opus efficere, et navare

mihi

mihi liceat, καὶ με τὸ βελοίμην καὶ μεν πολυηδίου εἶεν, nihil sanè tali provinciâ jucundius accidere mihi posset. Quod si Diis insperatò visum fuerit, tu velim mihi ibi præsto sis, ut tuo consortio tuâque familiaritate, ut consuevi, in omnibus rebus utar. Libros quos te edidisse scribis, nullâ mentione argumenti, consequi aveo, nec dubito quin eorum lectione mirum in modum oblecter.—Vale; et ut me ames, vehementèr te rogo.

No. XXXII.

JONESIUS H. A. SCHULTENS, S.

Vide quantùm à libertate absim, ego scilicet, qui τέλειαν ἐλευθερίαν solebam præ me ferre! Volens equidem, atque adeò ardentèr cupiens, te Amstelodami visere, pollicitus etiam tibi, me hoc demùm anno apud te futurum, variis et magnis negotiis Londini detineor. Scitò me unum esse è sexaginta viris iis, qui de debitoribus bona cedentibus judicant. Officio huic satis inest utilitatis, lucri non nimis: me tamen per majorem anni partem in hâc urbe defixum tenet. Adde studia necessaria, et forenses occupationes, magnumque opus respondendi clientibus de quæstionibus juris. Græcos tamen oratores lectito; et Isæi utilissimas orationes patrio sermone converti. Quid agit interea Meidanius? quid Haririus? Pergas velim eos ornare, ita tamen ut curés valetudinem.—Vale!

vij Id. Dec. MDCCLXXVI.

No. XXXIII.

H. A. SCHULTENS JONESIO, S.

Dici vix potest quantoperè me exhilararent literæ tuæ, breves illæ quidem, sed officii et humanitatis plenissimæ. Pudet profectò, me tam serò ad eas rescribere, ut jure mihi videar à te reprehendendus, tanquam tuorum erga me beneficiorum parùm memor: quam verò suspicionem gravissimam ut omni vi atque operâ deprecor, sic nolo equidem, nec possum, omnem negligentiæ culpam prorsus diffiteri.—Habes, mî Jonesi, rëum confitentem; sed ignoscas, quæso, meliora in futurum pollicenti.—Prætereà multæ sunt et infinitæ ferè occupationes meæ, quæ me vix sinunt respirare,—certè scribere volentem continuò jubent officium illud in aliud tempus rejicere. Justa tibi videbitur hæc excusatio, ubi dixero, de Meidanio meo per hos 5 menses ne quidem fuisse cogitatum. Nunc verò, paulò plus otii nactus, intermissum laborem brevì resumam, cujus persequendi molestiam multùm sublevabit ingens et rarum beneficium, quòd à bibliothecæ Leidensis curatoribus nuper impetravi, ut non tantùm codicem Meidanii, sed alios etiam, quibus indigeo, huc mecum deferam, eosque, quamdiù opus erit, in usus meos adhibeam. Itaque tam insigni benevolentiâ mirificè adjutus, pergam acritèr, quantùm per alias occupationes licebit, in describendo codice, conficiendis indicibus necessariis, (sine quibus in tali opere exsequendo nihil proficitur,) et augendo atque ornando

omni

omni editionis apparatu, qui jam paulatìm sub manibus cœpit increscere;—utinam modò liceret omne illud tempus, quòd multùm reluctanti, ægerrimèque interdum ferenti, surripiunt cujuscunque generis lectiones, quas dicimus, coram discipulis, aliisve auditoribus cùm publicè, tùm privatìm, habendæ, his meis deliciis unicè impendere.—Sed tres quatuórve annos prævideo in hoc pistrino adhuc fore consumendos, nec priùs me indè liberandum, quàm majore rerum copiâ instructo, facilè mihi erit hujusmodi recitationes absque longâ meditatione effundere, et, ut nos dicere solemus, tanquam ex manicâ excutere:—Interim jacet Haririus, jacent poëtæ Arabes; jacent etiam, quod vehementèr doleo, literæ Persicæ, molles illæ et elegantes, quarum addiscendarum tu me tantâ cupiditate incendisti, ut, quidquid evenerit, si modò vivam et valeam, certum sit deliberatúmque, raro apud nos exemplo, totum me illis tradere. De edendo Haririo parùm abest, ut desperem. Constitueram solum textum exhibere, ex optimis, qui ad manum erant, codicibus expressum, eique versionem ab Avo paratam et absolutam adjungere:—hoc si præstarem, videbar mihi sine temporis dispendio, et intereà dum aliud agerem, utilitati publicæ satis consulere. Sed sunt, quorum judicio multùm mihi deferendum est, partìm etiam voluntate obtemperandum, qui consilium illud dissuadeant, et seriò hortentur, ne in lucem prodeat sine excerptis ex Tibrizio aliisve grammaticis, vel etiam sine annotationibus quibusdam meis. Ego quidem

quidem non ita sentio: sed est horum auctoritati cedendum, ideòque expectandum, donec major mihi facultas sit talem editionem ritè ornandi. Scheidius noster his diebus edidit primam particulam Lexici Gieuhariani, quæ ex capite I, sive باب الهمزه usque ad finem literæ ق ad قيأ decurrit, et 200 ferè paginis comprehenditur.— Putat integrum opus cum versione Latinâ edendum, 10 volumina, unumquodque mille paginarum fore impleturum. Diversa sunt hominum judicia. Ipse quidem in persequendo tam immenso opere, adeò nullam molestiam prævidet, ut etiam de Phiruzabadio aliisque auctoribus edendis interdum cogitet. Alii verò institutum arbitrantur infinitis obseptum difficultatibus, nec unquam, nisi aureus quidem imber ipsi decidat, ad finem perducendum:—et hoc quidem unicum est, quod in Arabicis hodiè inter nos agitur, nisi quòd Wilmettus, juvenis theologus, sed eruditus, glossarium parat in Haririum, Arabshiadem, et Coranum.— Incipientibus opus utilissimum, quódque multùm proderit iis, qui, Lexici Goliani caritate, ejusque comparandi difficultate, solent interdum ab harum literarum studio deterreri. Melior est Græcarum literarum et Latinarum apud nos conditio; quod equidem non invideo, nec miror, sed ferrem adhuc leniùs, si modò aliqua hujus felicitatis pars in Orientales etiam literas redundaret. Habemus Ruhnkenium in elaborando Velleïo Paterculo, Burmannum in Propertio, Wyttenbachium in Plutarcho,

tarcho, Tollium in Apollonii Lexico Homerico, eodem quod est à Villoisonio in Galliâ editum, occupatos. Phalaridis epistolæ, de quarum auctore tanta fuit inter vestrates Boyleium et Bentleium controversia, brevì in lucem emittentur. Vidistin' elegantissimam Ruhnkenii dissertationem de vitâ et scriptis Longini? Multa sunt ejus exempla in Angliam delata:—sin videris, curabo, ut, datâ occasione, eam accipias. Prodibit etiam intra paucas hebdomadas bibliotheca quædam critica, duobus vel tribus fasciculis, quovis anno, edenda, cujusque duplex erit institutum. Alterum, ut novos libros, sed optimos, commemoret, ex omni genere literarum, quæ ad eruditam antiquitatem pertinent; alterum, ut nova quædam et inedita, subindè interspergat. Latent quidem ejus auctores, vel potiùs, latere cupiunt; etsi quosdam illorum certissimè prodet cùm haud vulgaris eruditio, tùm rara scribendi elegantia. Nec tamen ita sunt mihi prorsùs ignoti, quin hoc ausim confidentèr affirmare, magnoperè tibi hunc libellum esse placiturum:—sunt autem in illâ societate quidam ex amicis meis atque familiaribus, qui id à me petant, ut commendatione meâ, bibliopolam Londini habeant, ad quem possint exempla quædam transmittere. Cogitavi de Elmsleyo, cui haud grave erit, viginti, vel etiam paucioribus exemplis experiri, quem successum libellus iste inter vos sit habiturus.—Sed volui priùs hâc de re ad te scribere, ut vel ipse, vel alius quisquam tuo hortatu, promptior sit ad illum negotium suscipiendum. Est adhuc

aliud,

aliud, idque majoris momenti, quod, me tanquam proxenetâ quodam usi, vehementèr à te flagitant:—nempè ex Orientalibus literis, imprimis verò Arabicis, Persicisque nonnulla in Bibliothecam conferre cupientibus auctor fui, ut, cùm pauci libri in hoc genere prodeant, pauciores etiam aliquâ commemoratione digni sint, vacuum hunc locum relinquerent brevioribus dissertationibus, σχεδιασμασι, διατριβαις, vel quocunque tandem nomine aliquid acciperent, quod ad hæc studia promovenda egregiè conducat. Ipse promisi, me interdum, si nihil melius haberent, biographias quasdam ex Jbn Chalikane suppeditaturum. Tunc illi laudare quidem hoc consilium, simul verò vehementèr à me petere, ut Jonesio hujusmodi diatribas extorquerem:—nihil fore, quod hanc bibliothecæ partem ornatiorem redderet magisque commendaret;—me, si vera sint, quæ de mutuâ nostrâ amicitiâ semper in ore fero, facilè illud à te impetraturum. Vides igitur, mî Gulielmi, quò me adduxerit frequens tui erga me amoris gloriatio;—sed pareo eorum voluntati eò lubentiùs, quò pulchrior mihi indè spes nascitur, gravem quam fecimus tui jacturam, aliquâ ratione reparandi.—Itaque oro te, obsecro, et per veterem illum tuum amorem Musarum Orientalium, quibus tam flebile tui desiderium reliquisti; per illum ergo amorem obtestor, ut, dum commoda tibi est iis gratificandi occasio, hanc nobis felicitatem non invideas. Excute forulos;—invenies multa parata, perfecta, nec indigna, quæ lucem adspiciant: quidquid mittes, erit illud acceptissimum, et, vel addito

tuo

tuo nomine, vel omisso, uti ipse hoc jusseris, bibliothecæ inseretur. Si Anglicè quid scriptum habeas, nec sit tibi ejus Latinè vertendi opportunitas, illud equidem lubens suscipiam, istamque versionem aliis, qui sunt Latinè scribendi multò me peritiores, examinandam et corrigendam tradens curabo, ne tuæ laudi atque existimationi aliquid detrahatur.—Nihil prætereà addetur, omittetur, vel mutabitur, sed omnia erunt tua eadem illa, quæ miseris: quam in rem, fidem meam, si opus esse putas, sanctissimè interpono.—Tu, nisi molestum est, citò mihi rescribe, nostræque petitioni facilem te præbe ac benignum.

Gratulor munus, quod aditum tibi ad majora et pinguiora brevì patefaciet. Sed amissam libertatem, non tam tui, quàm mei causâ, molestè fero. Nemini, ne Anglo quidem, misera est servitus, quæ in utilitatem publicam suscepta, virtutis est et meritorum justa remuneratio. Mihi autem, quî, dum liber eras, frustrà te expectavi, imprimis gravis est illa tua servitus, quæ tui videndi spem sin minùs omnem præcidit, at certè minuit, et multùm extenuat.—Hunc tu nobis metum eripe; et si quid vacui temporis tibi relictum est, (erit autem interdum, nam habes 59 socios in munere tuo tibi adjunctos,) id quæso ne prætermittas, sed huc excurrens, felicitatem nostram jucundissimo tuo adspectu et colloquio augeas quàm cumulatissimè. Ego quin ad vos aliquando revertar, non defectu quodam voluntatis retineor; tantâ enim cum voluptate repeto memoriâ tempus illud, quo suavissimâ tuâ consuetudine

consuetudine frui mihi licuit, ut ne vivam, si non ardentissimo desiderio teneor in eandem felicitatem quantò ociùs evolandi. Nec prohibet temporis angustia, quandoquidem ita fert muneris mei ratio, ut per novem ferè menses plurimis negotiis obrutus, tribus reliquis liber sim et homo mei juris. —Quid igitur? Dicam quod res est, nec turpe existimabo talia amico indicâsse

اذا ثقل روني خف علي ان اجي اليكم

Sterile ut ubivis, sic etiam in Belgio literaturæ Orientalis solum necessaria quidem ad vitam lautè satis alendam præbet; quod superfluum videri posset neutiquam concedit.—Donec igitur inexpectata quædam fertilitas advenerit, itineris Anglici iterum suscipiendi spes prorsus mihi evanuit. Sed quæ fors fert, æquo feram animo. Quandoquidem verò hujus rei mentionem apud te injeci, addam etiam aliud, in quo tu forsan poteris egregiè mihi adjuvare. Constitui, ut rebus meis meliùs consulam eamque superfluitatem consequar, quæ, etsi careri potest, tamen grata est et jucunda fruentibus, adolescentulum circumspicere, quem in ædes recipiam, cujúsque mores dirigam ac gubernem :—sed cupio imprimis ex vestratibus aliquem recipere, cùm quòd rariùs solent nostri homines pueros aliis tradere, tum quòd melius videtur (vides quàm ingenuè tecum agam) Anglo cuidam libertatem vendere, à quo major est et lautior merces expectanda.—Sed monet deficiens charta, ut tandem desinam esse verbosior. Tu, si me amas, brevi rescribes. quid tibi hâc de re videatur, et si quid

poteris mei causâ efficere, id scio te lubentèr facturum:—Ego quidem nunquam committam, ut quidquam, quod præstare possim, à me frustrà petas. Uxor mea mecum te optimamque matrem tuam et sororem plurimùm salvere jubet.—Vale, mî Jonesi, Schultensiúmque tuum amare perge.

Amsteledami, Prid. Non. Maii.

No. XXXIV.

JONESIUS H. A. SCHULTENS, S.

Amicè tibi et suavitèr hortanti, ut novo operi apud vos mox edendo ἔρανον meum conferrem, certè non deessem, sed pangerem nescio quid, ut possem; nisi omninò egerem otio. Cùm enim officium meum judiciale, tùm forensis labor, lucubrationes continuæ, dicendi meditatio, actio causarum, et in jure respondendi munus, vix horulam mihi concedunt ad somnum, et ad cibum capiendum. Quòd me jucundissimè fecisti certiorem quid tu agas, quídque in patriâ tuâ agitur, gratias ago maximas. Ego si quem Anglum generosum et benè locupletem invenero, qui vel filium vel pupillum ad recolendas humaniores literas isthinc mittere voluerit; laudis tuæ me verum præconem fore polliceor, nec in re quâpiam tibi defuturum. Hoc tamen quàm sit incertum, tu non ignoras. —Vale, méque dilige. IV. Cal. Jul. 1777.

No. XXXV.

REVICZKIUS JONESIO, S.

Varsoviæ, 17 *Martii*, 1779.

Pertulit ad me nuper Duninius binos tuos variæ eruditionis libros, novissimè in lucem editos, quibus

quibus vehementèr delectatus sum; nam et memorem te adhuc mei ex munere hoc gratus recognovi, et singularis illa doctrina, quâ scripta tua referta luxuriant, voluptatem cum profectu legenti adtulit, et ad obliterata penè jam in animo meo hujuscemodi studia, iterum recolenda, stimulum addidit. Vitam Persici Schach Nadir jam anteà princeps Adamus Czartoriski linguis Orientis non infelicitèr addictus, legendam mihi obtulit, et quæ in diatribe adjuncta honorificè de me meministi indigitavit; sed ea quidem amori erga me tuo unicè adscripta velim. Nunc quòd amœnioribus literis nuncium dare, et Themidis sacrario unicè te devovere decreveris sine Reipublicæ literariæ jacturâ fieri posse non censeo, neque futurum spero, quin te Melpomene nascentem vidit, et nolentem volentem sub suo imperio coërcebit. Mihi jam in septimum annum, et ad fastidium usque Vistulæ, littora coluntur, felicioribus mutanda, ni fallor, extincto, si diis placet, in Germaniâ bello. Quantò gratius in Britanniâ nec longè à te, tempus meum transigerem, si me fata meis paterentur ducere vitam auspiciis! Sed quocunque locorum sorte compulsus fuero, amare te non desinam.—Vale.

No. XXXIV.

H. A. SCHULTENS JONESIO, S.

Quanquam plurimis occupationibus et sæpiùs et nunc maximè impedior, à conscribendis epistolis, per quas veteris amicitiæ memoria recolatur,

latur, à cujus rei suavitate atque delectatione molestè fero me abduci : tamen tale mihi videtur argumentum literarum tuarum, quas his diebus accepi, ut melius sit tribus duntaxat verbis ad eas respondere, quàm, dum meliorem quæro scribendi opportunitatem, nimiâ cunctatione efficere, ut vel nihil ad causam tuam, quæ in summo mea ergo te studio quàm maximè mea est, juvandam præstare queam, vel, etsi à me juvari non possis, in suspicionem veniam negligentiæ in amicis colendis, eorumque voluntati ac desiderio obtemperando.

Enimverò, mî Jonesi, intellexi tuam petitionem gravissimi muneris, ac gloriosissimi, quod, si virtute non fautoribus ambiendum sit, haud scio in quem conferri possit te digniorem, atque ornatiorem cùm ingenio, plurimarum rerum utilissimarum cognitione, admirabili eloquentiæ vi et præstantiâ; tùm verò patriæ ac libertatis amantiorem, qui communi rerum vestrarum calamitati succurrat majore consilio, prudentiâ, fortitudine, animi integritate ; cui igitur alma Mater nostra (nam patere me hâc appellatione pietatis meo sensui gratificari) salutis ac prosperitatis suæ curam tutiùs committat.

Sed hunc tuum, qui palàm cognitus est, libertatis amorem nonne in hâc temporum perversitate tibi putas nociturum esse? Feréntne plurimi, à quorum suffragiis ea res pendet, personam Academiæ in comitiis publicis à *Julio Melesigono* sustineri? Belgæ quidem de rerum vestrarum statu sic judicant,

judicant, difficile esse bono viro, qui libertatis amorem publicè profiteatur, ad rempublicam gerendam admoveri.

Verùm hæc dices nihil ad me pertinere; modò quodcunque in me est, omni studio conferam ad causam tuam promovendam. Atque hoc ipsum est, de quo velim paulò plura ex te sciscitari: quomodo et apud quos illud studium profitendum sit ac declarandum. Habeámne potestatem suffragium mittendi, cujus ratio pro causâ tuâ habeatur? Id quidem vix credidero. An verò ex amicis meis Oxoniensibus illi compellandi sint, à quorum amicitiâ, benevolentiâ, et humanitate aliquid sperare ausim, veluti Kennicottus, Whitius, Winstanlejus? Tu mihi primâ mox occasione rescribas, atque indices quid agendum sit. Habebis me tui studiosissimum, nec ullâ in re patiar officium meum tibi deesse.

Ego nunc Leidæ versor, ubi ante annum ferè cum dimidio, Patri meo defuncto successi in munere docendarum literarum Orientalium. Sed de his rebus cupio propediem pluribus ad te scribere. Nam vehementèr etiam scire cupio quid tu agas, quid agant mater tua fœminarum optima et soror mihi amicissima. Velim meo nomine plurimam iis salutem dicas, et obsequii atque amicitiæ meæ significationem ad eas perferas. Vale, mî Jonesi, et me amare perge.

Dabam, Lugduni Bat. Prid. Kal. Jun. 1780.

Missa sunt quædam exempla catalogi bibliothecæ patris mei quæ vendetur mense Septembri, ad bibliopolam

bibliopolam Londinensem, puto ad Elmslejum. Ex iis jussi unum ad te deferri.

No. XXXVII.

JONESIUS H. A. SCHULTENS, S.

11 *Kal. Jun.* 1781.

Ego de bello hoc facinorissimo quid sentiam, tu non ignoras; quantus autem sim tyrannorum osor, quantus veræ libertatis fautor et vindex, carmen hoc *Alcaïcum* patrio sermone scriptum, dilucidè monstrabit: sed inhumanæ forent literæ quæ humaniores et putantur et esse debent, si viri literati, præsertim ii qui studiis delectantur iisdem, bellum plusquam civile gererent. Perge me igitur Batavus Anglum, ut facis, amare; quemadmodùm ego te, Anglus Batavum, et amo et amabo. Scito me ruri nuper hyemantem et feriatum septem illa nostrorum Arabûm *suspensa* poëmata, ne versiculo quidem omisso, Anglicè reddidisse; totum opus, cum notis, et proœmio de vetustioribus Arabiæ monumentis, proximis æstivis feriis in lucem proferre statui. *Tabrizzii* commentarium ipse possideo; *Zouzenii* παραφρασιν et notulas perutiles, cujus libri pulchrius exemplar Lutetiæ utendum accepi, benignissimè mihi commodavit collegium Trinitatis Cantabrigiense. *Sadii* notas et versionem Persicam cum *Ansarii* scholiis, et insigni *Obeidallæ* editione, Oxonii habemus; sed omninò omnes editiones et commentarios accedere vehementèr cupio. Avus tuus felicis memoriæ, quem ego maximè, ut debeo, semper facio, carmina hæc "cedro digna" prædicat, seque ait, nisi

fallor,

fallor, codicem *Nahasi* Leydensem in proprios usus transcripsisse. Prætereà in bibliothecæ locupletissimæ *Schultensianæ* indice, cujus unum exemplar, Huntero, amico meo, fidelitèr tradidi, alterum ipse avidè pervolutavi, hæc verba legi :—" 6990. Septem *Moallakat* Arab. pulcherrimè scripta." Ecquis, amabò, codicem hunc emptum possidet? Quonam veniet pretio? Dolet, emptorem me non fuisse; sed ego tunc variis et magnis negotiis ipse *suspensus* de *suspensis* carminibus ne cogitavi quidem. Adjuva me, per Musas oro, in opere hoc meo lautâ supellectile ornando; et quicquid habes vel notarum vel lectionum variarum apud te reconditum, deprome atque imperti. Multa de familiâ tuâ φιλάρχαι dixi in proœmio, plura et magnifica, sed et vera dicturus. Scire in primis velim, ullúsne è septem poëtis, præter *Amriolkaisum* et *Tarafem* Latinè redditus apud vos prodierit. Librum meum, quem benè nitidum reddet *Baumgartius* pumex, expecta. Mater mea dilectissima omnium mulierum *fuit*, ut semper putavi, optima; est, ut confido, sanctissima; ego me luctu macerare non desinam. Te et Schultensiam tuam benè valere, si quàm citissimè certior factus fuero, id mihi erit gratissimum.—Vale.

No. XXXVIII.

Baron REVICZKY to Sir W. JONES.

MONSIEUR ; *Londres*, 30 *Juin*, 1789.

Par la Vestale, frégate qui devoit conduire à la Chine le Colonel Cathcart, je vous ai envoyé,

envoyé une lettre, Monsieur, en réponse à une belle epitre Persanne, que le Sr. Elmsley libraire dans le Strand m'a fait tenir de votre part, et qui m'a servi d'un témoignage bien agréable du précieux souvenir dont vous continuez à m'honorer, malgré la distance des lieux qui nous sépare. Mai j'ai sçu que le Colonel étant mort en chemin la Vestale étoit retournée en Angleterre, et j'ai lieu de soupçonner que par cet accident ma lettre n'a pas atteint sa destination. J'ai reçu depuis peu un superbe ouvrage que vous avez fait imprimer à Calcutta ; et qui feroit honneur à la plus celébre imprimerie de l'Europe, accompagné d'une aussi élégante qu'obligeante lettre, où j'ai reconnue la main de quelque très-habile Chattât, si je suis encore en état d'en juger, car en vérité, faute de continuer à cultiver les langues Orientales, elles me sont devenues si étrangères, que si je n'en avois jamais rien appris. Je n'ai pas encore vu la belle écriture Arabe si bien rendue par l'imprimerie, que dans le poème Persan dont vous m'avez fait l'honneur de me gratifier. Je suis bien faché que pendant mon séjour à Londres j'ai été privé de votre chère compagnie, qui m'auroit été d'une ressource infinie ; et j'ignore encore si je jouirai de ce bonheur lors de votre retour, me voyant obligé de suivre bientôt ma nouvelle destination à Naples, où l'Empereur m'a nommé son Ministre. Mais quelle que soit ma destinée, je vous prie d'être persuadé, que l'absence et l'éloignement ne changeront jamais

rien à la résolution que j'ai prise d'être toute ma vie par reconnoissance et par inclination,

Votre très humble et très obeissant Serviteur,

REVICZKI.

Appendix. A.

The Design of "Britain Discovered," an Heroic Poem; in Twelve Books.—By WILLIAM JONES.

Ne carmine quidem ludere contrarium fuerit: ideoque mihi videtur M. Tullius tantum intulisse eloquentiæ lumen, quod in hos quoque studiorum secessus excurrit.

Quintil. Instit. l. x. 5.

The Idea of an Epic Poem, at Spa, July 1770, *anno ætat.* 23.

BRITAIN DISCOVERED: a Poem. In Twelve Books.

THE DESIGN.

THE first hint of this poem was suggested by a passage in a letter of Spenser to Sir Walter Raleigh, where having explained his intention in writing the Fairy Queen, he adds, that if he found his image of Prince Arthur, and the allegory of the twelve private virtues to be well accepted, he might, perhaps, be encouraged to frame the other part of political virtues in his person, after he came

came to be king. What Spenser never lived to perform, it is my design in some measure to supply, and in the short intervals of my leisure from the fatigues of the bar, to finish an heroic poem on the excellence of our Constitution, and the character of a perfect king of England.

When this idea first presented itself to my mind, I found myself obliged, though unwillingly, to follow the advice of Bossu, who insists, that a poet should choose his subject in the abstract, and then search in the wide field of universal history for a hero exactly fitted to his purpose. My hero was not easy to be found; for the story of King Arthur, which might have been excellent in the sixteenth century, has lost its dignity in the eighteenth; and it seemed below a writer of any genius to adopt entirely a plan chalked out by others; not to mention, that Milton had a design in his youth, of making Arthur his hero; that Dryden has given us a sketch of his intended poem on the same subject; and that even Blackmore had taken the same story; whose steps it were a disgrace to follow.

It only remains, therefore, to have recourse to allegory and tradition; and to give the poem a double sense; in the first of which, its subject is simply this, the discovery of our island by the Tyrian adventurers, who first gave it the name of Britain; in the second, or allegorical sense, it exhibits the character above mentioned, of a perfect king of this country,—a character the most glo-

rious and beneficial of any that the warmest imagination can form. It represents the danger to which a king of England must necessarily be exposed, the vices which he must avoid, and the virtues and great qualities with which he must be adorned. On the whole, Britain Discovered, is intended as a poetical panegyric on our excellent Constitution, and as a pledge of the author's attachment to it; as a national epic poem, like those of Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Camoëns, designed to celebrate the honours of his Country, to display in a striking light the most important principles of politics and morality, and to inculcate these grand maxims, that nothing can shake our state, while the true liberty of the subject remains united with the dignity of the sovereign, and that, in all states, virtue is the only sure basis of private and public happiness.

A work of this nature might indeed have been written in prose, either in the form of a treatise, after the example of Aristotle, or of a dialogue, in the manner of Tully, whose six books on government are now unhappily lost; or perhaps in imitation of Lord Bolingbroke, who has left us something of the same kind in his idea of a patriot king: but as poetry has the allowed advantage over mere prose, of instilling moral precepts in a manner more lively and entertaining, it was thought proper to deliver the whole subject in regular measure, under the fiction of an heroic adventure.

The

The poem will be written in rhyme, like the translation of the Iliad by Pope, and of the Æneid by Dryden; since it has been found by experience, that the verses of those poets not only make a deeper impression on the mind, but are more easily retained in the memory, than blank verse, which must necessarily be too diffuse, and in general can only be distinguished from prose by the affectation of obsolete or foreign idioms, inversions, and swelling epithets, all tending to destroy the beauty of our language, which consists in a natural sweetness and unaffected perspicuity: not to insist that a writer who finds himself obliged to confine his sentiments in a narrow circle, will be less liable to run into luxuriance, and more likely to attain that roundness of diction so justly admired by the ancients. As to the monotony which many people complain of in our English rhymes, that defect, which is certainly no small one, if we admit only those endings which are exactly similar, must be compensated by a judicious variation of the pauses, an artful diversity of modulation, and chiefly by avoiding too near a return of the same endings.

The machinery is taken partly from the Socratic doctrine of attendant spirits, or benevolent angels, like Thyrsis in the Masque of Comus; and partly from the Scriptural account of evil spirits worshipped in Asia, under the names of Baal, Astartè, Nisroc, Dagon, Mammon, Moloch, and in ancient Europe, where Cadmus introduced them under those of Jupiter, Venus, Mars, Neptune, Vulcan,

Vulcan, Pluto.—If any objection be made to these machines, they may be considered as allegorical, like Spenser's knights and paynims; the good spirits may be said to represent the virtues, and the evil ones the vices.

The action, or story of the piece, is raised upon the tradition before mentioned, that the Phœnicians first discovered the island of Britain; but the rest must be wholly supplied by invention.

A prince of Tyre, therefore, whom we may name Britanus or Britan, shocked at the cruelty of his countrymen in sacrificing their prisoners to idols, and at their impiety in paying divine honours to evil spirits, had meditated a voyage to some distant coast; with which intent, pretending to prepare for an expedition against some rival nation, he had built a number of barques, and secured to his interests a company of enterprizing youths, but was doubtful whither he should direct his course, till his attendant spirit, Ramiel, appeared to him in a vision, commending his pious resolution, and advising him to seek a beautiful isle in the west, where, after a variety of dangers on earth and sea, he would reign in peace, and be the progenitor of a noble race, who would profess a true and benevolent religion, and excel all other nations in learning, arts, and valour. At the same time, the spirit shewed him the picture of a lovely nymph who then ruled the island, attended by damsels of her own nature. The prince, animated by this vision, and deeply enamoured with the idea

idea of the nymph, who, in the allegorical sense, represents Liberty, left the coast of Phœnicia, and sailed towards Egypt.

These circumstances, being previous to the action, are not related till the second book: for, at the opening of the poem, after the usual introduction, the prince is brought with his companions to the mouth of the Nile; he lands, and advances towards the city of Memphis, but is met in a forest by Ramiel, in the shape of a venerable sage, who conducts him to the palace of the Egyptian king, where he sees the temple of science, the pyramids (then just begun), and other amazing edifices. After a splendid repast, he is desired to relate the motives of his voyage.—The subject of the next book has been already explained; but it will be diversified, like all the rest, with several speeches, descriptions, and episodes.—The third book begins with a consultation of the evil deities worshipped in Phœnicia; whose various characters are delineated. The debate is opened by Baal, who, in a furious speech, complains of the insult offered to their temples by the expedition of the Tyrians, and discourses with malignity on the future happiness of their descendants. Various stratagems are proposed, to obstruct their progress. At last, Astartè offers to allure the chief with the love of pleasure; Mammon, to tempt him with riches; Dagon promises to attack his fleet, Nisroc to engage him in a desperate war, Moloch to assist his enemies by his enchantment, and Baal himself

himself to subvert his government, by instilling into his mind a fondness of arbitrary power. In the mean while, the Tyrians are at sea, accompanied by Ramiel, who, in the character of a sage, had offered to conduct them; they are driven by a tempest back to Cyprus, where Astartè, in the shape of a beautiful princess, like the nymph before described, attempts to seduce the hero by all the allurements of voluptuousness, which he resists at length by the assistance of the guardian spirit, and leaves the island, where he had almost been induced to settle, mistaking it for the western isle described to him in his vision.—In the fourth book, after an invocation to the nymphs of Thames, the virgin Albina is represented conversing with her damsels in Albion;—her dream, and love of the Tyrian prince, whose image had been shewn to her in a rivulet by the Genius of the isle. The Phœnicians, landing in Crete, are received by Baal, who had taken the form of the Cretan king, and discourses to the prince in praise of tyranny, but is confuted by the sage.—The fifth book represents a nation in peace; a meeting, raised by the instigation of Baal, is appeased; arts, manufactures, and sciences begin to flourish. As the Tyrians sail along the coast of the Mediterranean, the sage, at the request of Britan, describes to him the state of Greece, Italy, and the Gauls, and relates rather obscurely, by way of prophecy, the future glory and decline of Athens and Rome. —The Phœnicians reach the streights, at the open-

ing

ing of the sixth book. The evil spirits assemble, and determine, since most of their stratagems had failed, to attack them by violence. Dagon raises a tempest and a great commotion in the elements, so that the whole fleet is covered with darkness: Ramiel encourages the prince, and, pretending to retire from danger on account of his age, summons a legion of genii, or benevolent angels, and engages the evil spirits in the air. Nisroc, in hopes of intimidating Britan, appears to him in all his horrors; the prince expostulates with him, and darts a javelin at the spirit, but is seized by Mammon, and carried in a cloud to a distant part of the globe; upon which, Ramiel, whose power may be supposed to be limited, and who might think that the virtue of the prince should be put to a severe trial, leaves him for a time, and flies, in his own shape, to the mansion of the beneficent genii.—The seventh book is wholly taken up with a description of the opposite hemisphere, to which the prince is conveyed by Mammon, whose palace and treasure are described: the Tyrian chief is almost tempted to desist from his enterprise, and to reside in America with the adorers of Mammon:—the inconveniences of an oligarchy displayed. The evil spirits being dispersed, light returns to the Tyrians, who find themselves in the ocean, but, missing their leader and the sage, dispute about the regency, and are on the point of separating;—the danger of anarchy: At length, having an admiral and a commander, they land on the

the coast of Gaul, at the beginning of the eighth book. Nisroc incites the king of that country to attack them; hence is deduced the origin of the national enmity between the English and French. The guardian spirits assemble; their speeches; the genius of Albion proposes to conduct Albina to the palace of Mammon, in order to rouse the hero from his inactivity.—In the ninth book, the war in Gaul is supported with alternate success, and various heroes distinguish themselves on both sides by their valour or virtue. Moloch contrives an enchanted valley between the Gallic city and the Phœnician camp, which distresses the Tyrians extremely, who, despairing of the prince's return, are encouraged and assisted by Ramiel.—In the tenth book, the genius appears to Albina, relates to her the situation of Britan, and passes with her disguised like young warriors, through the centre of the earth; they rise on a sudden in the gardens of Mammon, and discover themselves to the prince, who returns with them to Europe.—The malevolent spirits, thus baffled in all their attempts, debate, in the eleventh book, upon taking more vigorous measures, and resolve to hazard a decisive battle with the guardian angels. The war in Gaul continued; a bloody combat; the Tyrians put to flight; Britan and Albina appear and rally them; the evil deities defeated; Gaul subdued; the Phœnicians pass the enchanted valley.—In the last book, the victorious army march along the coast of France, till they discern the

rocks

rocks of Albion; upon which they embark, and cross the channel, attended by the invisible genii, who sit in the sails. The nuptials of Britan, who gives his name to the island, with Albina, that is, in the more hidden sense, of Royalty with Liberty. The Tyrians choose their brides among the other nymphs. Ramiel conducts the king and queen of Britain to the top of a high mountain, since called Dover Cliff, whence he shews them the extent of their empire, points to its different rivers, forests, and plains, foretels its future glory, and, having resumed his celestial form, flies to heaven; the hero and nymph descend from the mountain astonished and delighted.

BRITAIN DISCOVERED.

Book I.

The daring chief who left the Tyrian shore,
And, led by angels, durst new seas explore,
Commands my boldest strain. Thro' dire alarms,
The shock of tempests, and the clash of arms,
He sought the main where blissful Albion lay,
And, heav'n-defended, took his anxious way.
Tho' air-born fiends his wand'ring fleet assail'd,
With impious rage; yet love and truth prevail'd.

BRITAIN DISCOVERED: An HEROIC POEM.

The Arguments.

Book I.—The *Phœnicians* having landed near *Tartessus*, are unkindly received by the natives; their leader, Britan, sends *Phenix* and *Hermion*,

as

as his ambassadors, to the king of *Iberia*, who treats them with indignity, rejects the proffered union, and commands them to leave his coast. In the mean time, the prince of *Tyre* wanders, to meditate on his destined enterprize, into a forest; where his attendant spirit appears to him in the character of a *Druid*, warns him of approaching dangers, and exhorts him to visit in disguise the court of king Lusus: he consents; is conducted to the banks of the *Tagus*, with a harp and oaken garland; and is hospitably entertained by the sovereign of *Lusitania*, who prevails on him to relate the history of his life and fortunes. The narrative begins from his vision of Albione in the groves of *Tyre*, and his consultation of the *Memphian* sages, to his arrival in *Greece*. He visits Dido, his father's sister, then employed in building *Carthage*. A debate between *Phenix* and the *Carthaginian* chiefs on the best possible form of government.

Book II.—The gods of India convened on Mount *Cailás*, by *Rudra* or *Mahádéva*, the power of destruction; their numbers, characters, attributes, and attendants. The goddess *Gangá* announces the views and voyage of the *Tyrian* hero; expresses her apprehensions of his ultimate success, but advises the most vehement opposition to him; declaring, that his victory will prove the origin of a wonderful nation, who will possess themselves of her banks, profane her waters, mock the temples of the *Indian* divinities, appropriate the wealth of their

their adorers, introduce new laws, a new religion, a new government, insult the *Bráhmens*, and disregard the sacred ordinances of *Brihmá*. After a solemn debate, it is agreed to exert all their powers, and to begin with obstructing the passage of the *Phœnician* fleet into the *Atlantic*, by hurling a vast mountain into the straits; they proceed immediately to a variety of hostile machinations.

Book III.—The narrative of *Britan* continued, with a description of the *Grecian* islands, of the *Italian* and *Gallic* shores, and closed with an account of the tempest that compelled him to land on the coast of *Iberia*. The king of *Lusitania*, foreseeing the future greatness of the prince, secretly envies him, but promises friendly aid in *private*, assigning reasons for his inability to give *open* succour. *Britan* departs, and proceeds toward *Gaul*, in order to view the channel, and beautiful isle, that were destined to perpetuate his name.

Book IV.—The hero, still disguised, and attended by his tutelary genius, travels to the coast of *Gaul;* learns that the king of that country, Gallus, invited by an embassy from *Iberia*, and instigated by the Hindu god of battles, had resolved to concur in extirpating the *Phœnicians;* and is apprised, that the *Tartessians* had actually assailed the works which his army had raised. On this, he returns with incredible celerity; while the benignant genii or spirits, permitted to attend on favoured mortals, hold a splendid convention in the Empyréan.

Book V.—War is begun in form, and various actions of heroes are related; the *Indian* gods intermix in fight, and are opposed by the guardian spirits. *Tartessus* taken by storm: in a council of *Tyrian* chiefs, it is proposed by *Lelex*, to leave the coast victorious, and sail instantly to *Albion;* but the impracticability of that plan is evinced by a messenger, who announces the sudden obstruction of the ships. *Britan* then proposes, as a measure distressful but necessary, to pursue their course with vigour through *Iberia* and *Gaul;* that, if conquered, they might perish gloriously; if conquerors, might seize the hostile galleys, and in them pass the channel. The proposal is received with bursts of applause, and the *Phœnician* troops are drawn out in complete array.

Book VI.—Various exploits and events in battle. The actions of *Indra*, god of air, with his *seven* evil genii; of *Rama*, *Belabadra*, *Nared*, and *Cartic*. The *Tyrians*, in deep distress, apply to Lusus, who assists them coldly. The *Celts* are every-where successful; and the *Gallic* fleet covers the bay.

Book VII.—The guardian spirit prepares the nymph *Albione* for prosperous events; encourages *Britan*, but announces imminent perils; then leaves him, on pretence of assisting at certain *Druidical* rites. A terrible combat in the air, and at the straits, between the opposing gods and the tutelary angels; the mountain is rent from the mouth

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of the straits, and becomes a floating island, which, being fixed, has the name of *Madera*, and is given to LUSUS. The *Phœnician* fleet having been with difficulty preserved from the *Agnyastra*, or fiery darts of *Mahésa*, sails triumphantly into the *Atlantic*, after a surprising retreat of the army under the conduct of *Britan*.

BOOK VIII.—THE *Druid* returns with a relation of oracular answers in the *Celtic* temples, concerning the destiny of *Albion*, and the *Atlantides*, or New World: the future *American* war, and the defence of *Gibraltar* by different names, are obscurely shadowed in the prediction. An obstinate naval fight; in which BRITAN is wounded by an arrow of fire, but protected and carried from the fleet by his attendant angel.

BOOK IX.—THE genius transports *Britan* to the isle of *Albion*; which is described by its mountains, vales, and rivers; then uninhabited, except by nymphs and beings of a superior order. The palace and gardens of *Albione*; who completes the cure of her lover, and acquiesces in his return to the army; having first, at his request, told her own adventures, and related the separation of her island from the coast of *Gaul*.

BOOK X.—THE *Gallic* army arrayed: the actions of their chiefs. A variety of distress involves the *Tyrians* by sea and land; they are driven to their works, and enclosed on both sides; until their prince appearing suddenly among them, rouses their courage, and performs the most heroic achievements,

achievements, by which the scale of success is completely turned. This book contains a number of events and episodes; among them is the death and funeral of MELCART, the *Tyrian* Hercules.

BOOK XI.—THE *Indian* deities invite those of *Tyre* and *Syria* to co-operate with them; prophesying darkly the invasion of their empire by the Croisaders; they excuse themselves, equally averse to the *Gauls* and to all the nations of *Europe*. A final conflict; and a complete victory in every element by the *Phœnicians* over *Gallus* and *Iberus*, and by the protecting, over the malignant spirits. The victors land in *Albion*, since called *Britain*, on the coast of *Hama*, now *Hampshire;* a description of the triumph, entertainments, and sports.

BOOK XII.—THE nuptials of *Britan* and *Albione*, or, allegorically, of *Royalty* and *Liberty* united in the constitution of *England*. The attending *Druid*, appearing in his own form and in all his splendour, predicts the glories of the country, and its disasters; but animates, rather than alarms, the hero and nymph, whom he consoles, whenever he afflicts them; he recommends the government of the *Indians* by their own laws. He then flies, his object being attained, to the celestial regions; they apply themselves to the regulation of their domain and the happiness of their subjects.

The discovery of the BRITISH Isles by the *Tyrians*, is mentioned by *Strabo*, *Diodorus*, and *Pliny;* and proved as well by the *Phœnician* monuments found in IRELAND, as by the affinity between

between the *Irish* and *Punic* languages. NEWTON places this event about the *Eight-hundred-eighty-third* year before CHRIST, and in the *twenty-first* after the taking of TROY.

BOOK I.

GENIUS, or Spirit, or tutelary Power
Of virtue-loving Heav'n, yet uninvok'd
By prophet rapt, or bard in hallow'd shades,
To grace his native minstrelsy; though oft
Thy cares for BRITAIN, thy celestial aid,
Grateful her sons have mark'd; if e'er thou ledst
Her glitt'ring ranks unmatch'd o'er hostile fields,
Or, when her navies hurl'd dismay through GAUL,
Pointedst their lightning, and on some bright mast
Satst like an eagle plum'd with victory,
Oh! fill this glowing bosom whilst I sing
Her charms, her glories, and thy love divine.

What Chief, what Sage, what Hero, train'd by thee
To wisdom, first on this delightful Isle
Struck his advent'rous prow? That sacred form
Of state, self-balanc'd, harmony sublime,
Freedom with sov'reignty in sweet accord,
Who constituted first? The Prince of TYRE
Long wand'ring, long depress'd, yet e'er impell'd
Right onward, till fair triumph bless'd his toils,
By godlike worth and beauty's heav'nly charm.

Now were his light-oar'd galleys tempest-tost
To rich TARTESSUS, on the far-sought shore
Of that proud realm, where BŒTIS, ample flood,
Rush'd o'er the manors of IBERUS old,
Fam'd for the laughing sheaf, the silky fleece,
And many-cluster'd vine; not fam'd her sons
For meek deportment, or the soothing voice
Of hospitality, and reception mild
In sure abode, to strangers visitant.

From Book VII.

——————As *Tibetian* mountains rise,
Stupendous, measureless, ridge beyond ridge,
From *Himola*, below the point far seen
Of *Chumaluri*, to more lofty steeps,
Cambala vast, then loftier without bound,
Till sight is dimm'd, thought maz'd; the traveller
Perplex'd, and worn with toil each hour renew'd,
Still through deep vales, and o'er rough craggs proceeds:
Thus on the beech, now died with horrid gore,
Warrior o'er warrior tow'ring, arms on arms,
Dire series, press'd; one slain, the next more fierce,
Assail'd the *Tyrian*: he his falchion keen
Relax'd not, but still cloth'd its edge with death,
Disturb'd, yet undismay'd; stung, not appall'd.

Appendix. B.

A Prefatory Discourse to an Essay on the History of the Turks.

THERE is no people in Europe, which has raised the terror, and excited the curiosity of the Christian world more than the *Turks;* nor any, I believe, of whose true genius and manners we have so imperfect a notion: for though a great number of travellers, and among them several excellent men, have from time to time published their observations on various parts of the *Turkish* empire, yet few of them, as it evidently appears, understood the languages that are spoken in it, without

without which their knowledge could not fail of being very superficial and precarious.

It has generally happened, that the persons who have resided among the *Turks*, and who, from their skill in the *Eastern* dialects, have been best qualified to present us with an exact account of that nation, were either confined to a low sphere of life, or engaged in views of interest, and but little addicted to polite letters or philosophy; while they, who, from their exalted stations and refined taste for literature, have had both the opportunity and inclination of penetrating into the secrets of *Turkish* policy, were totally ignorant of the language used at *Constantinople*, and consequently were destitute of the sole means by which they might learn, with any degree of certainty, the sentiments and prejudices of so singular a people: for the *Mahometans*, naturally ignorant and reserved to men of our religion, will disclose their opinions to those only who have gained their confidence by a long intimacy with them, and the Greek subjects, who have a just detestation of their oppressors, can hardly be supposed to speak of them with tolerable candour. As to the generality of interpreters, we cannot expect from men of their condition any depth of reasoning, or acuteness of observation; if mere words are all they profess, mere words must be all they can pretend to know.

It may therefore be given as a general rule, that no writer can exhibit a just picture of the

manners of any people, who has not either conversed familiarly with all ranks of them for a considerable time, or, by a more tedious process, extracted their sentiments from the books that are written in their language; and it is equally true, that the justest description of the *Asiatic* manners must necessarily be given by those, who, besides a complete acquaintance with *Oriental* literature, have had the advantage of a long residence in the *East;* for which reason, the most authentic account of a *Mahometan* nation that ever was published, is that of the *Persians* by the traveller *Chardin,* who not only had the most familiar intercourse for many years with the greatest men in *Ispahan,* but was perfectly acquainted with the *Persian* histories and poems, from which he has given us many beautiful extracts.

We have great reason to regret, that no relation of equal authority, has been written on the manners of the *Turks;* for, among the many narratives on that subject which have been presented to the public, there are very few that can be recommended to a sensible reader. There are indeed some works in the languages of *Europe,* from which, as from so many copious sources, we may draw a variety of real knowledge on this head; and it will not be improper in this discourse to give a list of them, with a few remarks on each, before I proceed to mention the *Eastern* books, both printed and in manuscript, from which the materials of the following essay were taken. This seems to me a more

reasonable,

reasonable, and less ostentatious method of producing my authorities, than to fill every page with useless quotations, and references to sections or chapters, which few readers will take the pains to consult.

One of the most ancient, and perhaps the most agreeable of these works, comprises the *four epistles of* BUSBEC *on his embassy to Soliman the Second*, and his *oration on a plan for supporting a vigorous war against the Turks;* in all which pieces, his diction is extremely polished and elegant, his observations judicious, his account of public facts indisputably true, and his anecdotes tolerably authentic: but by neglecting to make himself a complete master of the *Turkish* language, or by his long confinement at *Constantinople*, he omitted an opportunity of conversing with the finest writers and ablest scholars whom the Othman empire ever produced, and whose beautiful compositions added a lustre to the reign of *Soliman.*

The *Turkish* articles in the vast compilation of M. D'HERBELOT, are of the highest authority, since he drew them from a number of Eastern manuscripts, many of which were composed by *Turks* themselves, who had at least as fair a chance of knowing *their own manners and opinions*, as any *European* whatever. It is not possible to be too lavish in the praises of that excellent work, which has the uncommon merit of being no less agreeable than learned; and though it is disposed according to the order of the alphabet, yet it is so judiciously

judiciously contrived by the help of references, that, with all the convenience of a dictionary, it may be read for the most part like a regular treatise.

The *History of Timúr*, or *Tamerlane*, written originally in *Arabic*, by a native of *Damascus*, and translated into *French* by *M. Vattier*, deserves to be credited, as far as it relates to the conquests of that hero in the *Lower Asia*, and to his war with the sultan *Bayazid the First*, who was forced by the *Tartars* to raise the siege of *Constantinople*. The actions of *Timúr* are related at large in this elegant work, which displays a faithful and interesting picture of the *Asiatic* manners in the *fourteenth century*; the author of it was contemporary with the *Tartarian* warrior, and was eye-witness of the principal facts which he records.

The *Tales of the Forty Visirs*, translated by *M. de la Croix*, are also undoubtedly authentic; and though they are very inelegant, and in some parts trifling, yet upon the whole they are ingenious, and shew in some degree the turn of mind of the people for whom they were invented: but the most useful translation of a *Turkish* book that has yet appeared, is that in *Italian*, of an admirable history by the Mufti SAADEDDIN, which reaches indeed no lower than the reign of *Selim the First*; but for the beauty of its composition, and the richness of its matter, may be compared with the finest historical pieces in the languages of *Europe*.

It will seem ridiculous to place a *Turkish dictionary*

tionary among these authorities; but it is certainly true, that *the great repository of Eastern learning, compiled by* MENINSKI, contains not only the clearest explanation of common words, and proper names, but exhibits the most exact specimens of the colloquial expressions and forms of speech used by the *Turks;* and a judicious writer will not fail to observe the minutest phrases, or even the commonest proverbs of a nation whom he intends to describe, since they sometimes comprise an allusion to local customs, and often include some maxim or received opinion, which may serve to set the character of the people in a striking light. It is a remark of Mr. *Pope*, in answer to a line of Lord *Hervey*, that *a dictionary, which gives us any thing but words, must be not only an expensive, but a very extravagant one;* yet methinks if a dictionary can be found, which is *not very expensive, nor very extravagant*, it cannot reasonably be censured for giving us a little *real knowledge* as well as *words.*

The History of the Turks by the prince *CANTEMIR,

* It will give me pleasure to pay a small tribute, in this place, to the memory of that excellent man, by vindicating his character from the very unjust and groundless charges of *M. de Voltaire*, who allows indeed, that he possessed the united talents of the ancient *Greeks*, a taste for polite letters, and a skill in the art of war. He adds, this *Cantemir* was supposed to be a descendant of *Timúr*, known by the name of *Tamerlane*, because *Timur* and *Temir* sound nearly alike, and because the title of *Kan*, which *Tamerlane* bore, is found in the name of *Cantemir*. Now the truth is, that the syllable *Cán* is not خان *khán*, a title of honour, but قان *kán*, blood; and the words *Timur*, or *Temir*, are used indifferently in the *Turkish* language for *Demir*, that is, *iron*,

TEMIR, far surpasses, in authority and method, every work on the same subject in any *European* dialect.

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iron, which was the precise meaning of *Tamerlane*'s true name; so that *Cantemir* literally signifies *the blood of Timur*; and the propriety of this name was confirmed by a *Tartarian* chief, who assured *Demetrius*, that a prince of his nation, lineally descended from *Tamerlane*, had married a Christian woman, from whom the family of the *Cantemirs* had their origin.—But, continues the *French* historian, whatever might be the lineage of *Cantemir*, he owed all his fortune to the *Turkish* court; and was no sooner invested in his principality of *Moldavia*, than he betrayed the sultan his benefactor, to the *Russian* emperor, from whom he had hopes of greater gain: the *Czar*, he adds, relying on his promises, advanced in the month of June to the banks of the river *Hierasus*, or the *Pruth*, where, by depending on *Cantemir*, he met the same hardships, that his rival *Charles* had suffered at *Pultava* by having trusted to *Mazeppa*. It must have cost this ingenious writer some pains to have crouded so many errors into so few words. *Cantemir* inherited an ample fortune from his father, and lived at *Constantinople* in a splendid retreat, where he amused himself with building palaces near the *Bosphorus*, and adorning them with the finest remains of old *Grecian* sculpture, that could be procured: while he was engaged in these, and other agreeable pursuits, *Brancovan*, prince of *Valachia*, was accused of holding a secret correspondence with the *Czar*; and *Cantemir*, who accepted, much against his inclination, the title of *Prince of Moldavia*, was sent by the *Turkish* court with orders to seize the person of the rebel. As his revenues were not sufficient to support his new dignity without some indulgence from the court, the sultan promised to dispense with his paying the usual fine* upon his investiture, and to defray the additional expences that he might incur on account of the war; but the prince had no sooner reached the capital of *Moldavia*, than he received orders from the ministers to remit without delay the fines due to the sultan and the visir; to collect provisions for an army of sixty thousand *Turks*; to complete the bridge over the *Danube*; and to march in person towards *Bender* before the festival of *St. George*. The prince, on receiving these commands, with which it was not in his power to comply, resolved to join the Czar, and was of signal service to him, as it appeared by the great regard, which that monarch professed for him till the hour of his death. The distress of *Peter* was owing to his dependence on the promises of *Brancovan*, who had engaged to supply

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* Called by the Turks پیشکش pishkesh.

dialect. He was educated at *Constantinople*, and acquainted from his earliest youth with the genius and manners of the *Turks;* and as he was eminently skilled in the *Arabic*, *Persian*, and *Turkish* languages, he was enabled to draw his knowledge of their affairs from the fountain-head: for which reason, if his narrative were not rather too succinct, and if he had dwelt somewhat longer on the subject of the *Eastern* government and literature, or had unfolded all the causes of the greatness and decline of the *Othman* empire, his work would have been complete, and my present attempt entirely superfluous. As to his piece, considered as a literary performance, it contains all the qualities which *Tully* lays down as necessary to constitute a perfect history*: nothing is asserted in it that has the appearance of falsehood; nor any essential thing omitted that has the least colour of truth; there is no reason to suspect the writer either of partiality or disaffection; the order of time is accurately preserved, and the description of remarkable places frequently inserted; the author gives his judgment, openly, on the counsels of kings

ply the Russians with provisions, yet remained an idle spectator of their calamity, till their camp was threatened with a famine. Thus, one of the finest writers of our age accuses a generous and amiable prince of ingratitude, avarice, and perfidy, merely for the sake of comparing him with *Mazeppa*, and of drawing a parallel between the conduct of *Charles XII.* and *Peter I.*; and he deserves still more to be censured, for deviating knowingly from the truth, since it appears from some parts of his *General History*, that he had read the works of *Cantemir*, and admired his character. See *the Life of Charles XII.* book v.; and *the History of the Russian Empire*, vol. ii. chap. 2.

* Cicero de Oratore, ii. 15.

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and generals; he relates the circumstances of every memorable act; and shews both the causes and consequences of every important event: with regard to the persons, he describes the lives and characters not only of the sultans, but of all the eminent men who bore a considerable share in the great transactions of the nation: and he dresses the whole piece in an easy, natural, and flowing style, without affecting any merit, but that of clearness; except where, for the sake of variety, he drops a few flowery expressions in the Oriental manner. To which may be added, (a qualification that *Cicero* seems to have omitted in the passage just referred to,) that he has made his work extremely agreeable, and has infused into it that exquisite charm*, so necessary in all finished compositions, which makes the reader leave it unwillingly, and return to it with eagerness. It is almost needless to say, after this just encomium, that CANTEMIR's *history* renders the compilations of *Knolles* and *Rycaut* entirely useless; though both of these works are well written, and the former even elegantly for the age in which the author lived: yet I must do them the justice to acknowledge, that I have borrowed several hints from them, though I could not make any positive assertion upon their authority, as they were both ignorant of the *Turkish* language; and since a very sensible writer† observes even of *Plutarch*, that though he was supposed to have resided

* Φίλτρον καὶ ἴυγγα, as the *Greeks* called it.

† Middleton, in the preface to his Life of Cicero.

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in *Rome* nearly forty years at different times, yet he seems never to have acquired a sufficient skill in the *Roman* language to qualify himself for the compiler of a *Roman* history, the same objection may certainly be made to the two historians above-mentioned, one of whom spent most of his time in a college, and the other, though he resided many years in *Turkey*, was forced to converse with the *Turks* by the help of an interpreter.

The letters of a lady, famed for her wit and fine taste, are in every body's hands; and are highly estimable, not only for the purity of the style, and the liveliness of the sentiments, but for the curious picture they give of the *Turkish* manners in the present age, and particularly of the women of rank at *Constantinople*, whose apartments could not be accessible to a common traveller.

The author of *Observations on the Government and Manners of the Turks* had, from his residence in their metropolis, and the distinguished part that he bore in it, an opportunity of inspecting their customs and forming a just idea of their character. It is a singular pleasure to me to find many of my sentiments confirmed by the authority of so judicious a writer; nor do I despair, if this essay should fall into his hands, of giving him a more favourable opinion of the *Turkish* language, which he supposes to be *formed of the very dregs of the* Persian *and* Arabian *tongues;* and a higher notion of the *Persian* poetry, which, he observes, it is almost

most impossible, as far as he can find, for the best translator to convert even into common sense*.

But the latest, and perhaps, the most curious publication on the subject of the *Turks*, was, *A Treatise on Tactics*, written in *Turkish*, in the year 1731, and translated two years ago by a foreign nobleman, who added to it *a very sensible preface, and learned notes.* It was the object of this little work to recommend to the *Othman* court the military discipline of the *Christians*, and to display the advantage of that artful disposition of their troops, by which the timorous and suspected men are put under a necessity of fighting, even against their will; a disposition, which *Hannibal*, and other great masters in the art of war, have followed with success, and which, if we believe *Homer*, was even as ancient as the siege of *Troy*:—

> The horse and chariots to the front assign'd;
> The foot, the strength of war, he rang'd behind;
> The middle space, suspected troops supply,
> Enclos'd by both, nor left the power to fly.
>
> POPE'S *Iliad*, iv, 342.

The whole treatise is entertaining and instructive; and though it is very imperfect, and often erroneous where the *Christians* are mentioned, yet, it supplied me with many important lights, in my enquiry concerning *the causes of the greatness and decline of the* Turkish *empire.*

These are the principal works in the languages of *Europe*, that have fallen into my hands, on the

* Second Edit. p. 38.

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same subject with the following *Essay;* and, though I have borrowed very freely from them all, yet by making this general acknowledgement of my obligations to them, I obviate, I think, any objection that can be made on that head, and cannot justly be reputed a plagiary, if to the passages taken from others, I add a series of remarks peculiar to myself. I very soon desisted from my search after the other books on the Turkish affairs, in the *French* and *Italian* languages; for, after having run over a great number of them, I found them to contain little more than the same facts, which are related more elegantly by the above-mentioned authors, with the addition of some idle fables and impertinent projects. As to the *Greek* writers of the *Byzantine* history, who have given us an account of the *Turks*, it was the less necessary to examine them with attention, as *Knolles* seems to have reduced them to their quintessence; and indeed, the generality of those historians were more attentive to the harmony of their periods, and the beauty of their expressions, than either to the truth of the facts which they related, or to the solidity of the remarks deduced from them. They were no longer those excellent *Greeks*, whose works remain to this age, as a perfect example of the noblest sentiments delivered in the purest style: they seemed to think, that fine writing consisted in a florid exuberance of words, and that, if they pleased the ear, they were sure to satisfy the heart: they even knowingly corrupted the *Asiatic* names,

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to give them a more agreeable sound*, by which they have led their successors into a number of ridiculous errors, and have given their histories the air of a romance.

Before I proceed to the books, which the *Turks* themselves have written on their own affairs, it will be necessary to make a digression on their *literature* in general, lest the opinion which most men entertain of the *Turkish ignorance*, should induce some of them to suspect the authority of these works, or even to doubt of their existence.

It is a ridiculous notion, then, which prevails among us, that *ignorance is a principle of the Mohammedan religion*, and that the *Koran* instructs the *Turks* not to be instructed. I have heard many sensible men inveighing against the mean policy of *Mohammed*, who they say commanded his followers to be ignorant, lest they should one day or other learn that he had imposed upon them. There is not a shadow of truth in this; *Mohammed* not only permitted but advised his people to apply themselves to learning. He says expressly in his strange book, where there are many fine ideas mixed with a heap of rubbish, *that the man who has knowledge for his portion, has received a valuable gift;* and among his sayings, which were preserved by his intimate friends, and are now considered as authentic, there are several which re-

* Thus they changed *Togrul Beg* into *Tangrolipix*, and *Azzo'ddin*† into *Azatines*.

† عز الدين the strength of religion.

commend

commend learning in the strongest terms; as, *The ink of the learned and the blood of martyrs are of equal value in heaven,* and *Learning is permitted to all believers, both male and female:* not to mention that precept of his, which is well known, *Seek learning, though it were in* China.

There would be no end of quoting all the striking expressions of this singular man, and the ablest professors of his religion, in praise of knowledge and letters; indeed, we all know, no modern nation was ever more addicted to learning of every kind than the *Arabians;* they cultivated some branches of science with great success, and brought their language to a high degree of clearness and precision; a proof that they had not only men of taste, but even many philosophers among them; for, that language will always be most clear and precise, in which most works of real philosophy have been written. We are willing also to allow, that the *Persians* have been a polite and ingenious people, which they could not have been without a sufficient culture of their talents. They lay for a long time astonished and stupefied at the rapid progress of the *Mohammedan* arms; but when they began to revive, and had embraced the religion of their conquerors, they followed their natural bent, and applied themselves with great eagerness to the improvement of their language; which was by that time grown very rich by its mixture with the *Arabic.* We are no less candid to the *Indians,* whom we know to have been a

wise

wise and inventive nation; we read with pleasure their fables of *Pilpai;* we adopt their numerical characters; we divert and strengthen our minds with their game of *Chess;* and of late years, we have condescended to look into their writings; but by a strange degree of obstinacy, we persist in considering the *Turks* as rude, savage, and not only unacquainted with the advantages of learning, but even its avowed persecutors.

This prejudice, absurd as it may seem, is of very ancient growth; it was first brought into *Europe* at that memorable period, when letters began to revive in the west; and has continued to this day without any diminution. It was the fashion in that age to look upon every person as barbarous, who did not study the philosophy of the old Academy; and because the *Turks* had driven the *Greeks* from their country, it was immediately concluded that they persecuted even *the language and learning of that nation.*

It is certain, indeed, that the *Turks* were for many years wholly addicted to arms; but when they had secured their conquests in *Asia,* and especially when they were settled in *Constantinople,* they began to cultivate every species of literature; and their sultans often set them the example. At that time, they were so sensible of the high polish which learning gives to the manners of every nation, that they reflected with disdain on their ancient rudeness; and one of the best poets, quoted by *M. d'Herbelot,* says, *although the rude disposition*

sition of the Turks *seemed to be a disorder that had no remedy, yet when they dispersed the clouds of ignorance with the study of polite letters, many of them became a light to the world**. But here we must be understood to speak merely of poetry, rhetoric, moral philosophy, history, and the less abstruse parts of knowledge; for, we must confess, and the *Asiatics* confess themselves, that they are far inferior to the natives of *Europe* in every branch of pure and mixed mathematics, as well as in the arts of painting and sculpture, which their religion forbids them to cultivate: a very absurd piece of superstition! which the *Persians* and *Indians* wisely neglected, as they knew that their legislator prohibited the imitation of visible objects to the *Arabs* of his age, lest they should relapse into their recent folly of adoring images; and that when the reason of the law entirely ceases, the law itself ought also to

* In Turkish,

ترکلک طبعی گرچه اودمه
بر مرض در که یوقدر انه علاج*
لیک غلبیله ظلمت جهلی
محو ایدوب اولدیلر جهانه سراج*

But this opinion is contradicted by a satirist, who asserts that, if a *Turk* excelled in every branch of science, and were the ablest scholar of his age, yet a certain rudeness would ever adhere to his disposition.

فرید روزگار اولسه فنون علمیله بر ترک
اشکلک ذره چه اولمز مز اجدن اتک رایل

cease. They begin, however, to imitate our studies; and they would undoubtedly have made a considerable progress in the sciences, if the press at *Constantinople* had not failed upon the death of *Ibrahim*, an officer of the Porte, and, what was more singular, a very learned and able printer, whose place has not yet been supplied. This enterprising *Turk*, who had learned *Latin* by his own industry, and was no contemptible writer in his native language, founded a set of *Arabic* types, and printed, under the protection of the court, several pieces of Oriental history, some treatises of geography with maps, and an essay of his own upon the military discipline of the *Europeans**; but none of his countrymen have continued his project; because it is impossible to understand the classical writings of the *Turks* without more than a moderate knowledge of *Persian* and *Arabic*, to which none can pretend, who have not made those languages their particular study for many years; and this is no doubt the reason, why there are fewer men of letters among the *Turks* than among us; for though an intimate acquaintance with the *Greek* and *Roman* authors is necessary to support the character of a scholar, yet a very slight tincture of the ancient languages is sufficient for a popular writer, and scarcely any is requisite for a superficial reader.

The *Mohammedans* in general are passionately fond of history, and not less so of that miscella-

* See a catalogue of the books printed by *Ibrahim*, at the end of this discourse.

neous

neous kind of learning which the *Greeks* called πολυμάθεια, or a general knowledge of a vast variety of subjects*. The *Turks* have more historical pieces in their language, than most *European* nations; and we may judge of their erudition by the large work composed in the seventeenth century by *Câtibzádeh*, which contains an accurate account of all the books that had been written till his time in *Turkish*, *Arabic*, and *Persian*†.

These works are very imperfectly known in *Europe*; for though *Donado*, a senator of *Venice*, and ambassador from that state to the Porte, published a short essay in *Italian* on the *literature of the Turks*, yet he knew little or nothing of their language, and took all his accounts of their books from an interpreter, who led him into several mistakes.

The golden age of the *Turkish* learning, was the

* This kind of learning was called *varia eruditio* by the *Romans*, among whom *Varro* was the most eminent for it. The most curious and entertaining works of this nature are, *the Banquet of Athenæus*, *the Nights of Aulus Gellius*, and *the Chiliads of Tzetzes*; but the *Arabians* were fonder of this *various erudition* than any people whatever. This species of writing begins to grow contemptible among us, since nothing can be more trifling than to transcribe our common-place book, and nothing more easy than to quote a multitude of authors in the margin.

† The title of this book is كشف الظنون *Cashfo'zonûn*, or *the Discovery of Opinions*; but it might justly be intitled,

افوار الافلاك في اظهار علم الاعراب والاعجام والاتراك or, *A comprehensive View of the Learning of the Arabs, Persians, and Turks.—M. d'Herbelot* has inserted the best part of this work in his *Bibliothéque Orientale*.

reign of *Soliman* the Second, or *The Legislator*, in the sixteenth century: and indeed the most shining period in the history of any nation must certainly be that, in which the example of the sovereign gives the nobles a turn for letters, and in which a reputation for knowledge opens a way to riches and honour.

Ali Chelebi, who wrote a very celebrated book of morality, was appointed *Molla*, or ecclesiastical judge of *Adrianople*, and, had he lived, would have been raised to the dignity of Mufti, or supreme interpreter of the law. He had spent several years in composing an elaborate paraphrase of *Pilpai's Fables*, in which, however, he was a close imitator of an excellent *Persian* author, named *Casheft*. His work, which he intitled *Homaiûn Námeh*, contains fourteen sections in prose and verse, and a very elegant introduction, and an entertaining preface. I may justly assert, that it comprises all the beauties of the *Turkish* language; but it is so mixed with *Persian* and *Arabic* phrases, that a *Turk* of no education would not be able to read a page of it. A beautiful copy of this book is preserved in the *British Museum*, among the manuscripts of Sir *Hans Sloane**: and it would be highly useful to any person, who had access to that collection, and wished to learn *Turkish*; especially as part of it has been translated into *French*, and

* No. 3586. In the same collection, No. 5456, is a very agreeable romance, intitled, *the Life of Abu Sina*, by *Hassan*, preceptor to *Morad* the Third. Both these books, as well as the rest which follow, are often cited by *Meninski*.

part

part very elegantly into *Spanish*, by the help of which translations he might pursue his study with incredible ease, provided that he had a moderate knowledge of *Arabic*, which may truly be called the basis and groundwork of Eastern learning.

This is the principal system of *Ethics* among the *Turks*, if we except, perhaps, a moral work *on the duties of man*, intitled, *Icsîri devlet*, which seems also to be written in a very polished style. The *Tales of the Forty Visirs*, composed by a preceptor of *Morad* the Second, are amusing and ingenious; but, as they are not remarkable for any beauty of language, they do not deserve to be mentioned as a classical work; since an elegance of diction, as well as a loftiness of sentiment, are necessary to constitute a fine piece of writing.

The noblest historical work in the *Turkish* language was composed by *Saadeddîn*, who was Mufti of *Constantinople* in the reign of *Morad* the Third. It contains the history of the *Othmans*, from the founder of that family to *Selim* I. This elegant work has been translated into *Italian* by a very able interpreter of the *Eastern* languages; and the excellent prince *Cantemir* has inserted the substance of it in his history of the *Turks*.

There are a great number of other histories in *Turkish*, some of the whole *Othman* family, and some only of distinct reigns; as Solimân Nâmeh, the *Life of Solimân;* Selîm Nâmeh, *the Life of Selim;* and many more, which are highly esteemed by the *Turks* themselves: yet it must be confessed, that the style of these writers, and princi-

pally of *Saadeddin*, by no means answers to our ideas of the simple and graceful diction, the kind of writing which *Cicero* commends, *diffused, expanded, and flowing with a natural smoothness;* on the contrary, most of their figures are so extravagant and many of their expressions so ridiculously bombast, that an *European* must have a very singular taste, who can read them either with pleasure or patience*: but such is the genius of the nation; and we can no more wonder, that their rules of composition are different from ours, than that they build their palaces of wood, and sit on sofas instead of chairs.

The *Byzantine* historians cannot be so easily excused; they had the finest models of composition before them, which they neglected: but the *Turks* cannot be condemned for departing from a standard of taste, of which they were wholly ignorant.

It is by no means true, however, that the *Asiatic* histories are no more than chronicles, and contain no sensible remarks on the conduct of princes, whom they consider, we are told, as something more than mortal; there are, indeed, many dull compilations in the languages of *Asia*, as well as in those of *Europe;* but the most approved historians of the East intersperse their narratives with excellent maxims, and boldly interpose their judge-

* Thus a *Turkish* historian, instead of saying that a prince was just and pious, tells us that the footstool of his sovereignty was decked with the ornament of piety, and the throne of his dignity embellished with the rich mantle of justice;—Rutbeti khilafetleri zineti tekwa ileh arásteh, we seriri seltanetleri hilyei maadilet ileh pirásteh;—the two members of which sentence end like a poetical couplet, with similar

ment on the counsels of ministers, and the actions of monarchs, unless when they speak of very recent events, and living characters, on which occasions they are more circumspect: and probably *Saadeddîn* continued his history no lower than the reign of *Selim*, that he might not be restrained in his reflections by any fear of giving offence.

I have not yet been fortunate enough to meet with the valuable work of *Ali Efendi*, containing the history of the lives of *Mohammed II*, *Bayazid II*, *Selim*, and *Solimán*, of which Prince *Cantemir* gives so high an encomium;—"*This book*, (says he,) "*which is extremely scarce, contains every quality* "*of an excellent history; a noble simplicity of* "*style, a warm love of truth, and an abhorrence of* "*flattery.—I am indebted to this author*, (con-" tinues the Prince,) *for many striking passages* "*in my own piece.*"

The *Turks* have also many treatises on their *government*, *laws*, and *military institutions*, which, if they were translated into some *European* language, would throw a wonderful light on the manners of this extraordinary nation, and present us with a full view of their real character.

One of the most curious manuscripts that I have seen in the *Turkish* language, is a very long roll of silky paper*, containing, as it were, a map of the *Asiatic* history from the earliest times to *Selim the Second:* the names of all the patriarchs, prophets, kings, sultans, and califs, who at any time flourished in *Asia*, are set down in a genealogical

* Bodl. Marsh. 196.

order

order, in which the chronology also is carefully observed; and a summary account of their lives and actions is added to most of them. The writer of it is more explicit with regard to the *Othman* family. I took care to compare his remarks with my other materials. The whole work is beautifully transcribed; and the name of *Mohammed* in particular, is adorned with a garland of tulips and carnations, painted in the brightest colours.

In the same collection with the preceding work*, is *An History of the Othmans*, from the founder of that race, to *Bayazid the Second*: it is finely preserved, and written in an easy style. The prefatory chapter contains a just encomium of the first *Turkish* sultans, whose eminent abilities were a principal cause of the greatness of their empire.

There is another work among *Golius's* manuscripts†, which has been extremely useful to me. It is a register of all the officers of state, the servants of the court, and the *Turkish* forces, both by land and sea, with the daily and yearly expences of supporting them, as they were established in the reign of *Ahmed the First*, at the opening of the last century: the second part contains an enumeration of all the *Othman* subjects in *Europe* and

* No. 313. Most of the manuscripts in this valuable collection of *Marsh*, belonged to the very learned *Golius*, who has written notes in the margins with a black pencil.

† *Marsh.* 454. *Golius* has written the following title to this book: Imperii Osmanici‡ Canon, continens quæ et quibus stipendia soluta fuerint, imperante AHMEDE: unde patet quæ sit imperii illius potentia, TURCICE, ex autographo imperiali descriptum.

‡ In Turkish, قانون

Asia, who hold their estates by a military tenure; with the exact number of soldiers that each province and district can produce. As this register was copied from an original in the imperial treasury, there can be no doubt of its authenticity. But the best *modern histories of the Turks* are those printed by *Ibrahim*, in the middle of the present century, which, together with several other fruits of that printer's industry, were brought from *Constantinople*, by a late excellent ambassador, and presented to the *Royal Society*, in whose library they are preserved.

The most agreeable of them is called by the florid title of *Gulsheni Kholafa**, or *the Rose-*

* In Turkish, گلشن خلفا

The author of this fine work was نظمي افندي زاده

Nazmi Zadi Efendi, who seems to have been in high favour with the *Ulema*, or *Lawyers* and *Ecclesiastics* of his age. The *Mufti*, and the two *Chief Justices* of *Asia* and *Europe*, wrote the most profuse encomiums of it, which are prefixed to the book. That of the *Mufti* has something so ridiculously bombast in it, that the reader will perhaps be pleased to see it literally translated, as it will give him an idea of the flowery style of the *Asiatics*:—

بو مجلد شريف ومجموع لطيف مزكر و قايع
سابقه وباعث حوادث لاحقه او لوب ينابيع
عباراتندن جريان ايدن زلال معاني ومراع
تعبيراتندن سربرآورده اولان ازهار مباني مجاهدان
دين ودولتك آب رويي ومرابطان جهاداندیشه
نك كل خوشبويي اولمغله لايق انظار ذوي
الاعتبار وسزاوار مطالعهٔ اولى الابصار اولمش*

garden of the Califs, and comprises, in a thin volume in folio, a very elegant history of the *Turkish* nation, from the Califs of the house of *Abbas*, one of whom imprudently established a militia of young *Turks*, to the year of CHRIST 1717, when *Ahmed the Second* sat on the *Othman* throne.

The next is *an History of the Turkish Empire*, from the year 1591, by *Naïma**; it is printed in two large volumes, and the continuation of it by *Rashed Efendi*† fills two more; the fifth volume was added by another hand, and brings it down to 1728, two years before the rebellion, and the deposition of Sultan *Ahmed*. This excellent work contains a narrative of all the memorable events that happened in the dominions of the Sultan, *for a period of above an hundred and thirty years*; the embassies from all foreign powers, among whom the *English* are mentioned with regard; the reigns of eleven *Othman* emperors, from the death of *Morád III.* to the last great sedition at *Constantinople*; the lives and characters of the most eminent visiers and learned men, who flourished in those reigns; together with a view of the affairs of *Asia*, and

As this noble volume and elegant compilation records past events, and lays open the causes of succeeding transactions; the pure stream of sense that flows from the springs of its expressions, and the flowers of perspicuity, that arise from the borders of its rhetoric, together with the splendour of those chiefs, who fought for the faith and the empire, and the fragrant roses of the fame of those valiant heroes, are worthy of the attention of all intelligent men, and deserve the inspection of the discerning reader.

* In Turkish, نعيما

† راشدا فندي

even of *Europe*, according to the notion that the *Turks* have of them; which may serve to show how far their intelligence reaches, and in what light they consider the genius, manners, and influence of the *Christian world;* we must not be disgusted at their false and absurd opinions concerning us; since the less they know of our counsels and interests, and even the less respect they have for us, the greater advantage we shall obtain in our transactions with them: and the less they are apprised of our real force, the fewer provisions will they have made against it, whenever we shall choose to exert it. For my part, I cannot help thinking, that a juster notion of the government, laws, and policy of the *Turks*, may be formed by an attentive perusal of *Naïma's History*, than can be acquired from all the relations of our *European* travellers, and that a single volume of it, accurately translated, would be more useful to us, than the vast collections of *Rycaut* and *Knolles*, to which, however, I readily allow the praise that they deserve.

It may reasonably be supposed, that having drawn my materials from these plentiful sources, I mean to present the public with a *complete history of the Turks;* but I reflected, that among the numerous events which must be recorded in the *general history* of any nation, there are very few which seem capable of yielding either pleasure or instruction to a judicious reader, who desires to be acquainted with past transactions, not because they have happened, but because he hopes to derive

rive from them some useful lesson, for the conduct of his life. It seemed, therefore, more respectful to the public, and it was far more agreeable to my own inclination, to trace out, in the form of an essay, the great *outlines only* of the *Turkish history*, leaving all its minuter parts to be coloured by some abler pencil, and perhaps the most interesting of them to be filled up by my rough crayon, as some future occasion, or greater leisure, may invite me. Whatever then be the fate of my performance, I have a claim in one instance to the indulgence of my reader, by having spared him the trouble of running over all the *idle fables*, and even the *dull truths*, with which my originals abound, and which I have suppressed in great number; since both of them are, in my opinion, highly disgraceful to an historical piece, in which *nothing should be written that is fabulous, nor any thing, how true soever it may be, but what deserves to be read**.

As to the nature of my piece, though I have intitled it *an Essay on the History of the Turks;* yet, from the age of *Elizabeth* to the present century, *the history of our Trade to the Levant* is interwoven with it, and a few hints are respectfully offered for its improvement; an object of the highest importance to the whole nation. The part which relates to *the Causes of the rise and decline of the Turkish Empire*, was written after the model of *M. de Montesquieu's Considerations on the*

* Three pages of the original are here omitted, as it appears by a manuscript note, that it was intended to alter them.

greatness

greatness of the Romans; nor am I under any apprehension of being censured for imitating so excellent a pattern, to which I may justly apply the words of *Cicero*:—"*Demosthenem imitemur. O Dii boni! quid ergo nos aliud agimus, aut quid aliud optamus? at non assequimur.*"

APPENDIX.

THE following pages contain some compositions of Sir William Jones, which have not been printed.

The *first*, a little Essay on the Grecian Orators, was written at the University, and exhibits an elegant specimen of his early talents in the composition of Latin; more of the same kind might be added, but the curiosity of the reader on this subject, may be gratified by a reference to the second volume of Sir William Jones's Works. The reader will observe the connection between the Essay now presented to him, and the quotation which concludes the *Preliminary Discourse* in the preceding page.

The *second* is an Italian composition, written by Sir William Jones when he was studying that language; and I rely upon the judgment of a native of Italy, who has pronounced it classical and elegant. The *third* exhibits a curious specimen of the *form* and *measure* of a Persian Ode of Jami, and on this account it is inserted. The

fourth,

fourth, a song from the Persian, is in the *measure* of the original, and will not be thought deficient in beauty. The remaining compositions require no particular observation.

For want of a fitter opportunity, I here transcribe from the writing of Sir William Jones, the following lines:

Bahman (a native of Yezd, and follower of the doctrines of Zoroaster) repeated this morning four glorious and pious verses, which ought to be engraven on every heart:—

VERSES.

Make the worship of the Great Giver habitual.
Reflect maturely on the day of thy departure.
Fear God, and do no wrong to man.
This is the way to salvation, and this is enough.

No. I.

DE GRÆCIS ORATORIBUS.

Cùm id potissimùm dicendi studiosis adolescentibus præcipi soleat, ut unum è summis oratoribus deligant, quem totâ mente, tanquam pictores, intueantur, et quem labore maximo imitentur; cùm verò studioso cuivis perdifficile sit oratorem deligere, cui similis esse aut velit aut debeat, visum est mihi pauca de Græcis oratoribus disserere, interque eos præcipuè de DEMOSTHENE, quem nemo est, opinor, qui non imitari cupiat, nemo qui eximias ejus virtutes imitando se assequi posse confidat; sed *prima appetenti*, ut pulchrè ait Cicero, honestum est in *secundis* vel tertiis consistere.

De

De oratoribus autem, qui *Athenis* floruerunt, tractaturus, vereor ut *Lysiam* et *Isocratem*, in eorum numero possim reponere, quos magis *politè scribendi*, quàm *disertè dicendi*, palmam consecutos esse puto, magis *elegantiæ* laude fuisse insignes, quàm eloquentiæ gloriâ. Is enim, qui sive pudore, sive imbecillitate deterritus, in arma nunquam prodeat, sed in ludo solùm oratiunculas scriptitet, utcunque eæ subtiles sint atque eruditæ, *scriptor* quidem venustus ac diligens dici potest, sed quomodo *orator* appellandus sit non video.

Alii tamen complures, quorum orationes ad nos pervenerunt, non in pompâ et gymnasio, sed in ipsâ acie habitæ, *eloquentes* verè nominantur; inter quos, acumine *Dinarchus* præstitisse videtur, vi ac lepore *Demades*, gravitate *Lycurgus*, sonitu *Æschines* et splendore dictionis; sed hæ dicendi virtutes in *Demosthene* uno omnes reperiuntur; gravis idem fuit ac subtilis, vim habuit paritèr et splendorem; nec lepos sanè illi defuit, licèt plerique alitèr sentiant, sed elatus, minax, et sui proprius.

Illum igitur unicuique vestrûm, qui legum et eloquentiæ studio incenditur, propono, quem in primis miremini, quem imitemini summo studio, cujus orationes non perlegatis solùm, sed patrio sermone reddatis, sed memoritèr recitetis; ea vos exercitatio diligentèr continuata, tales et verborum oratores, et actores rerum efficiet, qualis apud *Athenienses*, præter ipsum DEMOSTHENEM, nemo fuit.

No.

No. II.

TERZETTI.

Già rosseggiava intorno all' orizzonte
Dolce color d'oriental rubini,
E innanzi al biondo padre di Fetonte
Spargea l'Aurora rose e gelsomini:
Cantando a gara amorosetti lai
Sen gian di ramo in ramo gli augellini,
Quando presso al ruscel così cantai:
" Ahi, Ninfa mia ritrosa e vezzosetta,
La prima ond' io m' accesi e m' infiammai,
Quando ti vidi pria sopra l'erbetta,
Pien di viole e di ligustri il grembo,
Tessendo un' amorosa ghirlandetta,
Sedevi, oimè! sotto un soave nembo
Di rose, e la tua mano alabastrina
Sostenea di tua gonna il ricco lembo,
E sulla mano era la guancia inchina,
Qual fior che pende sul nativo stelo,
Che imbianca, o gelo o pioggia cristallina.
Scendesti allor cred' io dal terzo cielo
Per ingannar gl' incauti e rozzi petti;
O la sorella del gran Dio di Delo,
O colei fosti che ne' boschi eletti
Di Cipro e Pafo per Adon sospira.
Dacchè mirai tuoi risi leggiadretti,
Rauco era il suon di canna e flauto e lira;
Nè piacque più l'usata compagnia.
Or ogni pastorella che mi mira
Si burla della mia malinconia;
Chè fra romiti monti, e sopra il sasso
Sempre sfogando vo' l' ambascia mia;
Ed erro, non so dove passo passo,
Piangendo sì, che da sua stanza nera
Eco risponde a' miei singulti: Ahi lasso!
Ah, se mai mi darà la donna altera
Soavi baci, o quel che più desio,

Allo

Allor allor con voce lusinghiera
Canterò lietamente il fausto Dio
D'amore: Amor risponderanno i colli:
Vedranno i vezzi nostri, e'l gaudio mio
I cespugli fioriti e gli antri molli."

IMITATIONS.

Line 2. Dolce color, &c.

Dolce color, d'oriental zaffiro
Che s'accoglieva nel sereno aspetto
Dell' aer puro. Dante, Par. c. 1.

Line 5. Cantando a gara, &c.

Odi quel rusignolo
Che va di ramo in ramo
Cantando; Io amo, io amo. Tasso Am. at. i. s. 1.

Line 13. Sedevi ormè, &c.

Da' be' rami scendea
Dolce nella memoria,
Una pioggia di fior sopra'l suo grembo;
Ed ella si sedea
Umile in tanta gloria
Coverta già dell' amoroso nembo;
Qual fior cadea sul lembo,
Qual su le treccie bionde
Ch'oro forbito e perle
Eran quel di a vederle:
Qual si posava in terra, e qual su l'onde;
Qual con un vago errore
Girando, parea dir; "qui regna Amore."
Pet. par. 1. Can. 14. *

Line 35. Soavi baci, &c.

Ella mi seque
Dar promettendo a chi m'insegna a lei
O dolci baci, o cosa altra più cara.
Tasso Am. Prologo.

* Sir William Jones has given a beautiful translation of this passage of Petrarch. See Works, vol. iv. p. 456.

No. III.

An ODE of JAMI,

In the Persian *form* and *measure*.

How sweet the gale of morning breathes!
Sweet news of my *delight* he brings;
News, that the rose will soon approach
the tuneful bird of *night*, he brings.
Soon will a thousand parted souls
be led, his captives, through the sky,
Since tidings, which in every heart
must ardent flames *excite*, he brings.
Late near my charmer's flowing robe
he pass'd, and kiss'd the fragrant hem;
Thence, odour to the rose bud's veil,
and jasmine's mantle *white*, he brings.
Painful is absence, and that pain
to some base rival oft is ow'd;
Thou know'st, dear maid! when to thine ear
false tales, contriv'd in *spite*, he brings.
Why should I trace love's mazy path,
since destiny my bliss forbids?
Black destiny! my lot is woe,
to me no ray of *light* he brings.
In vain, a friend his mind disturbs,
in vain a childish trouble gives,
When sage physician to the couch,
of heartsick love-lorn *wight*, he brings.
A roving stranger in thy town
no guidance can sad JAMI find,
Till this his name, and rambling lay
to thine all-piercing *sight* he brings.

No. IV.

A SONG, from the Persian, paraphrased in the measure of the original.

1.

Sweet as the rose that scents the gale,
Bright as the lily of the vale,
Yet with a heart like summer hail,
Marring each bud thou bearest.

2.

Beauty like thine, all nature thrills;
And when the Moon her circle fills,
Pale she beholds those rounder hills,
Which on the breast thou wearest.

3.

Where could those peerless flowrets blow?
Whence are the thorns that near them grow?
Wound me, but smile, O lovely foe,
Smile on the heart thou tearest.

4.

Sighing, I view that cypress waist,
Doom'd to afflict me till embrac'd;
Sighing, I view that eye too chaste,
Like the new blossom smiling.

Spreading

5.

Spreading thy toils with hands divine,
Softly thou wavest like a pine,
Darting thy shafts at hearts like mine,
Senses and soul beguiling.

6.

See at thy feet no vulgar slave,
Frantic, with love's enchanting wave,
Thee, ere he seek the gloomy grave,
Thee, his blest idol styling.

No. V.

[Lady Jones having been exposed to some danger in an evening walk over the plains of Plassey, Sir William almost immediately wrote the following stanzas:]

PLASSEY-PLAIN*,

A BALLAD, addressed to Lady JONES, by her Husband.

Aug. 3, 1784.

'Tis not of Jâfer, nor of Clive,
On Plassey's glorious field I sing;
'Tis of the best good girl alive,
Which most will deem a prettier thing.

The Sun, in gaudy palanqueen,
Curtain'd with purple, fring'd with gold,
Firing no more heav'n's vault serene,
Retir'd to sup with Ganges old.

When Anna, to her bard long dear,
(Who lov'd not Anna on the banks
Of Elwy swift, or Testa clear?)
Tripp'd thro' the palm grove's verdant ranks.

*It can scarcely be necessary to recall to the recollection of the reader, the victory gained by Lord Clive, over Seraj'uddoula, Subahdár or Viceroy of Bengal, on Plassey-Plain.

Where thou, blood-thirsty *Subahdár*,
Wast wont thy kindred beasts to chase,
Till Britain's vengeful hounds of war,
Chas'd thee to that well-destin'd place.

She knew what monsters rang'd the brake,
Stain'd like thyself with human gore,
The hooded and the necklac'd snake,
The tiger huge, and tusked boar.

To worth, and innocence approv'd,
E'en monsters of the brake are friends:
Thus o'er the plain at ease she mov'd:—
Who fears offence that ne'er offends?

Wild perroquets first silence broke,
Eager of dangers near to prate;
But they in English never spoke,
And she began her moors* of late.

Next, patient dromedaries stalk'd,
And wish'd her speech to understand;
But Arabic was all they talk'd;—
Oh, had her Arab been at hand!

A serpent dire, of size minute,
With necklace brown, and freckled side,
Then hasten'd from her path to shoot,
And o'er the narrow causey glide.

Three elephants, to warn her, call,
But they no western tongue could speak;
Tho' once, at Philobiblian stall,
Fame says, a brother jabber'd Greek.

Superfluous was their friendly zeal;
For what has conscious truth to fear?
Fierce boars her pow'rful influence feel,
Mad buffaloes, or furious deer.

* A common expression for the Hindustanee, or vernacular language of India.

E'en

E'en tigers, never aw'd before,
And panting for so rare a food,
She dauntless heard around her roar,
While they the jackals vile pursued.

No wonder since, on Elfin Land,
Prais'd in sweet verse by bards adept,
A lion vast was known to stand,
Fair virtue's guard, while UNA slept.

Yet oh! had ONE her perils known,
(Tho' all the lions in all space
Made her security their own)
He ne'er had found a resting place.

No. VI.

On seeing Miss * * * ride by him, without knowing her.
Cardigan, August 14, 1780.

So lightly glanc'd she o'er the lawn,
So lightly through the vale,
That none more swiftly bounds the fawn,
In Sidon's palmy dale.

Full well her bright-hair'd courser knew,
How sweet a charge he bore,
And proudly shook the tassels blue,
That on his neck he wore.

Her vest, with liveliest tincture glow'd,
That Summer-blossoms wear,
And wanton down her shoulders flow'd,
Her hyacinthine hair.

Zephyr in play had loos'd the string,
And with it laughing flown,
Diffusing from his dewy wing,
A fragrance not his own.

Her shape was like the slender pine,
With vernal buds array'd,
Oh heav'n! what rapture would be mine,
To slumber in its shade.

Her

Her cheeks—one rose had *Strephon* seen,
But dazzled with the sight,
At distance view'd her nymph-like mien,
And *fainted with delight.*

He thought *Diana* from the chace,
Was hastening to her bow'r;
Far more than mortal seem'd a face,
Of such resistless pow'r.

Actæon's fatal change he fear'd,
And trembled at the breeze;
High antlers had his fancy rear'd,
And quiv'ring sunk his knees.

He well might err—that morn confess'd,
The queen with silver beam,
Shone forth, and *Sylvia* thus address'd,
By Tivy's azure stream:

"Let us this day our robes exchange;
"Bind on my waxing moon;
"Then through yon woods at pleasure range,
"And shun the sultry noon.

"Whilst I at Cardigan prepare
"Gay stores of silk and lace,
"Like thine, will seem my flowing hair,
"Like thine, my heav'nly grace.

"My brother Phœbus lost his heart
"When first he view'd thy charms,
"And would this day, with dang'rous art,
"Allure thee to his arms.

"But Cynthia, friend to virgins fair,
"Thy steps will ever guide,
"Protect thee from th' enchanting snare,
"And o'er thy heart preside.

"In vain his wiles he shall essay,
"And touch his golden lyre;
"Then to the skies shall wing his way,
"With pale, yet raging fire.

" Should he with lies traduce the fair,
" And boast how oft he kiss'd her,
" The gods shall laugh, while I declare,
" He flirted with his sister."

No. VII.

Au FIRMAMENT.

" Would I were yon blue field above,
(Said Plato, warbling am'rous lays)
" That with ten thousand eyes of love,
" On thee for ever I might gaze."

My purer love the wish disclaims,
For were I, like Tiresias, blind,
Still should I glow with heavenly flames,
And gaze with rapture on thy mind.

No. VIII.

SONG.

Wake, ye nightingales, oh, wake!
Can ye, idlers, sleep so long?
Quickly this dull silence break;
Burst enraptur'd into song:
Shake your plumes, your eyes unclose,
No pretext for more repose.

Tell me not, that Winter drear
Still delays your promis'd tale,
That no blossoms yet appear,
Save the snow-drop in the dale:
Tell me not the woods are bare;—
Vain excuse! prepare! prepare!

View the hillocks, view the meads;
All are verdant, all are gay;
Julia comes, and with her leads
Health and Youth, and blooming May.

When

When she smiles, fresh roses blow;
Where she treads, fresh lilies grow.

Hail! ye groves of Bagley, hail!
Fear no more the chilling air:
Can your beauties ever fail?
Julia has pronounc'd you fair.
She could cheer a cavern's gloom,
She could make a desert bloom.

Amongst the manuscript papers of Sir William Jones, written in Bengal, I find the delineation of the plan of a Tragedy on the story of SOHRAB, a Persian hero, who acts a short, but conspicuous part in the heroic poem of Ferdûsi, the Homer of Persia. The story in the original, is in substance as follows:

RUSTUM, the hero of Oriental Romance, was married to *Tahmina*, the daughter of the king of *Summungan*, a city on the confines of Tartary. He left her in a state of pregnancy, giving her a bracelet, which, in the event of the birth of a child, she was to bind on its arm. She was delivered of a *son*. *Tahmina*, apprehensive that *Rustum* would deprive her of him, informed him, that she had a daughter, and *Rustum* entertained no suspicion of the deceit. *Sohrâb* inherited the heroic spirit of his father, whom when he grew up he was most anxious to see, and when he had attained the age of puberty, he formed a plan for attacking KAOOS, the king of Persia, in the declared intention of depriving him of his crown, and placing it on the head of *Rustum*.

AFRASIAB,

AFRASIAB, the sovereign of Tartary, who was apprised of the parentage of *Sohrâb*, eagerly seconded the views of the youth, as a long hereditary enmity had subsisted between the two monarchs of Persia and Tartary. He accordingly offered to furnish *Sohrâb* with an army, sending with it, at the same time, two generals, on whom he relied, with secret instructions to prevent the discovery of *Rustum* by *Sohrâb*, and to endeavour to bring them to a single combat, hoping that the youthful vigour of *Sohrâb* would overcome *Rustum*, and pave the way to the conquest of Persia. After the death of *Rustum*, he proposed to destroy *Sohrâb* by treachery. This insidious scheme succeeded in part. *Sohrâb*, with the Tartarian army invaded Persia, and was opposed by the Persian troops, whom he defeated in several engagements. The anxious endeavours of *Sohrâb*, to discover his father, were frustrated by the falsehood and treachery of the generals of *Afrasiab*, and the two heroes met in battle without knowing each other, although *Sohrâb* suspected his antagonist to be *Rustum*, and even mentioned his suspicion to him, which *Rustum* denied. The two warriors engaged in single combat three times; on the second day, *Sohrâb* had the advantage, and *Rustum* saved his life by artifice; on the third, the strength and skill of *Rustum* prevailed, and he seized the opportunity by plunging his dagger in the breast of his son, who, before he expired, discovered himself to his father, and was recognized by him. The distress of *Sohrâb*, the affliction,

affliction of *Rustum*, increased to agony by the sight of the bracelet, which he had presented to *Tahmina*, on the arm of *Sohrâb*, and afterwards exasperated to madness by the refusal of KAOOS, to supply him with a remedy which he possessed of infallible efficacy, and the inconsolable anguish of *Tahmina* on learning the death of her son, are described by *Ferdusi*, with great beauty and pathos; and the whole story forms one of the most affecting and poetical incidents in the Shahnameh.

I wish it were in my power to gratify the reader with a translation of it, but I want both time and abilities for the task. I shall, however, venture to present him with the version of a few lines, which *Ferdusi* puts into the mouth of *Sohrâb*, immediately after he had received the fatal wound, describing the mode in which the two heroes discovered each other; the passage (in the original at least) is neither deficient in merit nor interest:

To find a father only known by name,
Wretch that I am, I sought the field of fame.
Vain hope! thy hand has seal'd a mother's woes;
On the cold sod, my head must now repose.
Yet, hero! deem not unreveng'd I bleed,
Paternal vengeance marks thy ruthless deed.
No! couldst thou quit this earth, and viewless trace,
On airy pinions borne, the realms of space,
Or like a fish, the ocean's depths pervade,
Or like the night involve thy form in shade,
My sire, pursuing, shall revenge my death.
"What sire?" the victor cries, with fault'ring breath,
"RUSTUM!" (the youth rejoins) "*Tahmina* fair,
"My spotless mother, nam'd me *Rustum*'s heir."

The

The plan of the proposed Tragedy, appears to have been frequently revised and corrected; the business of each act is detailed, but after all, it is too imperfect for publication. From the introduction of a chorus of Persian Sages or Magi, it may be inferred, that Sir William Jones proposed writing it, after the model of the Greek tragedy, and he certainly intended to observe a strict adherence to the costume of the age and country, in which the events of his Tragedy were supposed to have occurred.

The following Epode, is the only part of the composition sufficiently complete for the reader's perusal.

EPODE.

What pow'r, beyond all pow'rs elate,
Sustains this universal frame?
'Tis not nature, 'tis not fate,
'Tis not the dance of atoms blind,
Etherial space, or subtile flame;
No; 'tis one vast eternal mind,
Too sacred for an earthly name.
He forms, pervades, directs the whole;
Not like the macrocosm's imag'd soul,
But provident of endless good,
By ways nor seen, nor understood,
Which e'en his angels vainly might explore.
High, their highest thoughts above,
Truth, wisdom, justice, mercy, love,
Wrought in his heav'nly essence, blaze and soar.
Mortals, who his glory seek,
Rapt in contemplation meek,
Him fear, him trust, him venerate, him adore.

I annex a *fac-simile* of the writing of Sir William Jones, and I close the volume with some lines on his death, written by her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire, and inserted at the particular request [redacted]

ON THE DEATH OF SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Teignmouth, 1795.

Unbounded learning, thoughts by genius fram'd,
To guide the bounteous labours of his pen,
Distinguish'd him, whom kindred sages nam'd,
"The most enlighten'd of the sons of men."*

Upright through life, as in his death resign'd,
His actions spoke a pure and ardent breast;
Faithful to God, and friendly to mankind,
His friends rever'd him, and his country bless'd.

Admir'd and valued in a distant land,
His gentle manners all affection won;
The prostrate Hindu own'd his fostering hand,
And science mark'd him for her fav'rite son.

Regret and praise the general voice bestows,
And public sorrows with domestic blend;
But deeper yet must be the grief of those,
Who, while the sage they honour'd, lov'd the friend.

* Dr. Johnson.

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